

## Sweet Lies

Beres Hammond

Now Jack is the mack and he comes around every  
Monday, oh Tuesday and Wednesday,  
Every day of the week  
And even though I try to tell you that I love you  
From the bottom of my heart  
You had no place for me, it was all vanity now

You fell for one a them sweet lies  
The ones you don't want to believe in  
When your heart's not hearing  
What your brain is saying  
And you're weak in the knees  
Another sweet lie  
The kind you don't want to believe  
When the heart's in doubt you got to stay out

Now the wine and the roses  
Stop coming around sometime ago  
But you won't admit that so, you pretend  
I know it's hard to look your best  
Wearing that same old shabby dress  
So you stay at home, waiting by the phone

Now it gives me no pleasure to say  
I told you so, it's been hard to keep it low  
Knowing the things I know  
Maybe in another place and in another time  
Under different circumstances  
You will find happiness so I suggest  
Don't take foolish chances no

Now the wine and the roses  
Stop coming around sometime ago  
But you won't admit that so, you pretend  
It's hard to look your best  
Wearing that same old shabby dress  
So you stay at home, waiting by the phone