

The Ballad Of Mona Lisa by 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 sins she's paid for
A lone speaker in a conversation
Her words are swimming through his (1) again
There's nothing wrong with just a taste
Of what you've (2) for
Say what you mean, tell me I'm right
And let the sun rain down on me
Give me a sign, I wanna believe
(Woah) Mona Lisa
You're guaranteed to run this town
(Woah) Mona Lisa
I'd pay to see you frown
He (3) something, call it desperation
Another dollar, (4) 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 wanna believe (Woah) (5)_____ Lisa You're guaranteed to run this town (Woah) Mona Lisa I'd pay to see you frown Mona Lisa Say (6)_____ you mean, tell me I'm right And let the sun rain down on me Give me a sign, I (7)_____ believe (Woah) Mona Lisa You guaranteed to run (8)_____ town (Woah) Mona Lisa I'd pay to see you frown Say what you mean, (9) me I'm right And let the sun rain down on me Give me a sign, I wanna believe There's nothing (10) with just a taste Of what you've paid for



- 1. ears
- 2. paid
- 3. senses
- 4. another
- 5. Mona
- 6. what
- 7. wanna
- 8. this
- 9. tell
- 10. wrong

Fill in the gaps