

Mad As Rabbits (Live In Chicago)

Panic! At the Disco

Come save me from walking off a windowsill
Or I'll sleep in the rain.
Don't you remember when I was a bird
And you were a map?
Now he drags down miles in America
Briefcase in hand.
The stove is creeping up his spine again,
Can't get enough trash. He took the days for pageant
Became as mad as rabbits
With bushels of bad habits
Who could ask for anymore?
Yea who could have more. His arms were the branches of a Christmas tree
Preached the devil in the belfry.
He checked in
To learn his clothes had been thieved at the train station.
Rope hung his other branch
And at the end was a dog called Bambi
Who was chewing on his parliaments
When he tried to save the calendar business. The poor son of a humble chimney sweep
Fell to a cheap crowd
So stay asleep and put on that cursive type
You know we live in a toy.
Paul Cate's bought himself a trumpet from the Salvation Army
But there ain't no sunshine in his song
We must reinvent love.
Reinvent love
Reinvent love He took the days for pageant
Became as mad as rabbits
With bushels of bad habits
Who could ask for anymore?
Yea who could have more. We must reinvent love.
Reinvent love
Reinvent love

Songwriters

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