

## Gameshow

Two Door Cinema Club

And then I drew my line  
Oh, what a twisted crime  
Sink, float, sink, float, sink, float, sink  
In pursuit of looking good  
You must do everything you should  
Why think? Don't think  
Why, why?

Sing to me  
You're so pretty  
I'm a girl, I'm a ghost, I'm a gameshow  
Nobody wants me  
Fried over-easy  
Say my name, name  
Insane, insane

I'm a Lynchian dream  
I'm made of plasticine  
I'm old Pinocchio, broken nose, let me go  
I'll be the souvenir  
Of this cheap champagne year  
Spilling bubbles on designer clothes

Sing to me  
You're so pretty  
I'm a girl, I'm a ghost, I'm a gameshow  
Nobody wants me  
Fried over-easy  
Say my name, name  
Insane, insane

I don't know what to wear  
I can't go over there  
Well, let's talk afterwards  
Somehow this strange love makes it easier  
Just give me something, anything to live by  
My blood is pumping so fast, I've forgotten why I try

Sing to me  
Woo

Sing to me  
You're so pretty  
I'm a girl, I'm a ghost, I'm a gameshow  
Nobody wants me  
Fried over-easy  
Say my name, name  
Insane, insane