

That Green Gentleman

Panic! at the Disco

Things are shaping up to be pretty odd.
Little deaths in musical beds.
So it seems I'm someone I've never met. You will only hear these elegant crimes,
Fall on your ears from criminal dimes.
They spill un-found from a pretty mouth. Everybody gets there and everybody gets their way.
I never said I missed her when everybody kissed her,
Now I'm the only one to blame. Things have changed for me, and that's OK.
I feel the same, I'm on my way, and I say. I want to go where everyone goes,
I want to know what everyone knows
I want to go where everyone feels the same I never said I'd leave the city,
I never said I'd leave this town.
A falling out we won't tiptoe about. Everybody gets there and everybody gets their way.
I never said I missed her when everybody kissed her,
Now I'm the only one to blame. Things have changed for me, and that's OK.
I feel the same, I'm on my way, and I say. Things have changed for me!

Songwriters

Urie, Brendon Boyd / Smith, Spencer James / Walker, Jonathan Jacob / Ross, George Ryan
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