

# Fall Out Boy, You're Crashing, But You're No Wa

The D.A. is dressed to the nines  
In the mirror he practices all his lines  
To his closing argument, twelve hearts beat in favor  
I'm guessing that he read the morning paper  
The headline reads "The Man Hangs, but the jury doesn't";

And everyone's looking for relief  
The United States versus disbelief  
Mothers cast tears on both sides of the aisle  
Clear your throat and face the world  
The verdict falls like bachelors for bad luck girls  
Only breathing with the aid of denial

Case open, case shut  
But you could pay to close it like a casket  
Baby boy can't lift his headache head  
Isn't it tragic?

He glances at his peers sitting seven to twelve  
Stacked on one to six the gallery is hushed  
Boys in three pieces dream of grandstanding and bravado  
The city sleeps in a cell notwithstanding what we all know  
Hang on a rope or bated breath  
Whichever you prefer

And everyone's looking for relief  
A bidding war for an old flame's grief  
The 'cause, the kid, the cough, the charm, and the curse  
Not a word that could make you comprehend  
Too well dressed for the witness stand  
The press prays for whichever headline's worse

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Fresh pressed suit and tie  
Unimpressed birds sing and die  
Can talk my way out of anything  
The foreman reads the verdict  
"In the above entitled actions we find the defendant  
Guilty";

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