

Fall Out Boy, The Carpal Tunnel Of Love

We take sour sips from life's lush lips
And we shake, shake, shake the hips in relationships
Stomp out this disaster town, you'll put your eyes to the sun and say
"I know you're only blinding to keep back what the clouds are hiding."

And we might have started singing just a little soon,
We're throwing stones in a glass room.

Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning.
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning, whoa oh.

We keep the beat with your blistered feet
We bullet the words at the mockingbirds singing
Slept through the weekend and dreamed
We're just sinking with the melody off the cliffs of eternity
Got postcards from my former self, saying "How you been?"

We might have said goodbyes just a little soon
(Stomp out this disaster town)
Robbing lips, and kissing banks under this moon

Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning, oh...

It was ice cream headaches and sweet avalanche
When the pearls in our shells got up to dance
You call me a bad tipper of the cradle
We're just tired yawns for fawns on hunter's lawns
We're the has-beens of husbands
Sharpening the knives of young wives
Take two years and call me when you're better
Take teardrops of mine, find yourself wetter

Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, love songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa, love songs for the genuinely cunning