

From Where I'm Standing

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How lucky are you on a scale? With the city smog to inhale?
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing

Do you like the taste of your own tale?
How bitter are you when I fail?
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing

No need to pass out stricture when the actor is unknown
No need to paint this picture if only half is shown
Two bucks for every lie you hand in, Two bucks really tells a tale
You sure look pale from where I'm standing. Next to you

It's easy to outrun a snail
To choose a bank note rather than jail
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing

In the mirror spotting something stale
Can something hard as a rock be that frail?
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing

Everything is not for sale
Every lie is not easy to nail
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing

A lot of shit leaving in your trail
Take a tip and go and set your sail
You are looking kind of pale from where I'm standing