

# Shameless

## Countdown Country Singers

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

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