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