

Panic! At The Disco, Time To Dance

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor just for the attention
'Cause that's just ridiculous...ly odd
Well, she sure is going to get it
Here's the setting: fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls line the bullet holes

Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh no no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger all wrong

Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh no no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger all wrong

Give me envy, give me malice, give me all your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!
When I say "shotgun", you say "wedding";
"Shotgun", "wedding", "shotgun", "wedding"

Well, she didn't choose this role
But she'll play it and make it sincere
So you cry, you cry (Give me a break)
But they believe it from the tears
And the teeth right down to the blood
At her feet
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams
(Give me a break...break...break...break)

Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong

Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong

Come on this is screaming "Photo op, op...op"
Come on, come on
This is screaming
This is screaming
This is screaming "Photo op"

Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys

Give me envy, give me malice, give me all your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!
When I say "shotgun", you say "wedding";
"Shotgun", "wedding", "shotgun", "wedding"

Boys will be boys

Hiding in estrogen and boys will be boys
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing aubergine dreams