

# Spiritual Beggars, Tall Tales

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 you sure as hell never will 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  
To tell you the truth  
I never thought much of you

Telling all tall tales  
Makes you feel good (makes you look bad)  
But that black tongue  
Is dragging you down