

We're onto you and your sad facade.
Who will you be today?
What was your goal again?
On your side of town, you walk so tall.
Casting stones while casting shadows.
You all line up at the store front watching your reflections -
Never looked better before.
Onlookers follow you around begging for an encore.
But once you cross that line, your sky will be shut down.
We can tell when you've been lying - you're in our town now.
We'll have a standoff if you want,
But I warn you - the truth is strong.
You paint yourself such a pretty picture -
Your words decorate where reality can't.
Each of you holds such prestigious positions
On the city committee in your fantasy land.
We're onto you, we see right through your costumes,
We know the truth and what you are.
You've been found out, found out, ooh woa oh oh oh!
You may think we'll be surprised - you're so predictable.
You're not worth our time
We've got our hands full