

A Fever You Can't Sweat Out Medley

Panic! at the Disco

Sit tight, I'm going to need you to keep time
Come on, just snap, snap, snap your fingers for me
Good, good, now we're making some progress
Come on, just tap, tap, tap your toes to the beat
And I believe this may call for a proper introduction, and well
Don't you see? I'm the narrator, and this is just the prologue

Swear to shake it up, if you swear to listen
Oh, we're still so young, desperate for attention
I aim to be your eyes, trophy boys, trophy wives
Swear to shake it up, if you swear to listen
Oh, we're still so young, desperate for attention
I aim to be your eyes

This is the scent of dead skin on a linoleum floor
This is the scent of quarantine wings in a hospital
It's not so pleasant and it's not so conventional
It sure as hell ain't normal but we deal, we deal
The anesthetic never set in and I'm wondering where
The apathy and urgency is that I thought I phoned in
No it's not so pleasant and it's not so conventional
And it sure as hell ain't normal but we deal, we deal

You're a regular decorated emergency
You're a regular decorated emergency

Can't take the kid from the fight, take the fight from the kid
Sit back, relax, sit back, relapse again
Can't take the kid from the fight, take the fight from the kid
Just sit back, just sit back
Sit back, sit back, relax, relapse
Sit back, sit back, woah
Can't take the kid out of the fight

The I.V. and your hospital bed
This was no accident
This was a therapeutic chain of events

Now I'm of consenting age
To be forgetting you in a cabaret somewhere
Downtown where a burlesque queen
May even ask my name
As she sheds her skin on stage
I'm seated and sweating to a dance song
On the club's P.A
The strip joint veteran sits two away
Smirking between dignified sips of his dignified
Peach and lime daiquiri

And isn't this exactly where you'd like me?
I'm exactly where you'd like me, you know
Praying for love in a lap dance
And paying in naivety?
Oh, isn't this exactly where you'd like me?
I'm exactly where you'd like me, you know
Praying for love in a lap dance, oh

But, but I'm afraid that I
Well, I may have faked it
And I wouldn't be caught dead
D-dead, d-dead, d-dead in this place
Well, I'm afraid that I
That's right
Well, I may have faked it
And I wouldn't be caught dead in this place

(Swear to shake it up, you swear to listen
Swear to shake it up, you swear to listen
Swear to shake it up, you swear to listen
Swear to shake it up, swear to shake it up)
La-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da
La-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da
La-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da
La-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da