

The Patron Saint of Liars and Fakes

Fall Out Boy

I'm holding out and I'm holding on
To every letter and every song
I pulled myself out of the day we ever had to meet
Are you through with me? And when it all goes to hell
Will you be able to tell me sorry with a straight face? I'm all ears and I'm all scars
To hear you tell me "Boys like you who try too hard to look not quite as desperate"
I'm hanging on
But I still know the way to make your makeup run
so And when it all goes to hell
Will you be able to tell me sorry with a straight face? Take this to your grave
And I'll take it to mine
Take this to your grave
And I'll take it to mine
Take this to your grave
And I'll take it to mine
Take this to your grave
And I'll take it to mine When it all goes to hell
When it all goes to hell
When it all goes to hell

Songwriters

WENTZ/STUMP/TROHMAN/HURLEY Published by

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