

The Ballad of Mona Lisa (live in Madison)

Panic! at the Disco

She paints her fingers with a close precision
He starts to notice empty bottles of gin
And takes a moment to assess the sin
She's paid for A lonely speaker in a conversation
Her words are swimming through his ears again
There's nothing wrong with just a taste of what you've paid for Say what you mean
Tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign
I want to believe Woah, Mona Lisa,
You're guaranteed to run this town
Woah, Mona Lisa,
I'd pay to see you frown He senses something, call it desperation
Another dollar, another day
And if she had the proper words to say,
She would tell him
But she'd have nothing left to sell him Say what you mean
Tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign
I want to believe Woah, Mona Lisa,
You're guaranteed to run this town
Woah, Mona Lisa,
I'd pay to see you frown Mona Lisa, yeah
Pleased to please you
Mona Lisa Say what you mean
Tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign
I want to believe Woah, Mona Lisa,
You're guaranteed to run this town
Woah, Mona Lisa,
I'd pay to see you frown Say what you mean
Tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign
I want to believe There's nothing wrong with just a taste of what you've paid for

Songwriters

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