

# Squirtgun, Liar's Corner

Well my hair is cryin'  
In wild mist of liar's corner  
Tearin' fruit apart with my bare hands  
My hands are cryin' lately  
Well, the snow is blowin'  
In this war and liar's corner  
Tearin' fruit apart with my bare hands  
The pears are frozen  
And they're fallin' in this liar's corner  
Beatin' down Egyptian daughter  
Tearin' fruit apart with my bare hands  
My hands are sad and lazy  
I'm trying to get out of here  
Out of my fear  
Swallowed up as liar's corner burns  
I'm trying to get out of here  
Out of last year  
Swallowed as liar's corner burns