

# Buck, True Confessions

I'm so tired of your true confession; a girl like you should have  
Learned her lesson / get around, get around, get around, get away from  
Me / and I don't want to hear about your smash sensation; just another  
Figment of your imagination / fool around, fool around, you're the  
Biggest fool I see

You stab me in the back with your pack of lies, lame excuses, alibis  
Last week's trash is yesterday's news; talk is cheap and so are you

You're a fake, you're a fake; on the make, your true confessions

You act like you invented sex and everything else in

Your bag of tricks but you're just another whore in sheep's clothing,  
Full of hot air and self-loathing

You're a fake...

So go find yourself another little confidante; tell her tall tales about  
A girl and her bon vivant / buzz around, buzz around, buzz off you busy bee

You're a fake, you're a fake, on the make, your true confessions  
You're a fake, what a fake, my mistake, your true confessions

What makes you think that I care?