

The Ballad of Mona Lisa

Panic! At the Disco

She paints her fingers with a close precision
He starts to notice empty bottles of gin
And takes a moment to assess the sin she's paid for
A lonely speaker in a conversation
Her words are swimming through his ears again
There's nothing wrong with just a taste
Of what you paid for Say what you mean, tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign, I want to believe Whoa, Mona Lisa
You're guaranteed to run this town
Whoa, Mona Lisa
I'd pay to see you frown
He senses something, call it desperation
Another dollar, another day
And if she had the proper words to say, she would tell him
But she'd have nothing left to sell him Say what you mean, tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign, I want to believe Whoa, Mona Lisa
You're guaranteed to run this town
Whoa, Mona Lisa
I'd pay to see you frown Mona Lisa, wear me out
I'm pleased to please ya
Mona Lisa, wear me out Say what you mean, tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign, I want to believe
Whoa, Mona Lisa
You're guaranteed to run this town
Whoa, Mona Lisa
I'd pay to see you frown Say what you mean, tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign, I want to believe There's nothing wrong with just a taste
Of what you paid for
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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