

Jumble

Minuit

Your lie, your lie, your lie,
encapsulated in my midst
and I am happy for me
and I am happy for me
and I am happy for me
I keep a jumble in my head
and monsters in my pocket
Everybody wants the truth
but nobody has got it
Jealous of my underlings
and the ones that I despised
Everybody wants the truth
but all they tell are lies
Your lie, your lie, your lie
I locked my faith in a drawer
that now I never open
Everybody wants the truth
'coz there's nothing else to hope in
I keep one eye on the papers
the other on my wallet
Everybody wants the truth
but nobody has got it
Your lie, your lie your lie encapsulated in my midst
and I am happy for me
And I am happy for me
And I am happy for me
I put pretty dresses on
the skeletons in your closet
Everybody wants the truth

but nobody has got it

You write up lists of enemies

that never have existed

Everybody wants the truth

but, I think that you have missed it

With a lackadaisical approach to storytelling,

a little libel goes a long way...