

The Music or the Misery

Fall Out Boy

I got my stitches stitched, I got my fixes fixed,
In my aching head, I got my kisses slit.
Our gossip lips stuttered every word I said, I said,
I got your love letters, corrected the grammar and sent them back.
It's true romance is dead, I shot it in the chest then in the head. And if you wanna go down in
history then I'm your prince,
Because they've got me in a bad way I've never seen a heart I couldn't break.
It was never about the songs, it was competition.
Make the biggest scene, make the biggest... Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.
Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.
I'm casually obsessed and I've forgiven death,
I am indifferent, yet (I am a total wreck)
I'm every cliché, but I simply do it best. And if you wanna go down in history then I'm your
prince,
Because they've got me in a bad way I've never seen a heart I couldn't break.
It was never about the songs, it was competition,
Make the biggest scene, make the biggest... Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.
Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances. (Go!) I went to sleep a poet, and I woke up a fraud,
To calm your nerves I'm feeling for my clothes in the dark. Which came first, the music or the
misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.
Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.
Which came first, the music or the misery?
We're high-fashion, we're last chances.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>