

Time to Dance

Panic! At the Disco

Well, she's not bleeding on the ballroom floor
Just for the attention.
Cause that's just ridiculously odd
Well, she sure is gonna get it
Here's the setting
Fashion magazines line the walls now
The walls line the bullet holes
Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong
Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong
Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!
When I say "Shotgun", you say "Wedding"
"Shotgun", "Wedding", "Shotgun", "Wedding"
She didn't choose this role
But she'll play it and make it sincere
So you cry, you cry
(Give me a break)
But they believe it from the tears
And the teeth right down to the blood
At her feet
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing Aubergine dreams
(Give me a break)
Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no
You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong
Have some composure
Where is your posture?
Oh, no, no

You're pulling the trigger
Pulling the trigger
All wrong
Come on this is screaming "Photo op." op...
Come on
Come on
This is screaming
This is screaming
This is screaming "Photo op."
Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys
Boys will be boys, baby
Boys will be boys
Give me envy, give me malice, give me a-a-attention
Give me envy, give me malice, baby, give me a break!
When I say "Shotgun", you say "Wedding"
"Shotgun", "Wedding", "Shotgun", "Wedding"
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and boys will be boys
Boys will be boys
Hiding in estrogen and wearing Aubergine dreams

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>