

Midnight Beast

"All Time Low"

Visit "[All Time Low](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Praying wont do it
Begging wont do it
Crying wont do it
Nothing gets us in the charts
It's really hard

Flowers wont do it
Chocolates wont do it
Death threats don't do it
Everyones trying now
Even little bow-wow
Yippee Yo Yippee Yo

So when ya gonna play our
When ya gonna play our song, Tom?... Tom?
(Well it's a very busy show)

And do you know
How we can get ourselves on radio
We're so average
So fluffin average
Dressed in little denim clothes
And wearing make up, make up.

Bribing wont do it
Stocking wont do it
Violence wont do it
It's like getting blood from a stone
(Only the stones a person and the blood is a wish)
I was told by the manager on the radio station
We might get played on radio without a hesitation
Can't think of another word to ryhme with hesitation

And do you know
How we can get ourselves on radio
We're so desperate
So ruddy desperate
Wembeley couldnt hold our ego
And wearing make up in our videos

I can't even find a place to start

With my head wrapped so far up my
ARSEking you a question
Cos I want to
Know know know know know know know know
know
If you could get us on the radio

We're like a firework
(OW I burnt my chesthair, Oh god it really burns, Ow ow
ow ow it's left my
Chest BAREEE)
We'll play in stadiums
But I'm afraid of big crowds
We'll probably have a beer?
Management allows

Do you know
How we can get ourselves on radio
We're so hopeless
So bloody hopeless
The only thing we really know
Is that we're wearing make up in our videos
And that's cos record sales fly sky high
When you apply mascara on your eyes
All the lookers want to know where we stand
Did you know make up really makes you a man

I can't even find a place to start
With my head wrapped so far up my
ARSEking you a question
Cos I want to know
How we can get ourselves on radio

Visit [Midnight Beast](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.