

# Time to Dance

## Panic! at the Disco

Well she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor  
Just for the attention 'cause that's just ridiculously odd  
Well she sure is gonna get it, here's the setting  
Fashion magazines line the walls now  
The walls line the bullet holes Have some composure  
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger, all wrong Have some composure  
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger, all wrong Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention  
Give me envy, give me malice, baby give me a break  
When I say shotgun, you say wedding  
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding She didn't choose this role  
But she'll play it and make it sincere  
So you cry, you cry  
Give me a break But they believe it from the tears  
And the teeth right down to the blood at her feet  
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen  
And wearing aubergine dreams  
Give me a break, break, break, break Have some composure  
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger, all wrong Have some composure  
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger, all wrong Come on this is screaming photo op, op  
Come on, come on, this is screaming  
This is screaming, this is screaming photo op Boys will be boys baby  
Boys will be boys  
Boys will be boys baby  
Boys will be boys Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention  
Give me envy, give me malice, baby give me a break  
When I say shotgun, you say wedding  
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen  
And boys will be boys  
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen  
And wearing aubergine dreams

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