

Fall Out Boy, Rat A Tat (ft. Courtney Love)

Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey!

[Courtney Love:]

No thesis existed for burning cities down at such a rampant rate
No graphics and no fucking Powerpoint presentation
So they just DIY'd that shit and they built their own bombs
She's his suicide blond, she's number than gold

Are you ready for another bad poem?
One more off key anthem
Let your teeth sink in
Remember me as I was not as I am
And I said "I'll check in tomorrow if I don't wake up dead,"
I kept wishing she had blonde ambition and she'd let it go to my head

Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
If my love is a weapon
There's no second guessing when I say
Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
If my heart is a grenade
You pull the pin and say:

We're all fighting growing old
We're all fighting growing old
In the hopes
Of a few minutes more
To get on St. Peter's list
But you need to lower your standards
Cause it's never
Getting any better than this

[Courtney Love:]

We are professional ashes of roses
This kerosene's live
You settled your score
This is where you come to beg, unborn and unshaven
Killing fields of fire to a congress of ravens
This is what we do, baby, we nightmare you

I'm about to make the sweat roll backwards
And your heart beat in reverse
Our guts can't be reworked
As alone as a little white church
In the middle of the desert getting burned
But I'll take your heart served up two ways
I sing a bitter song
I'm the lonelier version of you
I just don't know where it went wrong

Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
If my love is a weapon
There's no second guessing when I say
Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
If my heart is a grenade
You pull the pin and say:

We're all fighting growing old
We're all fighting growing old
In the hopes

Of a few minutes more
To get on St. Peter's list
But you need to lower your standards
Cause it's never
Getting any better than this

Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
It's never
Getting any better than this
/4x

[Courtney Love:]
She's sick and she's wrong
She's young dirty blonde
And you sink inside her like a suicide bomb
He says "I've seen bigger"
She says "I've lit better"
And they throw the matches down into the glitter
Not a dry eye left in the house
Go boy, go boy, run for your life
Go boy, go boy, run for your life
Go boy, go boy, run for your life

We're all fighting growing old
We're all fighting growing old
In the hopes
Of a few minutes more
To get on St. Peter's list
But you need to lower your standards
Cause it's never
Getting any better than this

Rat a tat tat
Rat a tat tat tat hey
It's never
Getting any better than this
/4x

Are you ready for another bad poem?