

# 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