

# slow motion

## Panic! at the Disco

Ms. Jones taught me English  
But I think I just shot her son  
'Cause he owed me money  
With a bullet in the chest you cannot run Now he's bleeding in a vacant lot  
The one in the summer where we used to smoke pot  
I guess I didn't mean it but man, you shoulda seen it  
His flesh explode Slow motion, see me let go  
We tend to die young  
Slow motion, see me let go  
What a brother knows  
Slow motion, see me let go Now the cops will get me  
But girl, if you would let me  
I'll take your pants off  
I gotta a little bit of blow  
We could both get off Later bathing in the afterglow  
Two lines of coke, I'd cut with Drano  
And her nose starts to bleed  
A most beautiful ruby red Slow motion, see me let go  
We'll remember these days  
Slow motion, see me let go  
Urban life decay's  
Slow motion, see me let go And at home  
My sister's eating paint chips again  
Maybe, that's why she's insane  
I shut the door to her moaning  
And I shoot smack in my veins And wouldn't you see  
My neighbor's beating his wife  
Because he hates his life  
There's an art to his fist as he swings  
Oh man, what a beautiful thing And death slides close to me  
Won't grow old to be  
A junkie whineo creep Hollywood glamorized my wrath  
I'm the young urban psycho path  
I incite murder for your entertainment  
'Cause I needed the money  
What's your excuse? The joke's on you Slow motion, see me let go  
(Ahh)  
Oh yeah  
Slow motion, see me let go

(Ahh)

Ahh, slow motion, see me let go

(Ahh)

Ooh

Songwriters

Stephan JenkinsPublished by

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