

Waxwing, The Worst Kind Of Liars

Look at me - I can carry the load
Time and deeds have proven I'm not so stupid I can't see
The light that shines - on easier roads
So be my guest that's not the way I'm headed tonight

There's a cynic in every crowd
You're so real it hurts to look into your eyes
At some point something's got to give
You give and give till you can't give no more
You give and you give till its all gone

And she can carry me in one hand
The silhouette of her mothers milk white breast is enough
I'm so drunk I can barely stand
So give me the strength of ten men
So I can carry the weights I am given

There's a cynic in every crowd
You're so real it hurts to look into your eyes
These fakers are the worst kind of liars
Commitment is a choice you keep making
Everything will be changing - Give me the strength
To carry the weights I am given tonight