

Fall Out Boy, Get Busy Living Or Get Busy Dying

This has been said so many times that I'm not sure if it matters
But we never stood a chance
And I'm not sure if it matters
If you are the shores, I am the waves begging for big moons
I'm mailing letters to addresses in a ghost town

Your secret's out
I know this hurts, it was meant to
Your secret's out and the best part is it isn't even a good one
And it's mind over (you don't) matter

This has been said so many times that I'm not sure if it matters
But it must be said again that all us boys are just screaming
Into microphones for attention
Because we're just so bored
We never knew that you would pick it apart, oh
I'm falling apart to songs about hips and hearts

Your secret's out
I know this hurts, it was meant to
Your secret's out and the best part is it isn't even a good one
And it's mind over (you don't) matter

I used to obsess over living
Now I only obsess over you
Tell me you'd like boys like me better
In the dark lying on top of you
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From day one I talked about getting out
But not forgetting about
How all my worst fears are letting out
He said why put a new address on the same old loneliness
When breathing just passes the time
Until we all just get old and die
Now talking's just a waste of breath
And living's just a waste of death
And why put a new address on the same old loneliness
And this is you and me and me and you until we've got nothing left