

Mercenary

Panic! At the Disco

Just a dime store poet
Keeping pace, talking his face blue
Two dollar store tramps
To get a glance, a new chance at you Walk past the dance floor
That's always been a dear friend of mine
Cuckolds and concubines
Dancing in four, four time "Hey mister!" the bellman says
"I can only recall and spend some time," I said
So he replies, "Then how do you manage?"
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage
In love, I've always been a mercenary, but I never leave my post when the cash runs out
I want to make you quiver
Make your backbone shiver
Hey kid, take the stage and deliver "Hey mister!" the bellman says
"I can only recall and spend some time," I said
So he replies, "Then how do you manage?"
I dodge the blast, and apologize for collateral damage "How does it feel to stand on the very
stones that ran with your parent's blood
Do you feel sad? Full of rage? Or does that outfit help you bury your feelings
Hiding your true self
You're truly an extraordinary specimen, I look forward to breaking you"
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