

# Lies

Billy Talent

Forced conversation  
Hidden agenda  
You think we're stupid, how dare you  
The rug has not been pulled  
Over our eyes you fool  
We can see right through

Tip-toeing villian  
Eyes in the ceiling  
Your false intentions have warn thin  
But we've been in your room and in your closet too  
We've got one on you

Lies make it better  
Lies are forever  
Lies to go home to  
Lies you wake up to  
Lies from the alter  
Lies make you falter  
Lies keep your mouth fed  
Lies till your death bed  
Lies

Inside an office, a fallen angel  
A smiling Buddha with snake eyes  
Creates the latest trends  
And i just cant pretend  
Dont call me your friend

When all these  
Lies make it better  
Lies are forever  
Lies to go home to  
Lies you wake up to  
Lies from the alter  
Lies make you falter  
Lies keep your mouth fed  
Lies till your death bed

Lies they make it better  
Lies they are forever  
Lies to go home to  
Lies you wake up to  
Lies from the alter  
Lies make you falter  
Lies keep your mouth fed  
Lies till your death bed  
LIES!

Lies will come back to hunt you  
Bulletproof your limosine  
Lies will come back to haunt you  
Hit and run, a broken dream

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