

# Panic! At The Disco, Time To Dance

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor just for the attention  
'Cause that's just ridiculous...ly odd  
Well, she sure is going to get it  
Here's the setting: fashion magazines line the walls now  
The walls line the bullet holes

Have some composure  
Where is your posture?  
Oh no no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger all wrong

Have some composure  
Where is your posture?  
Oh no no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger all wrong

Give me envy, give me malice, give me all your attention  
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!  
When I say "shotgun", you say "wedding";  
&quot;Shotgun&quot;, &quot;wedding&quot;, &quot;shotgun&quot;, &quot;wedding&quot;

Well, she didn't choose this role  
But she'll play it and make it sincere  
So you cry, you cry (Give me a break)  
But they believe it from the tears  
And the teeth right down to the blood  
At her feet  
Boys will be boys  
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams  
(Give me a break...break...break...break)

Have some composure  
Where is your posture?  
Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger  
All wrong

Have some composure  
Where is your posture?  
Oh, no, no  
You're pulling the trigger  
Pulling the trigger  
All wrong

Come on this is screaming "Photo op, op...op"  
Come on, come on  
This is screaming  
This is screaming  
This is screaming "Photo op"

Boys will be boys, baby  
Boys will be boys  
Boys will be boys, baby  
Boys will be boys

Give me envy, give me malice, give me all your attention  
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!  
When I say "shotgun", you say "wedding";  
&quot;Shotgun&quot;, &quot;wedding&quot;, &quot;shotgun&quot;, &quot;wedding&quot;

Boys will be boys

Hiding in estrogen and boys will be boys  
Boys will be boys  
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams