

Buck

"True Confessions"

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I'm so tired of your true confession; a girl like you
should have
Learned her lesson / get around, get around, get
around, get away from
Me / and I don't want to hear about your smash
sensation; just another
Figment of your imagination / fool around, fool around,
you're the
Biggest fool I see

You stab me in the back with your pack of lies, lame
excuses, alibis
Last week's trash is yesterday's news; talk is cheap and
so are you

You're a fake, you're a fake; on the make, your true
confessions

You act like you invented sex and everything else in
Your bag of tricks but you're just another whore in
sheep's clothing,
Full of hot air and self-loathing
You're a fake...

So go find yourself another little confidante; tell her tall
tales about
A girl and her bon vivant / buzz around, buzz around,
buzz off you busy bee

You're a fake, you're a fake, on the make, your true
confessions
You're a fake, what a fake, my mistake, your true
confessions

What makes you think that I care?

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