This ain't a scene, it’s a arms rac

Fall out boy

Guitar akkorder

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Am                    Am
I am an arms dealer,
                   E                        E
Fitting you with weapons in the form of words.
  Am                Am
And don't really care which side wins,
    E
As long as the room keeps singing.
                  E
That's just the business I'm in.

Am                           Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
E                             E
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
Am                           Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
E                              E
I'm not a shoulder to cry on,
But, I digress.

Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                              C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate.
Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                              C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate, yeah.

Am

Am                             Am
I wrote the gospel on giving up.
(You look pretty sinking,)
         E                                 E
But the real bombshells have already sunk.
(Prima-donnas of the gutter.)
    Am                                   Am
At night we're painting your trash gold while you sleep.
          E
Crashing not like hips or cars,
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        E
No, more like p-p-p-parties.

Am                          Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
E                            E
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
Am                          Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
E
Bandwagon's full,
       E
Please, catch another.

Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                            C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate.
Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                            C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate.

F Am E Am F C E E

Am
                                  Am
All the boys who the dance floor didn't love,
                     E
And the girls who's lips couldn't move fast enough;
  E
Sing, until your lungs give out.

Am                          Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
E                            E
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
(Now you.)
Am                          Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
(Wear out the groove.)
E                            E
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
(Sing out loud.)
Am                          Am
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.
(Oh, oh.)
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E                            E
This ain't a scene, it’s a god damn arms race.

Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                             C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate.
Am
I'm a leading man,
         F                             C
And the lies I weave are oh-so intricate.
            E
Oh-so intricate.

E Am
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