

Time to Dance

Panic! at the Disco

Well she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor
Just for the attention 'cause that's just ridiculously on
Well she sure is gonna get it, here's the setting
Fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls line the bullet holes

Have some composure
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger, all wrong

Have some composure
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger, all wrong

Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby give me a break
When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding

She didn't choose this role
But she'll play it and make it sincere
So you cry, you cry
Give me a break

But they believe it from the tears
And the teeth right down to the blood at her feet
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen
And wearing aubergine dreams
Give me a break, break, break, break

Have some composure
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger, all wrong

Have some composure
Where is your posture? Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger, all wrong

Come on this is screaming photo op, op
Come on, come on, this is screaming
This is screaming, this is screaming photo op

Boys will be boys baby
Boys will be boys
Boys will be boys baby
Boys will be boys

Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby give me a break
When I say shotgun, you say wedding
Shotgun, wedding, shotgun, wedding

Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen

And boys will be boys
Boys will be boys hiding in estrogen
And wearing aubergine dreams