

# Guilty Pleasure

Tom Vek

This all is impossible, yeah  
Never know how much it means to you  
You're holding off, I don't know where to leave  
Now there are things that you wanna know about me  
And you don't care 'cause nobody cares  
If this is not their own thing, nobody cares  
Every time I try, I'm just gonna chop it up, chop it up

I got my head together, it's no better  
This is no more than a guilty pleasure, and

Oh, I know everything we've come to expect  
Isn't as good as the next thing at all  
I know your type and you wanna be, wanna be  
But I'm not chopping anymore  
I am so tired of editing my life  
How do we know what is really good?  
So let's keep it all

I got my head together, it's no better  
This is no more than a guilty pleasure, and  
I got my head together, it's no better  
Oh