

# Don't Threaten Me with a Good Time

Panic! at the Disco

Alright, alright  
Alright, alright

Alright, alright  
It's a helluva feeling though  
It's a helluva feeling though

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Who are these people  
I just woke up in my underwear  
No liquor left on the shelf  
I should prob'ly introduce myself  
You shoulda seen what I wore  
I had a cane and a party hat  
was the king of this hologram  
Where there's no such thing as getting out of hand  
Memories tend to just pop up  
Drunk pre-meds and some rubber gloves  
Five thousand people with designer drugs  
Don't think I'll ever get enough

Champagne, cocaine, gasoline  
And most things in between  
I roam the city in a shopping cart  
A pack of camels and a smoke alarm  
This night is heating up  
Raise hell and turn it up  
Saying if you go on you might pass out in a drain pipe  
Oh yeah  
Don't threaten me with a good time

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What are these footprints  
They don't look very human like  
Now I wish that I could find my clothes  
Bedsheets and a morning rose  
I wanna wake up  
Can't even tell if this is a dream  
How did we end up in my neighbor's pool  
Upside down with a perfect view  
Bar to bar at the speed of sound  
Fancy feet dancing through this town  
Lost my mind in a wedding gown  
Don't think I'll ever get it now

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And most things in between  
I roam the city in a shopping cart

A pack of camels and a smoke alarm  
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I'm a scholar and a gentleman  
And I usually don't fall when I try to stand  
I lost a bet to a guy in a chiffon skirt  
But I make these high heels work  
I've told you time and time again  
I'm not as drunk as you think I am  
And we all fell down as the sun came up  
I think we've had enough

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