

Fall Out Boy "Carpal Tunnel Of Love"

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We take sour sips from life's lush lips
And we shake shake shake the hips
In relationships
Stomp out this disaster town
You'll put your eyes to the sun and say "I know."
You're only blinding to keep back what the clouds are
hiding
And we might have started singing just a little soon
We're throwing stones at a glass moon

We're so miserable and stunning
songs for the genuinely cunning
We keep the beat,
With your blistered feet,
We bullet the words at the mockingbirds, singing
Slept through the weekend
And dreaming , of sinking with the melody of the cliffs
of eternity
Got postcards from my former selves saying; "How've
you been?"
We might have said goodbye just a little soon
(stomp out this disaster town) whoa whoa whoa!
Robbing lips, kissing banks under this moon

(oh-wooh-oh)We're so miserable and stunning
(oh-wooh-oh)songs for the genuinely cunning
(oh-wooh-oh)We're so miserable and stunning
(oh-wooh-oh)far from the genuinely cunning

It was ice cream headaches and sweet avalanche
When the pearls in our shells came out to dance
You call me a bad tipper of the cradle
But Iâ€™m tired yawns for fawns on hunterâ€™s lawns
Weâ€™re the has-beens of husbands
Sharpening the knives of young wives
Take two years and call me when you're better
Take tears of mine, find yourself wetter

We're so miserable and stunning
love songs for the genuinely cunning
We're so miserable and stunning
love songs for the genuinely cunning

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