

# Shelly Fairchild, You Don't Lie Here Anymore

There's a king-size bed that ain't been slept in,  
Dinner on the table; it's sitting there cold again.  
The front porch light just gave up and burned out.  
Here you are looking like something the cat drug in,  
With a worn out story 'bout a-where you've been:  
Sweet little words coming out of your mouth.

You aint gonna lie, lie here anymore.  
You ain't gonna break this heart,  
Baby, like you did before.  
You're a silver tongued devil that had me believin',  
Every promise you were bound to break.  
But you aint getting back through this door:  
You don't lie here anymore.

You can beg and plead an' say that you're innocent;  
That you don't know where the time went,  
But that trace of perfume is a smokin' gun.  
So you can turn right around,  
Go back to where you've just been;  
Take a look at all you'll be missin',  
'Cause you won't be here when the morning comes.

You aint gonna lie, lie here anymore.  
You ain't gonna break this heart,  
Baby, like you did before.  
You're a silver tongued devil that had me believin',  
Every promise you were bound to break.  
But you aint getting back through this door:  
You don't lie here anymore.

Hey, yeah: you're a silver tongued devil that had me believin',  
Every promise you were bound to break.  
But you aint getting back through this door:  
You don't lie here anymore.  
You don't lie here anymore.  
You don't lie here anymore.