

The Carpal Tunnel of Love

Fall Out Boy

We take sour sips from life's lush lips
And we shake, shake, shake the hips in relationships
Stomp out this disaster town
You'll put your eyes to the sun and say, "I know
you're only blinding to keep back what the clouds are hiding."

And we might've started singing just a little soon
We're throwing stones at a glass moon*

Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning, whoa-oh

We keep the beat with your blistered feet
And we bullet the words at the mockingbirds singing
Slept through the weekend and dreaming
Of sinking with the melody of the cliffs of eternity
Got postcards from my former selves saying: "How've you been?"

We might've said goodbyes just a little soon
(Stomp out this disaster town)
Robbing lips, kissing banks under this moon

Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning, ohh...

It was ice cream headaches and sweet avalanche
When the pearls in our shells got up to dance
You call me a bad tipper of the cradle
Tired yawns for fawns on hunter's lawns
We're the has-beens of husbands
Sharpening the knives of young wives
Take two years and call me when you're better
Take teardrops of mine, find yourself wetter

Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning
Whoa oh, we're so miserable and stunning
Whoa oh, love songs for the genuinely cunning