

# Fall Out Boy, 7-9 Legendary

i got that midnight tennis elbow  
got the solitaire rug burn  
took a turn (an ace up my sleeve)  
i want to choke (you)  
and get sick off of you like secondhand smoke  
ya got me sweating like Calcutta nights  
such a sweet epiphany  
i am a wing  
i am a prayer  
a thimble and an acorn  
a promise from a poor apocathary- to an understudy in love forlorn  
ill give you heatstroke  
i'm getting you and i'm losing me  
we'd get legendary tonight, lil darlin, uh huh lil darlin  
but i've got a nomadic head  
i love ya but i've caught the doom and the dread