

Spiritual Beggars "Tall Tales"

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Rising up, I've had enough
Of your lying and backstabbing
Who wants to listen? Who wants to know?
You got a problem and you let it show

I'm no fool, I see through you
Pitiful, that's what you are
You don't know me, you never did
And sure as hell, never will now, now

The things you say behind my back
Distorted view of a jealous mind
A jealous mind can be excused
But who are you? Who are you to judge me?

So you never believed in me
Tell you the truth
I never thought much of you
Ohh, no, no

Telling all tall tales
Makes you feel good
But that black tongue's
Dragging you down

Telling all tall tales
Makes you look bad

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To tell you the truth
I never thought much of you
Ohh, no, no

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