

Fashionably Late (Post-Hardcore.RU)

Falling in Reverse

It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, Beautiful place
And you're fashionably late (hey)
And I don't wanna be that guy,
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt sorry about,
Making out with your friends (go) I love the way that this began
Started off right, so innocent
I'm letting you know
I'm letting you go
I want your best friend
I'm giving' it up and asking why
You seem so shocked and so surprised
I'm sorry it hurts, I'm surely a jerk
I understand why you're mad Don't talk that crap when you call me back
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right
Everybody knows I'm wrong (wrong) It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot
And I'm hanging with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey!)
And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt sorry about
Making out with your friends It's got nothing to do with how you look
Just another excuse to write a hook
I'm letting you know
She liked my post up on my Facebook
And after all you're not my type
But all your friends are pretty nice
You know what I mean, stop making a scene,
And take some want of advice Don't talk that crap when you call me back,
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right,
Everybody knows I'm wrong (right?) It's 9 o'clock on the dot, at the spot,
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey)

And I don't wanna be that guy, that makes you sad,
Makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about
Making out with your friends And I've got the topic conversation now
And I know I'm running out of time (yeah)
It's on an honest demonstration now
You're not the only one, not the only one Don't talk that crap when you call me back
As a matter of fact, don't act like that
Everybody knows you're right
Everybody sing along (ah) And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad
Makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about,
Fucking all your friends (what?) It's 9 o'clock on the dot At the spot
And I'm hanging' with her friends again
Great taste, beautiful place,
And you're fashionably late (hey!)
And I don't wanna be that guy
That makes you sad, makes you cry, again
Without a doubt, sorry about
Making out with your friends Making out with your friends
Making out with your friends Without a doubt, sorry about
Having sex with all your friends

Songwriters

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