

Puddles

Seaway

Your lies, they interest me but
I can see right through them,
Your eyes are confident but
they bleed with contradiction.

You're making puddles on the floor,
Do yourself one, clean yourself up.

Your lies, they fascinate me,
still I can see right through them,
Your eyes are beautiful but
they weep with desperation.

You're making puddles on the floor,
Do yourself one, clean yourself up.