

# Mad As Rabbits

## Panic! at the Disco

Come save me from walking off a windowsill  
Or I'll sleep in the rain.  
Don't you remember when I was a bird  
And you were a map?  
Now he drags down miles in America  
Briefcase in hand.  
The stove is creeping up his spine again,  
Can't get enough trash. He took the days for pageant  
Became as mad as rabbits  
With bushels of bad habits  
Who could ask for anymore?  
Yea who could have more. His arms were the branches of a Christmas tree  
Preached the devil in the belfry.  
He checked in  
To learn his clothes had been thieved at the train station.  
Rope hung his other branch  
And at the end was a dog called Bambi  
Who was chewing on his parliaments  
When he tried to save the calendar business. The poor son of a humble chimney sweep  
Fell to a cheap crowd  
So stay asleep and put on that cursive type  
You know we live in a toy.  
Paul Cate's bought himself a trumpet from the Salvation Army  
But there ain't no sunshine in his song  
We must reinvent love.  
Reinvent love  
Reinvent love He took the days for pageant  
Became as mad as rabbits  
With bushels of bad habits  
Who could ask for anymore?  
Yea who could have more. We must reinvent love.  
Reinvent love  
Reinvent love

Songwriters

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