

Don't Threaten Me with a Good Time

Panic! At the Disco

Alright, alright
Alright, alright
Alright, alright, it's a hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though
Alright, alright, it's a hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though Who are these people?
I just woke up in my underwear
No liquor left on the shelf
I should probably introduce myself
You shoulda' seen what I wore
I had a cane and a party hat
I was the king of this hologram
Where there's no such thing as getting out of hand
Memories tend to just pop up
Drunk pre-meds and some rubber gloves
Five-thousand people with designer drugs
Don't think I'll ever get enough Champagne, cocaine, gasoline
And most things in between
I rode the city in a shopping cart
A pack of camels was in a smoke alarm This night is heating up
Raise hell and turn it up
Saying "If you go out you might pass out in a drain pipe"
Oh yeah
Don't threaten me with a good time It's a hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though
Alright, alright
It's a hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though What are these footprints?
They don't look very human-like
Now I wish that I could find my clothes
Bedsheets and a morning rose
I wanna wake up
Can't even tell if this is a dream
How did we end up in my neighbors pool
Upside-down with a perfect view?
Bought a bar at the speed of sound
Fancy feet dancing through this town
Lost my mind in a wedding gown
Don't think I'll ever get it now

(Don't think I'll ever get it now) Champagne, cocaine, gasoline
And most things in between
I rode the city in a shopping cart
A pack of camels was in a smoke alarm This night is heating up
Raise hell and turn it up
Saying "If you go out you might pass out in a drain pipe"
Oh yeah
Don't threaten me with a good time I'm a scholar and a gentleman
And I usually don't fall when I try to stand
I lost a bet to a guy in a Chiffon skirt
But I make these high heels work
I told you time and time again
I'm not as drunk as you think I am
And we all fell down
When the sun came up
I think we've had enough Alright, alright, it's hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though
Alright, alright it's a hell of a feeling though
It's a hell of a feeling though Champagne, cocaine, gasoline
And most things in between
I rode the city in a shopping cart
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