

# Fame < Infamy

## Fall Out Boy

I'm a preacher sweating in the pews  
For the salvation I'm bringing you  
I'm a salesman; I'm selling you hooks and plans  
And myself making demands  
When I'm home alone I just dance by myself  
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth  
Signing off 'I'm alright in bed but I'm better with the pen'  
The kid was alright but it went to his head  
I am god's gift  
But why would he bless me with such wit without a conscience equipped?  
I'm addicted to the way I feel when I think of you, whoa  
"There's too much green to feel blue"  
When I'm home alone I just can't stop myself  
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth  
Signing off 'I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen'  
The kid was alright but it went to his head

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