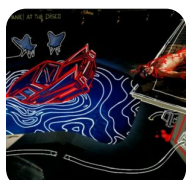


# Impossible Year – Panic! At The Disco

There's no sunshine, this impossible year  
Only black days and sky grey  
And clouds full of fear  
And storms full of sorrow  
That won't disappear  
Just typhoons and monsoons,  
This impossible year  
There's no good times, this impossible year  
Just a beachfront of bad blood  
And a coast that's unclear  
All the guests at the party,  
They're so insincere  
They just intrude and exclude,  
This impossible year  
There's no you and me  
This impossible year  
Only heartache and heartbreak  
And gin made of tears  
The bitter pill I swallow,  
The scar's souvenir  
That tattoo, your last bruise,  
This impossible year  
There's never air to breathe,  
There's never in-betweens  
These nightmares always hang on  
Past the dream  
Instrumental  
There's no sunshine  
There's no you and me  
There's no good times  
This impossible year



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

