

Tiffany Blews

Fall Out Boy

I'm not a crybaby
I'm THE crybaby
A caterpillar that got stuck
Mr. Moth come quick with any luck
A long walk to a dark house
A Roman candle heart keep us far apart
I've got your body doing alright
Hate me baby, maybe I'm a piece of art

Oh, my friends all lie and say
they only want the best wishes for me
Oh, 3 2 1
We go live...

Oh, baby you're a classic
like a little black dress
you're a faded moon
stuck on a little hot mess (little hot mess)
and oh, baby you're a classic
like a little black dress
but you'll be faded soon
stuck on a little hot mess (little hot mess)

I can make your heart slow
I can feel the weather in my bones
Wish hard enough, I can turn it to what I like
Your pupils they're big
They're rolling like dice
they say they only want the best wishes for me
(they only want the best for me)
Oh, 3 2 1
We go live...

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like a little black dress
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stuck on a little hot mess (little hot mess)
and oh, baby you're a classic
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stuck on a little hot mess (little hot mess)

Not the boy I was
The boy I am is just venting, venting
Dear gravity, you held me down in this starless city x2

they say they only want the best wishes for me

(they only want the best for me)

Oh, 3 2 1

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Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

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