

## Lying

Martina Topley-Bird

I walked out of the house in your  
Girlfriend's clothes  
They fit me better than I would  
Have supposed  
My mind close the curtain  
On a lonely repose  
And when I walk around town  
Everybody knows

I'm lying with you  
Backsliding with you  
Not trying with you  
I'm lying with you

Out of the house with hangover shame  
Don't punish me for not calling you  
Come by the house, I'll be there at eight,  
Waiting on the stoop for you

I'm lying with you  
Backsliding with you  
I'm not trying with you  
I'm lying with you

Where are you Ilya?  
Where are you Ilya?

Telephone's ringing and I'm at work  
Look around to see if anybody heard  
When I'm undercover I know it's absurd  
But I want it and I can't say no  
But I want it and I can't say no

I'm lying with you  
Backsliding with you  
Not trying with you  
I'm lying with you

Where are you?  
Where are you?  
Dadada