

Panic! At The Disco "Mad As Rabbits"

Visit "[Mad As Rabbits](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come save me from walking off a windowsill
Or I'll sleep in the rain.

Don't you remember when I was a bird
And you were a map?

And Now he drags down miles in America
Briefcase in hand.

The stove is creeping up his spine again,
Can't get enough trash.

Uhhhp

He took the days for pageants

Became as mad as rabbits

With bushels of bad habits

Who could ask for anymore?

Yea who could have more.

His arms were the branches of a Christmas tree
Preached the devil in the belfry.

He checked in

To learn his clothes had been thieved at the train
station.

Rope hung his other branch

And at the end was a dog called bambi

Who was chewing on his parliaments

When he tried to save the calendar business.

He took the days for pageants

Became as mad as rabbits

With bushels of bad habits

Who could ask for anymore?

Yea who could have more

The poor son of a humble chimney sweep
Fell to a cheap crowd

So stay asleep and put on that cursive type

You know we live in a toy.

You know that Paul Cates bought himself a trumpet
from the salvation army

But there ain't no sunshine in his song

We must reinvent love.

Reinvent love.

Reinvent love.

He took the days for pageants
Became as mad as rabbits
With bushels of bad habits
Who could ask for anymore?
Yea who could have more

We must reinvent love.
Reinvent love.
Reinvent love.

Visit [Panic! At The Disco](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.