

## Why Would I Lie?

Face to Face

I've been involved and I've paid attention  
I've listened to every word you've said  
You tell a lie and I fake my interest  
I was around when it really happened  
From the beginning until the end  
So what's the point of an explanation?

Why would I lie?  
Is there anything I left from my story?  
This type of deception would be  
a waste of both our time

You start to trust as you dull your instincts  
I've tried my best but I still don't care  
You've opened up to a disappointment  
I know my way around this conversation  
You've had enough but you're standing there  
I leave it up to interpretation

Maybe there's a chance that everything  
is going to work out for the best  
Maybe there's a chance  
that pigs will grow wings and fly