

I hear the rumor mill is turning  
To try and stop it is a waste of time  
Who fucked who will be on the front page  
The local air is thick with painted lies  
Truth in disguise  
When you go out they'll be watching (eyes on you)  
I feel them all around  
Come tomorrow and they'll all start talking,  
In this little town  
Now watch me drown  
Accusations and assumptions  
Will fill you up and start to cloud your mind  
The room is filled with stagnant conversation  
I see right through it with discerning eyes  
Beyond the lies