

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Fashionably Late

Par Falling In Reverse

Album : Fashionably Late (Single)

It's nine o'clock on the dot at the spot, and I'm hanging with her friends again

Great taste, beautiful place, and you're fashionably late

And I don't wanna be that guy that makes you sad, makes you cry again

Without a doubt, sorry about making out with your friends, go

I love the way that this began, started off right, so innocent

I'm letting you know, I'm letting you go, I want your best friend

I'm giving it up and asking why you seemed so shocked and so surprised

I'm sorry it hurts, I'm surely a jerk, I understand why you're mad

Don't talk that crap when you call me back

As a matter of fact, don't act like that

Everybody knows you're right

Everybody knows I'm wrong

It's nine o'clock on the dot at the spot, and I'm hanging with her friends again

Great taste, beautiful place, and you're fashionably late

And I don't wanna be that guy that makes you sad, makes you cry again

Without a doubt, sorry about making out with your friends

It's got nothing to do with how you look, just another excuse to write a hook

I'm letting you know, she liked my post up on my Facebook

And after all, you're not my type, but all your friends are pretty nice

You know what I mean, stop making a scene and take some words of advice

Don't talk that crap when you call me back

As a matter of fact, don't act like that

Everybody knows you're right

Everybody knows I'm wrong

It's nine o'clock on the dot at the spot, and I'm hanging with her friends again

Great taste, beautiful place, and you're fashionably late

And I don't wanna be that guy that makes you sad, makes you cry again

Without a doubt, sorry about making out with your friends

And I've got the topic conversation now

And I know I'm running out of time

It's not an honest demonstration now

You're not the only one, not the only one

Don't talk that crap when you call me back

As a matter of fact, don't act like that

Everybody knows you're right

Everybody, sing along, ah

And I don't wanna be that guy that makes you sad, makes you cry again

Without a doubt, sorry about fucking all your friends

It's nine o'clock on the dot at the spot, and I'm hanging with her friends again

Great taste, beautiful place, and you're fashionably late

And I don't wanna be that guy that makes you sad, makes you cry again

Without a doubt, sorry about making out with your friends

Making out with your friends

Making out with your friends

Without a doubt, sorry about having sex with all your friends, hahaha

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