

How She Lied By Living

The Posies

Shimmering was she
And loveliness to see
The found her when she was three
Where she lied
We talked within a wave
Of things we could not crave
But circumstances turn grave(s)
That's where she lied

You told me, you told me you loved life
Don't tell me, don't tell me you loved life
Don't tell me you loved life

I read your book of rot
And wondered what you thought
As journalists have taught
It pays to lie
The fruit upon a vine
The gun that swallows time
To shimmer in our minds
That's how she lied