

Fair To Midland, Tall Tales Taste Like Sour Grapes

Too much patience, no resistance.
Within shouting distance, you can hear a blind man's bluff.
Dragging names through the mud, instead of biting his tongue.
The Devil's in the air and I'm spitting out prayers,
While the rubbernecks all get their fill.

Tell me, tell me a story.
Tell me not to worry,
Or pick up the phone.
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear,
Him throwing stones.

Too much hogwash, not enough hearsay.
Always made the front page,
He could use a fine tooth comb.
To get a word from the wise,
Would be a welcome surprise.
Keep an ear to the ground so to drown out the sound,
'Cause the dead air is what made me whole.

Tell me, tell me a story.
Tell me not to worry,
Or pick up the phone.
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear,
Him throwing stones.

These walls don't talk,
Even when somebody knocks.
These walls don't stand,
For anyone else but themselves.
These walls won't fall,
Even when gravity's failing us all.

Tell me, tell me a story.
Tell me not to worry,
Or pick up the phone.
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear,
Him throwing stones.