

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 ^B inspiring ^A 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 ^G ing ^F to ^D 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 ^C tears!
And keep ^B 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 ^A

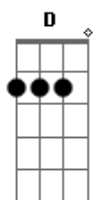
{Repeat: "I'm the new cancer"}

{BRIDGE} (slow strum)

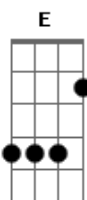
^D Haven't you heard that I'm the new ^C cancer
^B I've never looked better and you can't stand it.

{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

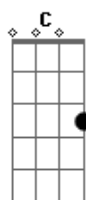
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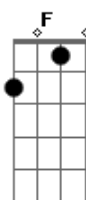
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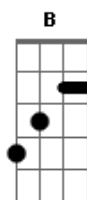
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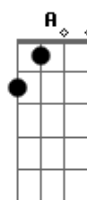
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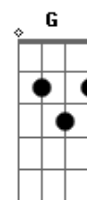
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