

It's A Wonderful Lie

Paul Westerberg

Get up from a dream and I look for rain
Take an amphetamine and a crushed rat brain
How am I feelin', better I suppose

How am I lookin', I don't want the truth
What am I doin', I ain't in my youth
I'm past my prime or was that just a pose
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by on those

I've been accused of never opening up
You get too close, then I keep my mouth shut
Gonna run to the wind where the big bad city blows
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by on those
It's a wonderful lie, by on those

Now you can dress to the eights, you can dress to maim
They make you feel great, this fortune and fame
Wearing too much makeup, not near enough clothes
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by on those
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by

So don't pin your hopes or pin your dreams
To misanthropes or guys like me
And the truth is overrated, I suppose
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by on those
It's a wonderful lie, I still get by