Panic! At The Disco, Turn Off The Lights

I got so sick of being on my own
Now the devil won't leave me alone
It's almost like I found a friend
Who's in it for the bitter end
Our conscious's are always so much heavier than our egos
I set my expectations high
So nothing ever comes out right

So shoot a star on the boulevard tonight
I think I'll figure it out with a little more time
But who needs time ?

Turn off the lights, turn off the lights
Turn on the charm for me tonight
I've got my heavy heart to hold me down
Once it falls apart my head is in the clouds
So I'm taking every chance I've got
Like the man I know I'm not

So sick of wasting all my time
How in God's name did I survive?
(How did I survive?)
I need a little sympathy
To sore my insecurities
Our conscious's are always so much heavier than our egos
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Oh oh oh, mhm
A heavy heart on the boulevard tonight, oh
Shooting stars watch me fall apart tonight, woah

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Oh woah, oh woah, oh woah
Oh woah, oh woah, oh woah