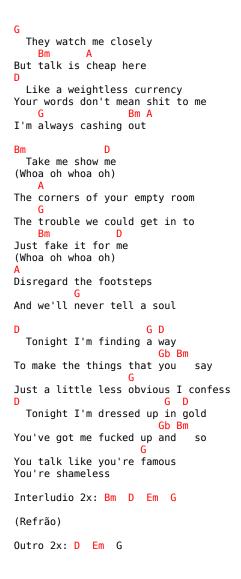


All Time Low - Shamaless

```
Tom: D
Verso 1:
 Hips sway and lips lie
Like clockwork she's in control
 Of all the right guys
And I'm still waiting
 Fitted hats and car alarms
In her high-tops
with her favorite stong
    G
She's showing off
                       Bm A
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 in to
   Bm
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
Verso 2:
 I walk a fine line
Between the right and the real
```



Acordes

