

# Panic! At The Disco, Let's Kill Tonight

If I retreat  
Words, wars, and symphonies  
Make room! We're taking over here  
And you're the gallantine  
Cold and alone, it suits you well  
You won't find me perching here again

May your feet serve you well  
And the rest be sent to Hell  
Where they always have belonged  
Cold hearts brew colder songs  
Fate will play us out  
With a song of pure romance  
Stomp your feet and clap your hands

Let's kill tonight!  
Kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type  
Let's kill tonight!  
Kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type  
Let's kill tonight!

May your feet serve you well  
And the rest be sent to Hell  
Where they always have belonged  
Cold hearts brew colder songs  
Fate will play us out  
With a song of pure romance  
Stomp your feet and clap your hands

Let's kill tonight!  
Kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type  
Let's kill tonight!  
Kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type

Let's kill tonight!  
Kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type  
Let's kill tonight!  
Show them all you're not the ordinary type  
Let's kill tonight!