

# The Fratellis, Tell me a lie

Well once I was persuaded to open up my head  
I told them how it was and went and got it wrong instead  
I said would you believe me if you only knew  
I'd been stealing everything this conversations through  
And the boy cried hang him at three  
I saw him on the front page laughing at me  
He worked in a fairground in a tall hat  
He's a liar he's a liar and a good one at that  
Say what you want to say what you will  
Write your number on my telephone bill  
Walk like a monkey kick like a mule  
I could be your beggar but I'd rather be just as cruel  
So I told them all I could about what could they expect  
But I lost my sense of smell and I gained myself respect  
They told me I was curious I told them they were slow  
They asked me were I get this stuff I told them I don't know  
And the boy cried whoopy de dee  
There's a woman with a mustache who won't let me be  
Though she was born on a Monday  
She's a hundred and four  
She's a liar she's a liar and a little bit more  
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