

The Music or the Misery

Fall Out Boy

I got my stitches stitched,
I got my fixes fixed,
And in my aching head,
I got my kisses slit.
Our gossip lips stuttered every word I said,
I said.

I got your love letters,
Corrected the grammar,
And sent them back.
It's true, romance is dead,
I shot it in the chest,
Then in the head.

And if you wanna go down in history,
Then I'm your prince.
'Cause they got me in a bad way,
I've never seen a heart I couldn't break.
It was never about the songs,
It was competition.
Make the biggest scene...
Make the biggest.

Which came first?
The music or the misery?
We're high fashioned,
We're last chances.

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I'm casually obsessed,
And I've forgiven death.
I am indifferent, yet,
(I am a total wreck)
I'm every cliché,
But I simply do it best.

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GO!

I went to sleep a poet,
And I woke up a fraud.
To calm your nerves I'm feeling
for my clothes in the dark.

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