Shameless

Taleteller

Hips sway and lips lie
Like clock-work she's in control
Of all the right guys
And I'm still waiting

Fitted hats and a car alarm in
her high-tops with her favorite song
She's showing off
The way she walks
It's on...

Take me, show me (Whoa oh, whoa oh)
The corners of your empty room
The trouble we could get into, just
Fake it for me (Whoa oh, whoa oh)
Disregard the footsteps
And we'll never tell a soul

Tonight I'm finding a way
To make the things that you say
Just a little less obvious

I walk a fine line
Between the right and the real
They watch me closely
But talk is cheap here

Like a weightless currency
Your words don't mean shit to me
I'm always cashing out

Take me, show me (Whoa oh, whoa oh)
The corners of your empty room
The trouble we could get into, just
Fake it for me (Whoa oh, whoa oh)
Disregard the footsteps
And we'll never tell a soul

Tonight I'm finding a way
To make the things that you say

Just a little less obvious, I confess
Tonight I'm dressed up in gold
You've got me fucked up and sold;
You talk like you're famous
You're shameless

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To make the things that you say
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