

## **Stereophonics**

### **"Mr. Writer"**

Visit "[Mr. Writer](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You line em' up  
Pick out your shoes  
You hang names on your wall  
Then you shoot them all  
You fly around in planes  
That bring you down  
To meet me who loves you  
Likely crash into the ground  
Are you so lonely  
You don't even know me  
But you'd like to stone me  
Mr writer why don't you tell it like it is  
Why don't you tell it like it really is  
Before you go on home  
I used to treat you right  
Give you my time  
But when i turn my back on you  
Then you do what you do  
With you just enough in my own view  
Education to perform  
I'd like to shoot you all  
And then you go home  
With you on your own  
What do you even know  
Mr writer why don't you tell it like it is  
Why don't you tell it like it really is  
Before you go on home  
And then you go home  
With you on your own  
What do you really know  
Mr writer why don't you tell it like it really is  
Why don't you tell it like it always is  
Before you go on home  
Mr writer why don't you tell it like it really is  
Why don't you tell it like it always is  
Before you go on home  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

