

## Fall Out Boy

### "Rat A Tat"

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Rat a tat tat  
Rat a tat tat tat hey

[Courtney Love]  
No thesis existed for burning cities down at such a  
rampant rate  
No graphics and no fucking Powerpoint presentation  
So they just DIY'd that shit and they built their own  
bombs  
She's his suicide blond, she's number than gold

Are you ready for another bad poem?  
One more off key anthem  
Let your teeth sink in  
Remember me as I was not as I am  
And I said "I'll check in tomorrow if I don't wake up  
dead,"  
I kept wishing she had blonde ambition and she'd let it  
go to my head

Rat a tat tat  
Rat a tat tat tat hey  
If my love is a weapon  
There's no second guessing when I say  
Rat a tat tat  
Rat a tat tat tat hey  
If my heart is a grenade  
You pull the pin and say:

We're all fighting growing old  
We're all fighting growing old  
In the hopes  
Of a few minutes more  
To get on St. Peter's list  
But you need to lower your standards  
Cause it's never  
Getting any better than this

[Courtney Love]  
We are professional ashes of roses  
This kerosene's live

You settled your score  
This is where you come to beg, unborn and unshaven  
Killing fields of fire to a congress of ravens  
This is what we do, baby, we nightmare you

I'm about to make the sweat roll backwards  
And your heart beat in reverse  
Our guts can't be reworked  
As alone as a little white church  
In the middle of the desert getting burned  
But I'll take your heart served up two ways  
I sing a bitter song  
I'm the lonelier version of you  
I just don't know where it went wrong

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Rat a tat tat  
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[Courtney Love]  
She's sick and she's wrong  
She's young dirty blonde  
And you sink inside her like a suicide bomb  
He says "I've seen bigger"  
She says "I've lit better"  
And they throw the matches down into the glitter  
Not a dry eye left in the house  
Go boy, go boy, run for your life  
Go boy, go boy, run for your life  
Go boy, go boy, run for your life

We're all fighting growing old

We're all fighting growing old  
In the hopes  
Of a few minutes more  
To get on St. Peter's list  
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Are you ready for another bad poem?

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