

Hand of God

Fall Out Boy

Been gone more days this year than I have been home

Trading friends for trips to the coast

This hotel room feels more ohh oh like a tomb Been gone more days this year than I have been home

Trading friends for trips to the coast

This hotel room feels more ohh oh like a tomb It's not gossip if it's the truth

I'm sick of always writing songs for you to slit your wrists to So which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?

Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction? Hand over my heart, gun to my head

I swear to God I'm through with this

I am the worst liar I know It's not gossip if it's the truth

I'm sick of always writing songs for you to slit your wrists to So which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?

Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?

Which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?

Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction? (So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?) (So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)

(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)

(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)

(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?

Which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?

Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction? (Been gone more days this year than I have been home)

(Been gone more days this year than I have been home)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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