

You're Crashing, But You're No Wave

Fall Out Boy

The D.A. is dressed to the nines
In the mirror he practices all his lines
To his closing argument twelve hearts beat in favor
I'm guessing that he read the morning paper
The headline reads "the man hangs", but the jury doesn't

And everyone's looking for relief
United States versus disbelief
Mothers cast tears on both sides of the aisle
Clear your throat and face the world
The verdict falls like bachelors for bad luck girls
Only breathing with the aid of denial.

Case open, case shut,
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
Isn't it tragic? (Whoaaa-ooo)

He glances at his peers sitting seven to twelve stacked
On one to six the gallery is hushed
Boys in three pieces dream of grandstanding and bravado
The city sleeps in a cell notwithstanding what we all know
Hang on a rope or bated breath
Whichever you prefer

And everyone's looking for relief
A bidding war for an old flame's grief
The cause, the kid, the course, the charm, and the curse
Not a word that could make you comprehend
Too well dressed for the witness stand
The press prays for whichever headline's worse

Case open, case shut,
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
Isn't it tragic? (Whoaaa-ooo)

Fresh pressed suit and tie
Unimpressed birds sing and die
Can talk my way out of anything

The foreman reads the verdict
"In the above entitled actions we find the defendant..."
Guilty...Guilty...Guilty...Guilty...

Case open, case shut,
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
Isn't it tragic?
[x2]

(Whoaaa-ooo)

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