

# Youth Group, Lillian Lies

Lillian lies to avoid awkward questions  
Looks to the sky for intervention  
But she can't avoid judgemental  
compassion  
In the void

She puts on her face, makes it a brave one  
Gets herself a seat on an interstate greyhound  
When everything's gone at least you've got nothing  
That holds on

She curls herself up, rests her head on the window  
Sees her face in the trees suspended in limbo  
When everything's gone at least you've got nothing  
That holds on

You're a stranger in a country town  
The kids all stare, the cars slow down  
You didn't think you'd be so dumb  
To just grab a hold of whatever came along

Houses slip by, the clouds are so low  
The sky doesn't cover, it swallows