

# The Music or the Misery

Fall Out Boy

I got my stitches stitched,  
I got my fixes fixed,  
And in my aching head,  
I got my kisses slit.  
Our gossip lips stuttered every word I said,  
I said.

I got your love letters,  
Corrected the grammar,  
And sent them back.  
It's true, romance is dead,  
I shot it in the chest,  
Then in the head.

And if you wanna go down in history,  
Then I'm your prince.  
'Cause they got me in a bad way,  
I've never seen a heart I couldn't break.  
It was never about the songs,  
It was competition.  
Make the biggest scene...  
Make the biggest.

Which came first?  
The music or the misery?  
We're high fashioned,  
We're last chances.

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I'm casually obsessed,  
And I've forgiven death.  
I am indifferent, yet,  
(I am a total wreck)  
I'm every cliché,  
But I simply do it best.

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GO!

I went to sleep a poet,  
And I woke up a fraud.  
To calm your nerves I'm feeling  
for my clothes in the dark.

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