

The Drawing Board "The Writer"

Visit "[The Writer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Writes me in, from a poison well to the poison pen lying
Paper thin, just a novelty, a walking simile smiling
Chapter one was the beginning of the end, in a race he
couldn't win
For a prize he never knew how to love

Sticks and stones are only good for breaking bones
and they're awful hard to throw with your head in the
sand
Words are his skill as he moves in for the kill and
leaves me skewered on his quill in a short hand

He's not a lover or a fighter, he's the writer.

He pulls the strings of everybody's heart down his story
arc sliding
The play's the thing, when everything that's real falls
short of his idealizing

Well he's settled his vendetta. In a way, and it jumped
right off the page
Bound despite the lack of a spine

Sticks and stones are only good for breaking bones
and they're awful hard to throw with your head in the
sand
Words are his skill as he moves in for the kill and
leaves me skewered on his quill in a short hand

Crossing "T"s and dotting ire, he's the writer

Sticks and stones are only good for breaking bones
and they're awful hard to throw with your head in the
sand
Words are his skill as he moves in for the kill and
leaves me skewered on his quill in a short hand

If I'm a thief then he's a liar, he's the writer.

Visit [The Drawing Board](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

