

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

D

I'll be distracted when I spike the punch.

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Tom: D
  {VERSE 1}
Please leave all overcoats, canes and tophats
with the doorman. From that moment
you'll be by yourself and underdressed.
I'm wrecking this evening already and
loving every minute of it.
Ruining this banquet for the mildly inspiring end.
            D (hammer/palm mute)
When you're in black slacks with accentuating off white
         С
                    В
pinstripes, whoa oh. Everything goes
          G F
                     D
   cord ing to plan.
I'm the new cancer, never looked better
         В
you can't stand it.
     В
And you say so under your breath
                Α
you're reading lips "when did he get all confident?"
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}
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Next is a trip to the the ladies' room in vain and,

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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
Talk to the mirror. Oh, choke back tears!
          В
And keep tellin' yourself that:
"I'm a diva."
Oh and the smokes in that cigarette box
on the table they just so happened to be
     A B
                В
                      В
                           {X}
laced with ni
               tro
                     gly
                           ce
                                 rin
{Repeat: "I'm the new cancer"}
{BRIDGE} (slow strum)
Haven't you heard that I'm the new cancer
                            D
I've never looked better and you can't stand it.
{OUTRO}
And i know, and i know, it just doesn't feel like
a night out with no one sizing you up.
I've never been so surreptitious so of course
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Acordes

