

Book Of Love, White Lies

Your eyes
the whites of your eyes
they react to my lies
almost
caught

Your lips
speak to my lips
they look out for my kiss
almost
fooled again

White lies
white lies
white

Your face
next to my face
love can leave a bitter taste
when you're almost
caught

Your hand
is holding my hand
we'll make believe
we're almost
telling the truth

White lies
white lies
white

Your eyes can't say
what your lips won't hear
when you touch me
my mind is far away
but that's okay
cause everything's fine
the only thing between us
are a few
white lies

White lies