

Black Cat

Mayday Parade

Close up camera one
The hero sings in this scene
The boy that gets the girl gets to go home where they get married
But stop the tape,
The sunset still looks fake to me
The hero looks like he can't breathe
The damsel just left everything

You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa
You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa

Oh close up camera two
Cause the hero dies in this scene
Your inspiration is the loss of absolutely everything
And flashback on the girl
As we montage every memory
And we bleed out in the bathroom sink
And we fade out as the soundtrack sings:

You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa
You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa

She said get your hands off of my star
It's not your part but all your fault
And this jealous actress has a habit of making things sound way too tragic
Get your hands off of my star
It's not your part but all your fault
And this jealous actress has a habit of making things sound way too tragic

And this jealous actress has a habit
Of making things sound way too tragic
Oh this jealous actress has a habit
Of making things sound way too tragic.

You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
You're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa

You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa
You're like a black cat with a black back pack full of fireworks
And you're gonna burn the city down right now
Whoa whoa-ahh

And this jealous actress has a habit
Whoa