

I Write Sins Not Tragedies

Fall Out Boy

Oh, well, imagine,
As I'm pacing the pews in a church corridor,
And I can't help but to hear—
No, I can't help but to hear an exchanging of words,

"What a beautiful wedding! What a beautiful wedding," says a bridesmaid to the waiter,
"And, yes, but what a shame, what a shame the poor groom's bride is a whore."

I chime in with a
"Haven't you people ever heard of closing the goddamn door?!"
No, it's much better to face these kinds of things
With a sense of poise and rationality.
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With a sense of...

Oh, well, in fact,
Well, I'll look at it this way,
I mean technically our marriage is saved,
Well, this calls for a toast.
So, pour the champagne.

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I mean technically our marriage is saved,
Well, this calls for a toast,
So, pour the champagne, pour the champagne!

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