

Leatherface

"Winsome, Losesome"

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I'd like to sweep away the lies I could shake from you if
I
Tried
I'd believe your mouth but you forgot to tell your eyes
I didn't think I'd see you hanging around
You must have nothing to do
I'm sick - I love to watch you squirm, trying to hide the
truth

Win some, lose some
I'd like to hire a famous painter to creosote your mouth
Throw a few devious questions about
To see if you got out of that or got out
It's the same lines you expect me to swallow
Well there is no need to hide the fact
Win some, lose some -
I've lost too much to let you sit back and relax

Win some, lose some

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