

Panic! At The Disco "Round Here"

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[Originally by Counting Crows]

Step out the front door like a ghost
Into the fog where no one notices
The contrast of white on white
And in between the moon and you
The angels get a better view
Of the crumbling difference between wrong and right
I walk in the air between the rain
Through myself and back again
Where? I don't know
Maria says she's dying
Through the door I hear her crying
Why? I don't know

Round here we always stand up straight
Round here something radiates

Well Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her
hand
She said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis
She walks along the edge of where the ocean meets
the land
Its like she's walking on a wire in the circus
She parks her car outside of my house
Takes her clothes off
Says she's close to understanding Jesus
And she knows she's more than just a little
misunderstood
She has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

Round here we're carving out our names
Round here we all look the same
Round here we talk just like lions
But we sacrifice like lambs
Round here she's slipping through my hands

Ohhh....
Sleeping children better run like the wind
Out of the lightning dream
Mama's little baby better get herself in
Out of the lightning

She says "it's only in my head"
She says "Shhh I know it's only in my head"
She said "did you think that you were dreaming?"
I said "no"
"Did you think that you were dreaming"
I said "no"
"Did you think that you were dreaming"
I said "sometimes I don't know"
There's a girl on the car out in the parking lot
And she says "come on, ya know come on just take a
shot
Can't you see me
Can't you see me
Can't you see my walls are tumbling down?
Can't you see my walls are crumbling down?
Can't you see my sun stop spinning around
Can't you see the sky turn black and brown
Can't you see the moon is flashing round
Can't you see me
Can't you see me
Can't you see me
No

There's a girl on the car out in the parking lot
"Can't you see my walls are crumbling down?"
Then she looks up at the building
Says she's thinking of jumping
She says she's tired of life
She must be tired of something

Round here she's always on my mind
Round here hey man got lots of time
Round here we're never sent to bed early
And nobody makes us wait
Round here we stay up very, very, very, very late
I can't see nothing.. nothing round here
So will you catch if I'm falling
Will you catch me if I'm falling
Will you catch me cause I'm falling down on you
I said I'm under the gun round here
Man I said I'm under the gun round here
And I can't see nothing
Nothing round here

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