

Fraud

Jonathan Coulton

It wears you thin
Unpacks a bag and it settles in
Ten times an hour you'll wish it dead
Ask it to leave but it stays instead

So unkind
Acting as if you could read its mind
Making it hard to explain without
Finding new things to complain about

Sharp teeth test your skin
Too late, you let an angel in

It's all been done
So many accidents, only one
Paints you the picture you want to see
Cover one eye and look carefully

Big surprise
It doesn't care about second tries
You're afraid whatever choice you make
Won't be exactly the right mistake

Sharp teeth test your skin
Too late, you let an angel in

I bet you feel tapped out
and nothing left to talk about
I guess you're right
You fraud

It tells you lies
You say you won't but you compromise
Just don't imagine you'll ever win
Any race you aren't running in

It follows through
Four in the morning it's calling you
What's the over-under on getting it
Done without always regretting it?

Sharp teeth test your skin
Too late, you let an angel in