

Spring Standards, The "Your Lie"

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I, well I'm not a star anymore
And I, I can't count on my friends
To hold my head high

We're wondering why
Summer's gone by

No excuse could be tougher
Than when you can't suffer your lie

Forgive, forgive all my faults
The ones I don't know
The ones I let go

I, well I have no sorrow
For guiltier end
For no one will know
The wreck has been slow

No excuse could be tougher
Than when you can pack up and go

Why summer's gone by
No excuse could be tougher
Than when you can't suffer your lie
Summer's gone by...

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