

## 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