

# Leech

## Cold Stare

Tell those stories to me  
I'm dying to hear the things you've done and seen  
Farfetched as they may be  
You strike a smile in me  
Your stories ring of perjury  
Construed with self empowering theme  
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student  
Turning things around your story's not congruent  
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses  
Turning things around  
You're turning things around, go  
A manic stunning scene  
I'm taking notes your taking me away  
Into your false reality  
I know you comfort lies in lying to try to make your life make sense  
But you're not making sense  
With your two cents, you're  
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student  
Turning things around your story's not congruent  
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses  
Turning things around  
You're turning things around  
I'd say it aloud but I'm not aloud  
I see your head spin round and round  
Broken record talk tonight  
Skip that needle back and forth on your mind  
Wearing out unconvincing lies  
Like a seedling dropped from an old oak tree  
Your shade don't hide no sun from me  
Fake stories humor me  
It's graduation time, I love you like a mother  
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student  
Turning things around your story's not congruent  
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses  
Turning things around  
You're turning things around  
Yeah yeah  
You're turning things around  
Yeah yeah yeah

[Incomprehensible]Yeah yeah  
You're turning things around  
Yeah yeah yeah

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