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