

Panic! At The Disco, From A Mountain In The Middle Of The Cabins

Lying there with a halo in her hair she cried
There are feathers everywhere, but it's fine
You do this all the time

Crying now, through a rusted smile she knows
This isn't how he paid the bills before
Drug farm entrepreneur

Go, spin circles for me
Wound relentlessly around the words we used to sling
Oh such torturous things always chewing up the only ones
I ever mean

If you're going then go. Go, go, go
If you're going then go. Go, go, go

Watch love get strangled by a kite's cold strings
Fall comes early and summer leaves
As a storm with the car keys

Spark your heels up against the picket fence I built
All your wishes they will sink like stones
Slowly down a lonely well

Go, spin circles for me
Wound relentlessly around the words we used to sling
Oh such torturous things always chewing up the only ones
I ever mean

If you're going then go. Go, go, go
If you're going then go. Go, go, go