

# From a Mountain in the Middle of the Cabins

Panic! at the Disco

Lying there  
With a halo in her hair she cried  
There are feathers everywhere  
But it's fine  
You do this all the time

Crying now  
Through a rusted smile she knows  
This isn't how he paid the bills before  
Drug farm entrepreneur

Go spin circles for me  
Wound relentlessly  
Around the words we used to sling  
Oh, such torturous things  
Always chewing up the only ones  
I ever mean

If you're goin', then go  
Go go go  
If you're goin', then go  
Go go go

Watch love  
Get strangled by a kite's cold strings  
Fall comes early and summer leaves  
As a storm with the car keys

Spark your heels  
Up against the picket fence I built  
All your wishes they will sink like stones  
Slowly down a lonely well

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Wound relentlessly  
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Oh, such torturous things  
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