

Whiskeytown, Reasons To Lie

I get so tired of missing you
I get so tired of wanting to
Compare the things that are easy to do
Like the reasons you lie to me
The reasons I lie to you

And I wish it was some kinda explosive device
That only you could diffuse
Reasons you lie to me
Reasons I lie to you

Wanna live in a beautiful house
Somewhere up in the hills
With some people making fun of us
You refer to us as your two kids
Then it wouldn't be somebody else
That you'd grow accustomed to
Reasons to lie to me
Is a reason to lie to you

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Compare the things that are easy to do
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Reasons I lie to you