Fame

Fall Out Boy

I'm a preacher sweating in the pews
For the salvation I'm bringing you
I'm a salesman, I'm selling you hooks and plans
And myself making demands

When I'm home alone I just dance by myself
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth
Signing off "I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen"
The kid was alright but it went to his head

I am God's gift but why would he bless me with
Such wit without a conscience equipped
I'm addicted to the way I feel when I think of you, woah
"There's too much green to feel blue"

When I'm home alone I just can't stop myself
And you pull my head so close volume goes with the truth
Signing off "I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a pen"
The kid was alright but it went to his head

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