

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

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