

Fame < Infamy

Fall Out Boy

I'm a preacher sweating in the pews
For the salvation I'm bringing you
I'm a salesman; I'm selling you hooks and plans
And myself making demands
When I'm home alone I just dance by myself
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth
Signing off 'I'm alright in bed but I'm better with the pen'
The kid was alright but it went to his head
I am god's gift
But why would he bless me with such wit without a conscience equipped?
I'm addicted to the way I feel when I think of you, whoa
"There's too much green to feel blue"
When I'm home alone I just can't stop myself
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth
Signing off 'I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen'
The kid was alright but it went to his head
When I'm home alone I just can't stop myself
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth
Signing off 'I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen'
I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen
I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen
The kid was alright but it went to his head

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