

## 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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