

Panic! At The Disco - Theres a Good Reason These Tables Are Numbered Honey You Just Havent Thought Of It Yet

Tom: D

{VERSE 1}

D Please leave all overcoats, canes and **C** tophats
with the doorman. **F** From that moment
you'll be by yourself and underdressed.
A I'm wrecking this evening already and
B loving every minute of it.
C Ruining this banquet for the mildly inspiring end.

D (hammer/palm mute)
When you're in black slacks with accentuating off white
C pinstripes, **C** whoa oh. **B** Everything goes
A cord ing to plan.
D I'm the new cancer, never looked better
F you can't stand it.
And you say so under your breath
A you're reading lips "when did he get all confident?"
A Haven't you heard that I'm the new cancer?
I've never looked better and you can't stand it.

Transition: **B B B B A A** {X}

{VERSE 2}

Next is a trip to the the ladies' room in vain and,

I bet you just can't keep up with, with fashionistas and
Tonight, tonight, you are, you are a whispering campaign
I bet to them your name is cheap, I bet to them you look like
shhh...

D Talk to the mirror. Oh, choke back tears!
And keep tellin' yourself that:
"I'm a diva."
D Oh and the smokes in that **C** cigarette box
F on the table they just so happened to be
B laced with ni **A** tro **B** gly **B** ce **{X}** rin

{Repeat: "I'm the new cancer"}

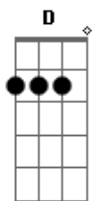
{BRIDGE} (slow strum)

D Haven't you heard that I'm the new **C** cancer
B I've never looked better and you can't stand it.

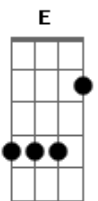
{OUTRO}

D And i know, and i know, it just doesn't feel like **C**
a night out with no one sizing you up. **B**
I've never been so surreptitious so of course **A**
I'll be distracted when I spike the punch. **D**

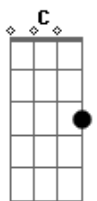
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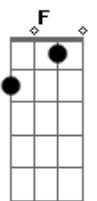
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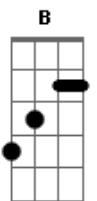
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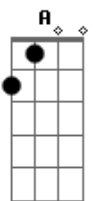
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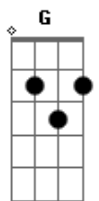
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