

Mercenary

Panic! at the Disco

Just a dime store poet
Keeping pace, talking his face blue
Two dollar store tramps
To get a glance, a new chance at you Walk past the dance floor
That's always been a dear friend of mine
Cuckolds and concubines
Dancing in four, four time 'Hey mister' the bellman says 'I can only recall and spend some time I said'
So he replies 'Then how do you manage'?
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage In love, I've always been a mercenary, but I never leave
my post when the cash runs out
I want to make you quiver
Make your backbone shiver
Hey kid, take the stage and deliver
'Hey mister' the bellman says 'I can only recall and spend some time I said.'
So he replies 'Then how do you manage'?
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage How does it feel to stand on the very stones that ran with
your parent's blood?
Do you feel sad? Full of rage? Or does that outfit help you bury your feelings?
Hiding your true self
You're truly an extraordinary specimen; I look forward to breaking you I dodge the blast, and apologize for
collateral damage 'Hey mister' the bellman says 'I can only recall and spend some time I said.'
So he replies 'Then how do you manage'
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage 'Hey mister' the bellman says 'I can only recall and spend
some time I said.'
So he replies 'Then how do you manage'
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage

Songwriters

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