

Dirt Poor Robins "Masquerade"

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First a glance and then a crooked smile
Draw him in and let the games begin
If he doesn't ask she will not tell
She paints the picture oh so well

When we lie
Oh what tangled webs we weave
When at first we practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my secrets keep
If I'm found out before I wake
I pray the Lord my secrets take

Well rehearsed he baits the hook of pride
Reel her in while she's self-satisfied
Get a feel for what she's lookin for
Give her that, you're in the door

When we lie
Oh what tangled webs we weave
When at first we practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing

Now I lay me down to sleep

I pray the Lord my secrets keep
If I'm found out before I wake
I pray the Lord my secrets take

Truth casts a shadow hard to conceal
But darkness blurs the flaws the light reveals
Charm is deceitful and flattery is vain
But in the dark of the hunt the veil remains

When we lie
Oh what tangled webs we weave
When at first we practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing

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