

# The Pros and Cons of Breathing

## Fall Out Boy

Bury me standing under your window with the cinder block in hand

Yeah cause no one will ever feel like this again

And if I could move I'm sure it would only be to crawl back to you

I must have dragged my guts a block...they were gone by the time we (talked)I want to hate you half as much as

I hate myself

But you know that I could crush you with my voiceStood on my roof and tried to see you forgetting about me

Hide the details I don't want to know a thingI hate the way you say my name like it's something secret

My pen is the barrel of the gun. Remind me which side you should be on.

Songwriters

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