

Ben Christophers, Fake Eyelash

Inside a rolling stone
I look for you
Inside a stolen thief
I listen closely

Murdered by yourself
No one else
Like a fake eyelash I lie to myself

A moon is shining high above your way home
A vampire on your mind drinking the water
That falls from your eyes and your heart

When will she notice me and no one else

Like a fake eyelash I lie
To myself I lie that she loves me