

Folkin' Around

Panic! at the Disco

Allow me to exaggerate a memory or two
Where summers lasted longer than, longer than we do
Where nothing really mattered except for me to be with you
But in time we all forgot and we all grew
Your melody sounds as sweet as the first time it was sung
With a little bit more character for show
And by the time your father's heard of all the wrongs you've done
Then I'm putting out the lantern find your own way back home
If I've forgotten how to sing before I've sung
this song
I'll write it all across the wall before my job is done
And I'll even have the courtesy of admitting I was wrong
As the final words before I'm dead and gone
You've never been so divine in accepting your defeat
And I've never been more scared to be alone
If love is not enough to put my enemies to sleep
Then I'm putting out the lantern find your own way back home

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