

Tall Tales

Spiritual Beggars

Rising up -I've had enough of
Your lying and backstabbing
Who wants to listen? Who wants to know?
You got a problem and you let it show

I'm no fool - I see through you
Pitiful, that's what you are
You don't know me, you never did
And you sure as hell never will now

The things you say behind my back
Distorted view of a jealous mind
A jealous mind can be excused
But who are you...who are you to judge me?

So you never believed in me...
To tell you the truth
I never thought much of you...

Telling all tall tales
Makes you feel good (makes you look bad)
But that black tongue
Is dragging you down