

This Ain't a Scene, It's an Arms Race

Fall Out Boy

I am an arms dealer,
Fitting you with weapons in the form of words.
And don't really care which side wins,
As long as the room keeps singing.
That's just the business I'm in.

This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
I'm not a shoulder to cry on,
But, I digress.

I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate.
I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate, yeah.

I wrote the gospel on giving up.
(You look pretty sinking,)
But the real bombshells have already sunk.
(Prima-donnas of the gutter.)
At night we're painting your trash gold while you sleep.
Crashing not like hips or cars,
No, more like p-p-p-parties.

This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
Bandwagon's full,
Please, catch another.

I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate.
I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate.

All the boys who the dance floor didn't love,
And the girls who's lips couldn't move fast enough;
Sing, until your lungs give out.

This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Now you.)
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Wear out the groove.)
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Sing out loud.)
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.
(Oh, oh.)
This ain't a scene, it's a god damn arms race.

I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate.
I'm a leading man,
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
Oh-so intricate.