

# I Constantly Thank God for Esteban

Panic! at the Disco

Give us this day our daily dose of faux affliction  
Forgive our sins  
Forged at the pulpit with forked tongues  
Selling faux sermons

'Cause I am a new wave gospel sharp  
And you'll be thy witness  
So gentlemen, if you are gonna preach  
For God sakes preach with conviction

Strike up the band  
Whoa, the conductor is beckoning  
Come congregation, let's sing it like you mean it  
No, don't you get it, don't you get it? Now, don't you move

Strike up the band  
Whoa, the conductor is beckoning  
Come congregation, let's sing it like you mean it  
No, don't you get it, don't you get it? Now, don't you move

Just stay where I can see you  
Douse the lights  
We sure are in for a show tonight

In this little number we are graced  
By two displays of character  
We've got the gunslinger extraordinaire  
Walking contradictions

And I for one can see no blood  
From the hearts and the wrists you allegedly slit  
And I for one won't stand for this  
If the scene were a parish you'd all be condemned

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Just stay where I can see you  
Douse the lights  
We sure are in for a show tonight

Stay where I can see you  
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Don't you move  
Don't you move  
Strike up the band