

Paul Westerberg, It's A Wonderful Lie

Get up from a dream
and I look for rain
Take an amphetamine
and a crushed rat's brain
How am I feelin
Better I suppose
How am I lookin
I don't want the truth
What am I doin
I ain't in my youth
I'm past my prime
Or was that just a pose
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
I've been accused of never opening up
You get too close
Then I keep my mouth shut
I'm gonna run to the wind
Where the big bad city blows
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
You can dress to the eights
You can dress to maim
It'll make you feel great
This fortune and fame
Wearing too much makeup
Not near enough clothes
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
So don't pin your hopes
Or pin your dreams
To misanthropes or guys like me
The truth is overrated
I suppose
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by on those
It a wonderful lie
and I still get by...