

Emily Osment

"The Game"

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It's me looking back at you now
You think you've got it figured out but
You're so typical, you're so predictable now

You're riding up the elevator
Shirt tucked in right
No space, head case
Up against the street lights
This is your world
Walking high and mighty
Got news for you and
You ain't gonna like it
A five second replay
Yeah, this is what you look like

You're so predictable, yeah yeah
You're so typical, you're so predictable, yea yea
You're so typical, you're so predictable, yeah

Every breath, crooked heart
Shoes tied up straight
Same old push and pull
You got no time, you can't be late
This is your life, breaking teeth for smiles
One for the game, one just for the cycle
Well, all those hours in the mirror
The more style I hope you hear

You're so predictable, yeah yeah
You're so typical, you're so predictable, yea yea
You're so typical, you're so predictable, yeah

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