Panic! At The Disco, Build God, Then We'll Talk

It's these substandard motels on the (lalalalala) corner of 4th and Fremont Street Appealing only because they are just that unappealing Any practiced catholic would cross themselves upon entering The rooms have a hint of asbestos and maybe just a dash of formaldehyde And the habit of decomposing right before your very (lalalalala) eyes

Along with the people inside What a wonderful caricature of intimacy Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy

Tonight tenants range from: a lawyer and a virgin Accessorizing with a rosary tucked inside her lingerie She's getting a job at the firm come Monday The Mrs. will stay with the cheating attorney Moonlighting aside, she really needs his money Oh, wonderful caricature of intimacy

Yeah (Yeah)

And not to mention, the constable, and his proposition, for that "virgin" Yes, the one the lawyer met with on "strictly business" As he said to the Mrs.
Well, only hours before
After he had left, she was fixing her face in a compact
There was a terrible crash, there was a terrible crash
Between her and the badge
She spilled her purse and her bag
And held a "purse" of a different kind

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There are no raindrops on roses and girls in white dresses It's sleeping with roaches and taking best guesses At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains And a few more of your least favorite things

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Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy Inside, what a wonderful caricature of intimacy

Raindrops on roses and girls in white dresses It's sleeping with roaches and taking best guesses At the shade of the sheets and before all the stains And a few more of your least favorite things

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