Fashionably Late

Falling in Reverse

It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, Beautiful place
And you're fashionably late (hey)
And I don't wanna be that guy,
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt sorry about,
Making out with your friends (go)I love the way that this began
Started off right, so innocent
I'm letting you know
I'm letting you go
I want your best friend
I'm giving' it up and asking why
You seem so shocked and so surprised
I'm sorry it hurts, I'm surely a jerk
I understand why you're madDon't talk that crap when you call me back
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right
Everybody knows I'm wrong (wrong)It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot
And I'm hanging with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey!)
And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt sorry about
Making out with your friendsIt's got nothing to do with how you look
Just another excuse to write a hook
I'm letting you know
She liked my post up on my Facebook
And after all you're not my type
But all your friends are pretty nice
You know what I mean, stop making a scene,
And take some want of adviceDon't talk that crap when you call me back,
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right,
Everybody knows I'm wrong (right?)It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot,
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey)

And I don't wanna be that guy, that makes you sad,
Makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about
Making out with your friendsAnd I've got the topic conversation now
And I know I'm running out of time (yeah)
It's on an honest demonstration now
You're not the only one, not the only oneDon't talk that crap when you call me back
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right
Everybody sing along (ah)And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad
Makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about,
Fucking all your friends (what?)It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey!)
And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about
Making out with your friendsMaking out with your friends
Making out with your friendsWithout a doubt, sorry about
Having sex with all your friends

Songwriters
RONNIE RADKEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, MOTHERSHIP MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/