

# The Ballad of Mona Lisa

## 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 sin she's paid for  
A lonely speaker in a conversation  
Her words are swimming through his ears again  
There's nothing wrong with just a taste  
Of what you paid for Say what you mean, tell me I'm right  
And let the sun rain down on me  
Give me a sign, I want to believe Whoa, Mona Lisa  
You're guaranteed to run this town  
Whoa, Mona Lisa  
I'd pay to see you frown  
He senses something, call it desperation  
Another dollar, another 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 want to believe Whoa, Mona Lisa  
You're guaranteed to run this town  
Whoa, Mona Lisa  
I'd pay to see you frown Mona Lisa, wear me out  
I'm pleased to please ya  
Mona Lisa, wear me out Say what you mean, tell me I'm right  
And let the sun rain down on me  
Give me a sign, I want to believe  
Whoa, Mona Lisa  
You're guaranteed to run this town  
Whoa, Mona Lisa  
I'd pay to see you frown Say what you mean, tell me I'm right  
And let the sun rain down on me  
Give me a sign, I want to believe There's nothing wrong with just a taste  
Of what you paid for

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