

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