

# Fall Out Boy, The Gold Standard

Sometimes I wanna quit this all and become an accountant now  
But I'm no good at math and besides the dollar is down  
Plant palm trees on Lake Michigan before it gets cold  
I gotta feel the windchill again before I get old

I wanna scream "I love you" from the top of my lungs  
But I'm afraid that someone else will hear me

You can only blame your problems on the world for so long  
Before it all becomes the same old song  
As soon as we hit the hospital I know we're gonna leave this town  
Get new passports and get get get get get out now

All the yes men said "No comment"  
My mouth got going the wrong way  
And all the calls started snowing  
The time my dad caught me a horseshoe crab  
And I asked him if throwing it back into the sea would bring our luck back

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Tell that boy I'll leave alone now  
Like a stove I'll turn my love down  
Supra and the prophet are both in the business of soles

I wanna scream "I love you" from the top of my lungs  
But I'm afraid that someone else will hear me, woah  
I wanna scream "I love you" from the top of my lungs  
But I'm afraid that someone else will hear me

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