

# Tickets

## Birdie Hilltop

She's got tickets to her own show.

But nobody wants to go.

And I'm stuck sitting in the front row.

I'm singing along, like there's no tomorrow.

It's funny how you say that you made it on your own.

When you haven't worked for anyone your daddy didn't know

You say ya got a job but I don't know what you do

Such a fucking snob that you'll never know the truth

You're perfect on the outside but nothing at the core.

It's easy to forget when you show up at my door

Stop messing with my mind, 'cause you'll never have my heart.

But your perfect little body make, make, makes me fall apart

Your perfect little body make, make, makes me fall apart

She's got tickets to her own show.

But nobody wants to go.

And I'm stuck sitting in the front row

Singing along, like there's no tomorrow

I know you want to stay, but I think that you should go

Cuz you got nothing to say, you just sit there on your phone.

I tried not to give in, but temptation has me lost

So I will do my best to get, get, get, get, get you off

You're perfect on the outside but nothing at the core.

It's easy to forget when you show up at my door

Stop messing with my mind, 'cause you'll never have my heart.

But your perfect little body make, make, makes me fall apart

Your perfect little body make, make, makes me fall apart (yeah)

She's got tickets to her own show.

But nobody who wants to go.

And I'm stuck sitting in the front row.

I'm singing along, like there's no tomorrow.

La, la

La, la

La, la

Yeah, she's got tickets to her own show.

But nobody who wants to go.

And I'm stuck sitting in the front row.

I'm singing along, like there's no tomorrow.

She's got tickets to her own show.

But nobody who wants to go.  
And I'm stuck sitting in the front row.  
I'm singing along, like there's no tomorrow.  
La, la  
La, la

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