

# 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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