

The Paper Chase

"I Am Going To Spend My Whole Life Lying"

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I didn't bother coming on back home.
I didn't bother calling you on the phone,
'cause there are the little punches, they won't hurt
anymore.
You're getting sleepy, this won't hurt anymore.

You better mind your p's and q's.
You better thank your lucky stars, this
the bigger fish ain't made a meal out of you.
I'm drinking wine I didn't squeeze out of you.

I'm a swinging axe.
I'm a baseball bat.
I'm the cudgel sort,
and I'm a quick reply,
a fast retort.

Always aiming to save my skin,
and looks like my lucky day.
Bottoms up on the cup of the bold ones.
"It looks like I'll be home for the holidays."

I got your hangin' ups.
Well, go to sleep little girl.
Don't you wait up.

And this was never meant to feel good.
I never said it'd fly.
Don't call me at the office,
and don't you pass me in the hall.

And let the Ceasar have the Brutus,
and let the Judas have the face,
'cause, did you think I'm bare and distant?
It's good to know you feel the same.
I'm a swinging axe.
I'm a baseball bat
hiding in the hall.

I'm staring at you so hard.

Don't say I never warned you

when I set the house on fire.
And I spread myself in your garden
to keep an eye on you awhile.

And all your final moments,
a job that hates you, too.
Just remember, I spent this whole life
lying to myself and you.

This was never meant to feel good.
I never said it'd fly.
So, don't call me at the office,
because I'm laughing in the hall.

So, are you baptised in the water
of a little place called trust?
'Cause you can do whatever you want to,
'cause they will not destroy us.
No, they will not destroy us.

I'd rather it be me.

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