

Jimmie Rodgers ''I Lie''

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All of those little things i don't want to share I know what i want But it just isn't there

And i lie Yah i lie

We're too tight to tango but not one in the same Apprehension is the answer in this unwilling game

Why try When you can lie

I don't think i can hate myself any worse Still i grow more comfortable with every verse

And i lie Yah i lie

I don't like to chain to smoke I don't like to think I never liked acid And my clothes do not stink And like an aomeba In my single cell As i spread myself thinner Do i choose my hell

When i die You know i'll lie Still my bed could not grow To suite all of my needs Now i make my bed I must follow the deed

So i lie In it I lie in it Yah i lie By ommission I lie With your permission Yah i lie Yah i lie Yah i lie That's the truth

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