

# James, P.S.

You're a weapon of devotion  
Keep the faithful entertained  
You're a lover of attention  
Found a way to pawn the soul  
Disposition may be fetching  
But the world moves on and leaves you far behind  
I hear you, I hear you, whispering such gorgeous stories  
I see you, I see you, trying to break free  
You liar, you liar, you can't live the dreams you're spinning  
You liar, love to be deceived  
You're falling, you're falling, falling from your god-like distance  
You're fashion, just fashion, fashion doesn't keep  
You're sour, so sour, all is hope and trust is misplaced  
You're sour, now you are alone  
Walking on fire, feel the way the world's inclining  
Walking on fire, hate to deceive  
Walking on fire, now the world will keep its distance  
Walking on fire, you rather than me  
My son says, dear father, what did you do when the world turned over  
Keep spinning, keep spinning, send us off to sleep  
You liar, you liar, all your words are just dust in moonshine  
You liar, love to be deceived  
Walking on fire, found a place away from humans  
Walking on fire, hate to deceive  
Walking on fire, now the world will keep its distance  
Walking on fire, you rather than me