

Fall Out Boy, The Music Or The Misery

I got my stitches stitched, I got my fixes fixed
In my aching heads I got my kisses slipped
Our gossip lips stuttered every word I said, I said
I got your love letters, corrected the grammar and sent them back
It's true - romance is dead, I shot it in the chest then in the head

And if you wanna go down in history then I'm your prince
Because they've got me in a bad way
Where I've never seen a heart I couldn't break
It was never about the songs, it was competition
Make the biggest scene, make the biggest...

Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances
Which came first, the music or the misery?
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I'm casualty-obsessed and I've forgiven death
I am indifferent yet (I am total wreck)
I'm every cliché, but I simply do it best

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(Go!)

I went to sleep a poet, and I woke up a fraud
To calm your nerves I'm feeling for my clothes in the dark

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