

Don't Threaten Me with a Good Time

Panic! at the Disco

Alright, alright
Alright, alright

Alright, alright
It's a helluva feeling though
It's a helluva feeling though

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Who are these people
I just woke up in my underwear
No liquor left on the shelf
I should prob'ly introduce myself
You shoulda seen what I wore
I had a cane and a party hat
was the king of this hologram
Where there's no such thing as getting out of hand
Memories tend to just pop up
Drunk pre-meds and some rubber gloves
Five thousand people with designer drugs
Don't think I'll ever get enough

Champagne, cocaine, gasoline
And most things in between
I roam the city in a shopping cart
A pack of camels and a smoke alarm
This night is heating up
Raise hell and turn it up
Saying if you go on you might pass out in a drain pipe
Oh yeah
Don't threaten me with a good time

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What are these footprints
They don't look very human like
Now I wish that I could find my clothes
Bedsheets and a morning rose
I wanna wake up
Can't even tell if this is a dream
How did we end up in my neighbor's pool
Upside down with a perfect view
Bar to bar at the speed of sound
Fancy feet dancing through this town
Lost my mind in a wedding gown
Don't think I'll ever get it now

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I'm a scholar and a gentleman
And I usually don't fall when I try to stand
I lost a bet to a guy in a chiffon skirt
But I make these high heels work
I've told you time and time again
I'm not as drunk as you think I am
And we all fell down as the sun came up
I think we've had enough

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