Best Coast "Camera Shy But Still A Star"

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Your smile tells more tales than a 10-dollar psychic And I know that love is your target But the dart you grasp is shy of sharp And a little limp for my liking There's still not a problem Your camera shy but still the star But I hope you know that fame fades and wears in time Kind of like that one pair of jeans that you sport so much You know, the ones that visit every boys apartment floor when it's 15 after four Your axels nothing scant of dazzling But this judge's vote is partial Inclined because the gaze in your eyes plays soiled tricks on his I wish I could plant a bomb under the backseat of your car I'd set the time with such precision It'd explode before the next boy does inside of you Because being filled with joy just ain't your passion love It's not your passion love, it's not If I knew you were listening, I'd pitch out one last verse in respect to you But I'm not one that charts the good luck trophies on the shelf And neither is the player that spins this record

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