Time to Dance (acoustic)

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 going to get it Here's the setting Fashion magazines line the walls now The walls line the bullet holesHave some composure And where is your posture? Oh, no, no You're pulling the trigger Pulling the trigger All wrongHave some composure And where is your posture? Oh, no, no You're pulling the trigger Pulling the trigger All wrongGive 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, weddingShe 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)Have some composure And where is your posture? Oh, no, no You're pulling the trigger Pulling the trigger All wrongHave some composure And where is your posture? Oh, no, no You're pulling the trigger Pulling the trigger All wrongCome 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 boysGive 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, weddingBoys will be boys Hiding in estrogen and boys will be boys Boys will be boys Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams

Songwriters

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