Time To Dance (live)

Panic! at the Disco

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor
Just for the attention
'Cause that's just ridiculously odd
Well, she sure is going to get it
Here's the setting
Fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls line the bullet holesHave some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrongHave some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrongGive me envy, give me malice, give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!
When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, weddingShe didn't choose this role
But she'll play it and make it sincere
So you cry, you cry
(Give me a break)
But they believe it from the tears
And the teeth right down to the blood at her feet
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams
(Give me a break)Have some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrongHave some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrongCome on this is screaming photo op, op
Come on

Come on
This is screaming
This is screaming
This is screaming photo op.Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boysGive me envy, give me malice, give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break
When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, weddingBoys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and boys will be boys
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams

Songwriters
BRENDON URIE, BRENT WILSON, GEORGE ROSS, RYAN ROSS, SPENCER SMITHPublished by
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