

Boyband Song

Hollywood Ending

Producers write our songs
So people sing along
And if we don't go number one
We're through
It's true

We're playing sold out shows
But we don't know where the money goes
Step by step
Here's what we know

So I put my hands up
Get on the floor
Shake it shake it shake it
Like you want some more
And then I smile real wide
Go deep inside
Then I drop another line
Like girl don't cry

Let me tell you how my heart is sore
Don't break it break it break it like you did before
Then I preach it like I love you girl
It's true

Then we throw you for a loop

With a weird chord change

Cos we don't even know what we're singing about
But we know it sound catchy if you play it real loud
I don't even try to figure it out, it's just too complicated so sing it like
this

Nananananananananan
Nanana

It's a mind control post chorus

Stylists buy my clothes
And dress me up so I don't look old
Then a makeup artist paints my face
Photoshop make that shit look great

Gotta focus on my tweets
Get a salad cause I'm not allowed to eat
Step by step
And then repeat
Just follow me

In two years from now,
We'll have a fallout
I blew all my money now I'm at my mom's house
Then Tyler goes on
Keeps singing our songs
To half filled dive-bars
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