

Something About Maggie

Panic! at the Disco

Maggie, don't you know?
He's got a real fuse about to blow
You gotta let him go
(People say, people say
Run away, run away)

Gilly thinks that he's a DJ
Makes me want to slit my wrist
Breaking mirrors on the subway
No one dances to his hits
Glitter whippits on the freeway
Mamas and papas shitting bricks, yeah
Give your boy a little leeway
No one dances to his playlist
Yeah, you gotta let him go

Maggie, don't you know?
He's got a real fuse about to blow
You gotta let him go
(People say, people say)
Maggie, the deck is stacked
You gotta hit your boyfriend back
You gotta hit him back
(People say, people say
Run away, run away)

God bless the doomsday scrollers
Thank you for doing all the work, ooh
God damn the Holy Rollers
Making the matters worse
Fourth of July and it's snowing

(Oh yeah)
Where do you think that you're going?
(Oh yeah)
Yeah, I'll never let you go

Maggie, don't you know?
He's got a real fuse about to blow
You gotta let him go
(People say, people say)
Maggie, the deck is stacked
You gotta hit your boyfriend back
You gotta hit him back
(People say, people say
Run away, run away)

(People say, people say
Run away, run away)

Maggie, don't you know?
He's got a real fuse about to blow
You gotta let him go
(People say, people say)
Maggie, the deck is stacked
You gotta hit your boyfriend back
You gotta hit him back

(People say, people say)

Maggie

Maggie

Let him go

(People say, people say)

Maggie

Maggie

Hit him back

(People say, people say

Run away, run away)