

7-9 Legendary

Fall Out Boy

I got that midnight tennis elbow
Got the solitaire rugburn
Took a turn
An ace up my sleeve

I want to choke (u)
And get sick off of you
Like secondhand smoke
Ya got me sweating like Calcutta nights
Such a sweet epiphany

I am a wing (wing)
I'm a prayer (prayer)
A thimble and an acorn
A promise from a poor apocathary-
To an understudy in love forlorn

I'll give you heatstroke
I'm getting you and I'm losing me

We'd get legendary
Tonight little darlin'
Uh huh little darlin'
But I've got a nomadic head
I love ya but I've caught the doom and the dread

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