

# Fall Out Boy, The Patron Saint Of Liars And Fake

I'm holding out, and I'm holding on  
To every letter and every song  
I wrote myself out of the day we ever had to meet  
Are you through with me?

So...

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?

I'm all ears, and I'm all scars  
To hear you tell me, "Boys like you try too hard  
To look not quite as desperate"  
And I'm hanging on, but I still know the way to make your make-up run

So...

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?

And when it all goes to hell  
Will you be able to tell  
Me you're sorry with a straight face?  
(Take this to your grave, and I'll take it to mine)

And when it all goes to hell  
And when it all goes to hell  
And when it all goes to hell  
And when it all goes