

John Lennon, I'm Moving On

Save your sweet talk for when you score,
Keep your monday kisses for your glass lady,
I want the truth and nothing more,
I'm moving on, moving on you're getting phony,

You didn't have to tell a white lie,
You know you scored me for life,
Don't stick your fingers in my pie,
You know I'll see through your jive,
I want the truth and nothing more,
I'm moving on, moving on you're getting phony,

When you were angry you had love in your eyes,
when you were sad you had a dream in your voice,
But now your giving me your window smile,
I'm moving on, moving on you're getting phony.