

Panic! At The Disco, Folkin' Around

Allow me to exaggerate a memory or two
Where summers lasted longer than, longer than we do
Where nothing really matter except for me to be with you
But in time we all forgot and we all grew

Your melody sounds as sweet as the first time it was sung
With a little bit more character for show
And by the time your father's learned of all the wrong you've done
I'm putting out the lantern, find your own way back home

If I've forgotten how to sing before I've sung this song
I'll write it all across the wall before my job is done
And I'll even have the courtesy of admitting I was wrong
As the final words before I'm dead and gone

You've never been so divine in accepting your defeat
And I've never been more scared to be alone
If love is not enough to put my enemies to sleep
Then I'm putting out the lantern, find your own way back home