

Tyla, Error Of My Ways

As the inkman's needle dials ex-directory collect
She piled all her lies in a suitcase
The ones she didn't need she did simply forget
People pay big bucks for scripts as watertight as this
They tear their hair out to write them
With words like "This is all I have to give";
Oh well this is the error of my ways
Do you believe every word that every woman says
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody says
After all those vicious times, locked in sync
Blinded by oblivious days do they just mean nothing
All those tired and tedious fools
That held a gun called money to our head
They soon disappear from our lives as soon as they left our bed
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody says
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody says
Well I feel you in my daydreams and you invade me in the night
And you linger with me incessantly til darkness falls into light
Days have passed drifted into tears I turned and waved and blew a kiss
I gave you everything I had. All you left me with was this
Well I'm haunted with your vision as it greets me arms open wide
And I'm graced with your presence, I'm haunted by you from inside
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody says
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody everybody says
Oh well this is the error of my ways
I wanna believe every word that everybody says