

Fall Out Boy "Better With A Pen (Fame < Infamy)"

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I'm a preacher sweating in the pews
For the salvation I'm bringing you
I'm a salesman, I'm selling you hooks and plans
And myself making demands

When I'm home alone I just dance by myself
And you pull my head so close, volume goes with the
truth
Signing off, "I'm alright in bed but I'm better with the
pen"
The kid was alright but it went to his head

I am God's gift but why would he bless me with
Such wit without a conscience equipped?
I'm addicted to the way I feel when I think of you, whoa
?There's too much green to feel blue?

When I'm home alone I just can't stop myself
And you pull my head so close, volume goes with the
truth
Signing off, "I'm alright in bed but I'm better with a
pen"
The kid was alright but it went to his head

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