

# Mercenary

## Panic! At the Disco

Just a dime-store poet  
Keepin' pace, talkin' his face blue  
Two dollar store tramps  
To get a glance, a new chance at you  
Walk past the dance floor  
It's always been a dear friend of mine  
Cuckolds and concubines  
Dancing in four -four timeHey mister the bell man says  
I can only recall and spend some time ,I said  
So he replies, and how do you manage?  
I dodge the blast and apologize for collateral damage.In love, I've always been a mercenary,  
But I never leave my post when the cash runs out  
I wanna make you quiver, make your backbone shiver  
Hey kid - take the stage and deliver.Hey mister the bell man says  
I can only recall and spend some time ,I said  
So he replies, and how do you manage?  
I dodge the blast and apologize for collateral damage.Speaking:  
How does it feel to stand on the very stones that ran with your parents' blood?  
Do you feel sad? Full of rage? Or does that outfit help bury your feelings?  
Hiding your true self, you're truly extraordinary specimen,  
I look forward to breaking you.I dodge the blast and apologize for collateral damage.Hey mister the bell man  
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So he replies, and how do you manage?  
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