

## LTJ "Leech"

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Tell those stories to me I'm dying to hear the things you've done and seen

Farfetched as they may be

You strike a smile in me

Your stories ring of perjury

Construed with self empowering theme

Chorus

Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student

Turning things around your story's not congruent

Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses

Turning things around You're turning things around

A manic stunning scene

I'm taking notes your taking me away into your false reality

I know you comfort lies in lying to try to make your life make sense But you're not making sense

I'd say it aloud but I'm not aloud

I see your head spin round and round

Broken record talk tonight

skip that needle back and forth on your mind

wearing out unconvincing lies

Like a seedling dropped from an old oak tree

your shade don't hide no sun from me

Fake stories humor me

It's graduation time I love you like a mother

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