

The Calendar

Panic! at the Disco

Only for you
Only for you

They said if you don't let it out
You're gonna let it eat you away
I'd rather be a cannibal, baby
Animals like me don't talk anyway

Feel like an ambulance, chaser of fame
Pray I could replace her
Forget the way her tears taste
Oh, the way her tears taste

Put another X on the calendar
Summer's on its deathbed
There is simply nothing worse
Than knowing how it ends

And I meant
Everything I said that night
I will come back to life
But only for you, only for you

The world may call it a second chance
But when I came back it was more of a relapse
Anticipation is on the other line
And obsession called while you were out
Yeah, it called while you were out

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Asleep in the hive
I guess all the buzzing got to me
The rest of the life
At night your body is a symphony
And I'm conducting

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