

## Theory Of A Deadman

### "Fake"

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You ride on a road driven down on a crooked mile  
Cause your leaven your home for a girl with a crooked  
smile

Well I think that you've been fooled all along  
You've been nothin' but weak at being strong  
You'll just fit right in it's to late  
So join the club and spit right in my face

I can't stand all the shit I take  
You're such a  
You're such a fake  
You don't care who's heart you break  
You're such a  
You're such a

Loser is a label that you give yourself  
Well at least you know what you are if nothing else  
You go and blame it on me but you mine as well  
Blame it on the bourbon and that whiskey smell  
So be a man and say it to my face  
Tell me to put that slut back in her place

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You're such a  
You're such a fake  
You don't care who's heart you break  
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You're such a

I can't stand all the shit I take  
I can't believe you spit right in my face  
I can't stand all the shit I take  
I can't believe you spit right in my face  
Spit right in my face

I can't stand all the shit I take  
You're such a  
You're such a fake  
You don't care who's heart you break  
You're such a  
You're such a

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