

Boys Will Be Boys

Panic! at the Disco

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor
Just for the attention
'Cause that's just ridiculously on Well, she sure is gonna get it, here's the setting
Fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls lined with bullet holes Have some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger all wrong Have some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger all wrong Give me envy, give me malice
Give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice
Baby, give me a break When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding She didn't choose this role
But she'll play it and make it sincere
So you cry, you cry
(Give me a break) But they believe it from the tears
And the teeth right down to the blood
At her feet, boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing Aubergine dreams
(Give me a break) Have some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
And pulling the trigger all wrong Have some composure
And where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
And pulling the trigger all wrong Come on, this is screaming photo
Come on, come on
This is screaming, this is screaming
This is screaming photo Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys Give me envy, give me malice
Give me your attention

Give me envy, give me malice
Baby, give me a break When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen And boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, hiding in estrogen
And wearing Aubergine dreams

Songwriters

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