

Stereophonics, Mr. Writer

You line them up
Look at your shoes
You hang names on your wall
Then you shoot them all

You fly around in planes
That bring you down
To meet me who loves you, like
Me crashing to the ground

Are you so lonely?
Don't even know me
But you'd like to stone me

Mr Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?
Why don't you tell it like it really is?
Before you go on home

I used to treat you right
Give you my time
But when I'd turn my back on you
Then you do what you do

You've just enough, in my own view
Education to perform
I'd like to shoot you all
And then you go home
With you on your own
What do you really know?

Mr Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?
Why don't you tell it like it really is?
Before you go on home

And then you go home
With you on your own
What do you even know?

Mr Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?
Why don't you tell it like it really is?
Before you go on home

Mr Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?
Why don't you tell it like it always is?
Before you go on home

Mr Writer, why don't you tell it like it really is?
Why don't you tell it like it always is?
Before you go on home