

Fair to Midland

"Tall Tales Taste Like Sour Grapes"

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Too much patience, no resistance
Within the shouting distance
You can hear a blind man's bluff

Dragging names through the mind
And still biting his tongue
The devil's in the air and I'm spitting out prayers
While the ravenous all eat their fill

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

Too much hog wart, 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
Of the failures that make me whole

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

