

Fall Out Boy "Your Crashing But Your No Wave"

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The D.A. is dressed to the nines
In the mirror he practices all his lines
To his closing argument, twelve hearts beat in favor
I'm guessing that he read the morning paper
The headline reads "The Man Hangs," but the jury
doesn't

And everyone's looking for relief
The United States versus disbelief
Mothers cast tears on both sides of the aisle
Clear your throat and face the world
The verdict falls like bachelors for bad luck girls
Only breathing with the aid of denial

Case open, case shut
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
Isn't it tragic?

He glances at his peers sitting seven to twelve
Stacked on one to six the gallery is hushed
Boys in three pieces dream of grandstanding and
bravado
The city sleeps in a cell notwithstanding what we all
know
Hang on a rope or bated breath
Whichever you prefer

And everyone's looking for relief
A bidding war for an old flame's grief
The cause, the kid, the cough, the charm, and the
curse
Not a word that could make you comprehend
Too well dressed for the witness stand
The press prays for whichever headline's worse

Case open, case shut
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
Isn't it tragic?

Fresh pressed suit and tie

Unimpressed birds sing and die
Can talk my way out of anything
The foreman reads the verdict
?In the above entitled actions we find the defendant"
Guilty

Case open, case shut
But you could pay to close it like a casket
Baby boy can't lift his headache head
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