

# Mad as Rabbits

## Panic! at the Disco

Come save me from walking off a windowsill  
Or I'll sleep in the rain  
Don't you remember when I was a bird  
And you were a map? And now he drags down miles in America  
Briefcase in hand  
The stove is creeping up his spine again  
Can't get enough trash He took the days for pageant  
Became as mad as rabbits  
With bushels of bad habits  
Who could ask for anymore?  
Yeah, who could have more His arms were the branches of a Christmas tree  
Preached the devil in the belfry  
He checked in to learn his clothes  
Had been thieved at the train station The rope hung his other branch  
And at the end was a dog called Bambi  
Who was chewing on his parliaments  
When he tried to save the calendar business  
He tried to save the calendar business He took the days for pageant  
And became as mad as rabbits  
With bushels of bad habits  
Who could ask for anymore?  
Who could have more The poor son of a humble chimney sweep  
Fell to a cheap crowd  
So stay asleep and put on that cursive type  
You know we live in a toy You know that Paul Cates  
Bought himself a trumpet from the salvation army  
Well, but there ain't no sunshine in his song  
We must reinvent love, reinvent love, reinvent love He took the days for pageant  
And became as mad as rabbits  
With bushels of bad habits  
Who could ask for anymore?  
Yeah, who could have more We must reinvent love, reinvent love, reinvent love

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