

It's just that little shred of doubt you choose, that something
I left out
You use to get your way because you say "you didn't spell it out".
Or the simple lack o' proof that makes for a perfect lame excuse
your
Nose grows and grows do you suppose I know you're two quarts low
On truth.
Oh, the things you put me through, a friendship built on guilt.
To
Entertain you out of pity, to just to shut you up.
No there's nothing wrong, let's go have some fun. A smoke to break
The ice, maybe I'm just too fuckin' nice...
Oh, the things you put me through, to bring me down to your level.
Just to make things tolerable, in hopes of something better.
But I don't see the change, and you don't think it's needed. So
one
More lie for the road, gee I hate to see you go.