

The Beautiful South, A Thousand Lies

I want expensive not cheap
And all the secrets that you keep
Should be quietly put to sleep
Not then not when not yet this week

I have told a thousand lies
But this time he is surprised
Cut the alibis from my eyes
From my eyes
Eyes

One sample of your wit
You ask me round to baby-sit
Just sat there smiling from a pit
Is the goddess of the vimly lit

I have told a thousand lies
But this time he is surprised
Cut the alibis from my eyes
From my eyes
From my eyes

I want you pretty not polite
And all those compliments you invite
They should burn by candlelight
Not tomorrow next week but just tonight

I have told a thousand lies
But this time he is surprised
You cut the alibis from my eyes
From my eyes
From my eyes

I have told a thousand lies
I have told a thousand lies
From my eyes
I have told a thousand lies
This time he is surprised
I have told a thousand lies
I have told a thousand lies