

# Fiction Plane, It's A Lie

It's a lie  
if I lie right here

girl this was your idea  
you know it's not my fault  
you say you want my love  
well my love taste of salt  
I've got a list of things I want to do before  
I think of someone else's sorrow

if there's a deeper meaning that you're trying to find  
well it's in your head,  
you'd better treat it kind  
if you've done misread me  
then I'll make it clear tomorrow

wish I could tell you I'm a better guy  
that love is all around and only real man cry  
but all I want to do is jump your bones  
and slam dance all night to the music of your moans

it's a lie  
if I lie right here  
it's a lie  
if I lie right here

underneath my face there is a human skull  
without the living flesh you'd find it pretty dull  
underneath my skull there is a think machine  
that only loves itself  
and in the best of worlds you are the same as me  
you think of life and love and morals separately  
you don't expect a promise to last longer than the words themselves

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it's a lie  
(wish I could tell you I'm a better guy)  
if I lie right here  
it's a lie  
(that love is all around and only real man cry)  
if I lie right here  
it's a lie  
(but all I want to do is jump your bones)  
if I lie right here  
it's a lie

(and slam dance all night to the music of your moans)  
if I lie right here