

Fall Out Boy

"The carpol 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.
Stop by 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.
And we're throwing the stones in a glass room.

Whoa ah oh, we're so miserable and stunning.
Whoa ah oh, far from the genuine becoming.

We keep the beat with your blistered feet.
We bullet the words at the mockingbirds, singing.
Slept through the weekend and dreamed we're sinking
with the melody of the kiss of eternity.
Your pulse comes from a pharmacist, saying "How you
been?"
We might of said good byes just a little soon.
(Somehow this disaster town)
Our beliefs of kissing beats over this room.

Whoa ah oh, we're so miserable and stunning.

Whoa ah oh, far from the genuine becoming.
Whoa ah oh, we're so miserable and stunning.
Whoa ah oh, far from the genuine becoming.

It was icecream headaches and sweet avalanche when
the pearls in our shells come out to dance.
This is what you get for abusing sweet love.
Take off your clothes, it hurts just right.
What happens I'm okay; diving into knives don't cut me.
Think you could call me when you get home?
Take your self apart find yourself with love.

Whoa ah oh, we're so miserable and stunning.
Whoa ah oh, far from the genuine becoming.
Whoa ah oh, we're so miserable and stunning.
Whoa ah oh, far from the genuine becoming

