

## **Fiction Plane "Author Lies"**

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Break down and cry like this  
Theres worse things but it still stings

When you comes on the audience hissed  
But this plays it's conviently simple

Theres gotta be a winner and its not you  
The front-row sitters has his problem too

The author lies  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You'll never work in this town  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked

Don't ask me to be there at your side  
There's a half hour wait and I'm growing impatient

Give me some food that is easy to chew  
I feel so zen when I do things that are easy

Paint him a color, make him one or the other  
Or spin him on your finger like your talented brother

The author lied  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You'll never work in this town  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked  
The author lies  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You'll never work in this town  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked

Today  
We start again

Today  
We start again  
We start again  
We start again  
We start again

The author lies

Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You'll never work in this town  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked

The author lies  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You'll never work in this town  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked

You're singing a song  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You're singing a song  
I don't expect you to ever be so wrecked  
You're singing a song  
Bitter forces and lame racehorses  
You're singing a song  
I don't expect

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