

Eve 6, Leech

Tell those stories to me
I'm dying to hear
The things you've done and seen
Farfetched as they may be

You strike a smile at me
Your stories ring of purgery
Construed with self empowering theme

Suckin' on my brain
You're the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around
Your story's not congruent
Tabloids, decoys, pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around
Go!

A manic stunning scene
I'm taking notes
Your taking me away
Into your false reality

I know your comfort lies
In lying to try
To make your life make sense
But you're not making sense
With your two cents

Suckin' on my brain
You're the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around
Your story's not congruent
Tabloids, decoys, pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around

I'd say it aloud but I'm not allowed
I see your head spin round and round

Broken record talk tonight
Skip that needle
Back and forth on your mind
Wearing out unconvincing lies
I'm like a seedling dropped
From an old oak tree
Your shade dont hide no sun from me
Fake stories humor me
It's graduation time I love you like a mother

You're suckin' on my brain
You're the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around
Your story's not congruent
Tabloids, decoys, pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around

Yeah, yeah, yeah...
(turning things around)