

Lies

Robots in Disguise

Why d'you wanna make that shit up?
Why d'you have to deal in gossip?
Why d'you wanna quote that rubbish?
Why don't you do something less boring!

You sit on your ass, tap your computer
What you wrote was wrong in the paper
You lazy hack typing fiction into fact
What you write is crap, bad, slack!
Sit right there, swivel on your chair

Why don't you turn your lies to love?

Why d'you wanna waste the hours?
Why d'you have to rake up muck?
Why do you wanna sell the story?
Why d'ya have to tell those lies?

Cut down tress to zombify my mind
No, I do not want my London standard
Or the Sun or the Star or all your tabloid blah
Sit right there, sleep at your desk
Why don't you print less lies?

Why d'you wanna waste the hours?
Why d'you have to rake up muck?
Why do you wanna sell the story?
Why d'ya have to tell those lies?
Why don't you do something less boring?
Why have you got no respect?
And why are you obsessed with sex?
Lies!