

Its Time To Dance

Panic! at the Disco

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor
Just for the attention
'Cause that's just ridiculously oddWell, she sure is gonna get it, here's the setting
Fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls lined with 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 breakWhen I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, weddingWell, She 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
And pulling the trigger all wrongHave some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
And pulling the trigger all wrongCome on, this is screaming photo op
Come on, come on
This is screaming, this is screaming
This is screaming photo opBoys 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, wedding
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen And boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, hiding in estrogen
And wearing Aubergine dreams

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