

Wet Wet Wet, Lip Service

Ain't got enough, so I go out and get some more
It got so bad it nearly left me lying on the floor
I started thinking that it's wearing on my soul
But I got to get it getting tonight

Raindrops keep fallin' on my window - pain!
They make my company
I can hear them knocking on my door
Now, should I let them in?

When I look at the faces baby
You see how the other side dies
I've got to - got to - got to
Let them come on in

Your lip service getting
Right out of order
Better keep looking
Or I'll blow my cover

She'll get caught by big sister midnight
I've been only telling stories
You will only tell me lies

I get the picture cause you never got my soul!
I get it, handed back, it turns into a tray of gold
That's just a victim of the promises you told
I sit and count the cost of living tonight

Bottle the past and number the label
Drink to the future, girl be ready and able
Get a grip with a new fixation
And take them all and let them all in

When I look at their faces baby
I see how the other side dies
I got to - got to - got to
Let them all come in

Should I let them (all come in)
Lies