

Slow Motion (live)

Panic! at the Disco

Ms. Jones taught me English
But I think I just shot her son
'Cause he owed me money
With a bullet in the chest you cannot run Now he's bleeding in a vacant lot
The one in the summer where we used to smoke pot
I guess I didn't mean it but man, you shoulda seen it
His flesh explode Slow motion, see me let go
We tend to die young
Slow motion, see me let go
What a brother knows
Slow motion, see me let go Now the cops will get me
But girl, if you would let me
I'll take your pants off
I gotta a little bit of blow
We could both get off Later bathing in the afterglow
Two lines of coke, I'd cut with Drano
And her nose starts to bleed
A most beautiful ruby red Slow motion, see me let go
We'll remember these days
Slow motion, see me let go
Urban life decay's
Slow motion, see me let go And at home
My sister's eating paint chips again
Maybe, that's why she's insane
I shut the door to her moaning
And I shoot smack in my veins And wouldn't you see
My neighbor's beating his wife
Because he hates his life
There's an art to his fist as he swings
Oh man, what a beautiful thing And death slides close to me
Won't grow old to be
A junkie whineo creep Hollywood glamorized my wrath
I'm the young urban psycho path
I incite murder for your entertainment
'Cause I needed the money
What's your excuse? The joke's on you Slow motion, see me let go
(Ahh)
Oh yeah
Slow motion, see me let go

(Ahh)

Ahh, slow motion, see me let go

(Ahh)

Ooh

Songwriters

Stephan JenkinsPublished by

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