

Panic! At The Disco, Round Here

Step out the front door like a ghost
Into the fog where no one notices
The contrast of white on white.

And in between the moon and you
Angels get a better view
Of the crumbling difference between wrong and right.

I walk in the air between the rain,
Through myself and back again.
Where? I don't know

Maria says she's dying.
Through the door, I hear her crying
Why? I don't know

Round here we always stand up straight
Round here something radiates

Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
She said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis
She walks along the edge of where the ocean meets the land
Just like she's walking on a wire in the circus
She parks her car outside of my house and
Takes her clothes off,
Says she's close to understanding Jesus
She knows she's more than just a little misunderstood
She has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

Round here we're carving out our names
Round here we all look the same
Round here we talk just like lions
But we sacrifice like lambs
Round here she's slipping through my hands

Oh, Sleeping children better run like the wind
Out of the lightning dream
Mama's little baby better get herself in
Out of the lightning

She says, "It's only in my head."
She says, "Shhh...I know it's only in my head."

But the girl on the car in the parking lot
Says: "Man, you should try to take a shot
Can't you see my walls are crumbling?"

Then she looks up at the building
And says she's thinking of jumping.
She says she's tired of life
She must be tired of something.

Round here she's always on my mind
Round here, Hey man, I got lots of time
Round here we're never sent to bed early
And nobody makes us wait
Round here we stay up very very very very late

I... I can't see nothing, nothing
Round here
(Ya) Catch me if I'm falling
(Ya) Catch me if I'm falling
(Will'ya) Catch me 'cause I'm falling down on you

I said I'm under the gun
Round here
Oh man, I said I'm under the gun
Round here
I can't see nothing, nothing
Round here