

# Panic! At The Disco, From A Mountain In The Mic

Lying there with a halo in her hair she cried  
There are feathers everywhere, but it's fine  
You do this all the time

Crying now, through a rusted smile she knows  
This isn't how he paid the bills before  
Drug farm entrepreneur

Go, spin circles for me  
Wound relentlessly around the words we used to sling  
Oh such torturous things always chewing up the only ones  
I ever mean

If you're going then go. Go, go, go  
If you're going then go. Go, go, go

Watch love get strangled by a kite's cold strings  
Fall comes early and summer leaves  
As a storm with the car keys

Spark your heels up against the picket fence I built  
All your wishes they will sink like stones  
Slowly down a lonely well

Go, spin circles for me  
Wound relentlessly around the words we used to sling  
Oh such torturous things always chewing up the only ones  
I ever mean

If you're going then go. Go, go, go  
If you're going then go. Go, go, go