

Panic! At The Disco, Mercenary

Just a dime-store poet, keeping pace, talking his face blue
Two dollar store tramps, to get a glance, a new chance at you
Walk past the dance floor. It's always been a dear friend of mine
Cut coils and concubines, dancing in four-four time

Hey mister, the bell man says, I can only recall and spend some time, I said
So he replies, and how do you manage?
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage

In love, I've always been a mercenary
But I never leave my post when the cash runs out
I wanna make you quiver, make your backbone shiver
Hey kid, take the stage and deliver

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[Spoken]

How does it feel to stand on the very stones that ran with your parents' blood?
Do you feel sad? Full of rage? Or does that outfit help bury your feelings?
Hiding your true self
You are a truly extraordinary specimen. I look forward to breaking you.

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