

# The Ballad of Mona Lisa

Panic! at the Disco

She paints her fingers with a close precision  
He starts to notice empty bottles of gin  
And takes a moment to assess the sins she's paid for

A lonely speaker in a conversation  
Her words were swimming through his ears again  
There's nothing wrong with just a taste of what you've paid for

Say what you mean  
Tell me I'm right  
And let the sun rain down on me  
Give me a sign  
I want to believe

Whoa, Mona Lisa,  
You're guaranteed to run this town  
Whoa, Mona Lisa,  
I'd pay to see you frown

He senses something, call it desperation  
Another dollar, another day  
And if she had the proper words to say,  
She would tell him  
But she'd have nothing left to sell him

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Tell me I'm right  
And let the sun rain down on me  
Give me a sign  
I want to believe

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You're guaranteed to run this town  
Whoa, Mona Lisa,  
I'd pay to see you frown

Mona Lisa wear me out  
Pleased to please ya  
Mona Lisa wear me out

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