

Tall Tales Taste Like Sour Grapes

Fair to Midland

Too much patience,
No resistance,
Within shouting distance,
You can hear a blind man's bluff,
Dragging names through the mud and still biting his tongue,
The devil's in the air and I'm spitting out prayers,
While the ravenous all eat their fill,

Tell me, tell me a story,
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone,
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stone,

Too much hogwart,
Not enough hearsay,
Always made the front page,
You could use a fine tooth comb to get a word from the wise,
Would be a welcome surprise,
Keep an ear to the ground so to drown out the sound of the failures that make me whole,

Tell me, tell me a story,
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone,
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stone,

These walls don't talk,
Even when somebody knocks,
These walls don't stand,
For anyone else but themselves,
These walls don't fall,
Even when gravity's failing us all,

Tell me, tell me a story,
Tell me not to worry, or pick up the phone,
So turning, turning a deaf ear,
So that I don't hear them throwing stone.