

Mad Caddies "Villians"

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I hear the rumor mill is turning
To try and stop it is a waste of time
Who fucked who will be on the front page
The local air is thick with painted lies
Truth in disguise

When you go out they'll be watching (eyes on you)
I feel them all around
Come tomorrow and they'll all start talking,
In this little town
Now watch me drown
Accusations and assumptions
Will fill you up and start to cloud your mind
The room is filled with stagnant conversation
I see right through it with discerning eyes
Beyond the lies

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