

Guilty Pleasures

Confetti

Driving alone, I be jammin' to some LFO on the radio and
I'll be singing along to every word of Dear Maria, count me in, that's an All
Time Low and
Tearing up in my plain white T
To Bruno Mars and 98 Degrees
Capri Sun in my cup and I don't give a uhh, I feel great

'Cause I got a guilty pleasure
People look at me like I should know better, but
I got a guilty pleasure
Know I shouldn't indulge in public, whatever

Oo-oo-ooh, I'll put it on your next mixtape
Oo-oo-ooh, y'all better let the iPod play

And I say
Hey, get out of my way
Don't interrupt when I'm grooving (Ooh)
Digging up some buried treasure
Talking 'bout my guilty pleasures
Hey, it's gonna be me
Don't let it skip when I'm cruising (Ooh)
Digging up some buried treasure
Nothing better than my guilty pleasures

(So, you want me to play this?
I'm gonna play it)

Moving along like an All American, that's a party in the USA
Let me see that thong, like it's Stacy's Mom
So Shut Up And Dance with me
Just give me Coldplay, don't panic
Sugar Going Down swinging, Titanic
I Write Sins Not Tragedies
We gonna do this for Centuries

So carry me, carry me, carry me, carry me home
I miss the VH1, MTV, TRL, turn that back on

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