

Gerard Way, Millions

You twist my arm
I'm twisting fate
You'll leave alone, or crazy great
Or break into a million pieces, all your reasons
Lets live alone
And out of state
Lets make up everything and wake up breathing
Don't give a damn about the wreck you leave in

You can use my friends, but that depends-

On what they're for
And while we're laying on the floor
My mouth is sore
I'm keeping score
A million reasons but I need a million more

You believe in love
I believe in faith
They'll believe in anything, you make up villains
A trillion legions of the damned and William
It was really me
It was really you
There was really nothing I could do
Until then
Let's use our magic powers with the children

You don't understand, we don't hold hands

Come catch me, run
Cuz I'm not having any fun
I think you're sore
I think I'm done
A million reasons

Can I be your number one?

Yeah, yeah