

Loud Family "The Apprentice"

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We all have our little privacies
Death-defying entanglements
Vice, virtue and the other thing
Slipping silently between the body and the mind

And then I lay it all on the apprentice
He can take it
He don't really know me at all
But I taught him how to fake it, taught him how to fake
it
Yeah

And in the morning I can have him
Next to me in a foreign pose
In the evening I can sweep the whole mess away
Like a shopkeeper itching to close

And then I lay it all on the apprentice
He can take it
He don't really know me at all
But I taught him how to fake it,
Taught him how to fake it
Yeah

The flicking tongue of indecency
On the limp fingers of integrity
Pulling the short hairs of a guilty conscience
Into the void of lovesick reciprocity

Each match lit burns like guilt
Each curtain drawn strangles our will
I shudder to believe anything will stop this endless
stretch
Of flag-waving and chronic misbehaving

And then I lay it all on the apprentice
He can take it
He don't really know me at all
But I taught him how to fake it
And then I lay it all on the apprentice
He can take it
He don't really know me at all

But I taught him how to fake it,
I taught him how to fake it,
I taught him how to fake it
And I should know how to fake it now

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