

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