

Fair To Midland

"Tall Tales Taste Liek Sour Grapes"

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Too much patience,
No resistance.
Within shouting distance,
You can hear a blind man's bluff,
Dragging names through the mud and still biting his
tongue.
The devil's in the air and I'm spitting out prayers,
While the rubbernecks all get their fill.

Tell me, tell me a story,
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone.
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stones.

Too much hogwash,
Not enough hearsay
Always made the front page,
You could use a fine tooth comb.
To get a word from the wise,
Would be a welcome surprise.
Keep an ear to the ground so to drown out the sound,
The dead air is what made me whole.

Tell me, tell me a story,
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone,
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stone,

These walls don't talk,
Even when somebody knocks,
These walls don't stand,
For anyone else but themselves,
These walls don't fall,
Even when gravity's failing us all,

Tell me, tell me a story.
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone.
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stones.

Hey! Hey! HEY!

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