

# Pushmonkey, Lie To Me

You always come home late, but I know where youve been.  
Hard to deny it when you smell so much like sin.  
The lies I realize when I check your pager  
And now I know the price of angels in cages.

I see it in your face.  
Stop trying to explain.  
Just so much I can take of your truth crashing down.

Why dont you lie to me?  
Why dont you just lie to me?  
Why dont you lie to me?  
So I can think that you are worth it.

Dont seem so shocked to see I figured it out.  
Its just that often, your motive calls the house.  
I can still smell him, the smell of his liquor.  
Cant tell youre sorry, I know you think youre sorry.

You keep on talking, but I dont want to hear it.  
What do you tell him, do you tell him you feel it?  
This time I mean it, I really, really mean it.  
I want you to lie to me. I need you to lie to me.

Why cant, Why cant, Why cant,  
Why cant you lie to me