

Rheostatics, Lying's Wrong

Tim Vesely and Martin Tielli

Oh well, I could not believe
The misfortune that beset me
When you came to my door and said "No more."
No more fun, no more believing.
No more comrade in this war.
I knew you'd become sick of me anyway.

Because I never change... I am always the same,
Because I don't believe in things I can't see.
Because I never change... I am always the same,
Because I don't believe in things that are not true.

Well, it's back to the creek
With these things and their reflections,
And there is nothing here that says it's not here.
No more words, no contradiction.
No more hypacrylic dreams.
I NEVER DID BELIEVE IN ROCK AND ROLL ANYWAY.

And mother said, "Lying's wrong."