

# Fashionably Late (Post-Hardcore.RU?)

## Falling in Reverse

It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot  
And I'm hanging' with her friends again  
Great taste, Beautiful place  
And you're fashionably late (hey)  
And I don't wanna be that guy,  
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again  
Without a doubt sorry about,  
Making out with your friends (go)I love the way that this began  
Started off right, so innocent  
I'm letting you know  
I'm letting you go  
I want your best friend  
I'm giving' it up and asking why  
You seem so shocked and so surprised  
I'm sorry it hurts, I'm surely a jerk  
I understand why you're madDon't talk that crap when you call me back  
As a matter of fact, don't act like that  
Everybody knows you're right  
Everybody knows I'm wrong (wrong)It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot  
And I'm hanging with her friends again  
Great taste, beautiful place,  
And you're fashionably late (hey!)  
And I don't wanna be that guy  
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again  
Without a doubt sorry about  
Making out with your friendsIt's got nothing to do with how you look  
Just another excuse to write a hook  
I'm letting you know  
She liked my post up on my Facebook  
And after all you're not my type  
But all your friends are pretty nice  
You know what I mean, stop making a scene,  
And take some want of adviceDon't talk that crap when you call me back,  
As a matter of fact, don't act like that  
Everybody knows you're right,  
Everybody knows I'm wrong (right?)It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot,  
And I'm hanging' with her friends again  
Great taste, beautiful place,  
And you're fashionably late (hey)

And I don't wanna be that guy, that makes you sad,  
Makes you cry, again  
Without a doubt, sorry about  
Making out with your friends And I've got the topic conversation now  
And I know I'm running out of time (yeah)  
It's on an honest demonstration now  
You're not the only one, not the only one Don't talk that crap when you call me back  
As a matter of fact, don't act like that  
Everybody knows you're right  
Everybody sing along (ah) And I don't wanna be that guy  
That makes you sad  
Makes you cry, again  
Without a doubt, sorry about,  
Fucking all your friends (what?) It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot  
And I'm hanging' with her friends again  
Great taste, beautiful place,  
And you're fashionably late (hey!)  
And I don't wanna be that guy  
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again  
Without a doubt, sorry about  
Making out with your friends Making out with your friends  
Making out with your friends Without a doubt, sorry about  
Having sex with all your friends

Songwriters

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