Jumble

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

Minuit

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...