

# Tremble

## Oh Jeremiah

I hear that liars make more graceful dancers.

When they twist around the truth  
they'll make the sweetest moves.

Out on the dance floor they'll take your heart for ransom.

They'll pin you in the groove.

You'll never shake it loose.

Honey, you'll try to spin me a lie.

It's only because you make me tremble.

I hear that liars make for better painters.

With their bristles and their hues  
they're dressing up the rules.

They'll use the canvas to blindfold all your senses.

They'll cover you in blue  
and there's nothing left to do.

Honey, you'll try to sketch me a lie.

It's only because you make me tremble.

It's only because you make me...

Tremble, tremble  
you make me tremble.

Tremble, tremble,  
ooh ooh a oooh.  
(repeat)

I hear that liars make for poor lovers.

Cause when they're holding on to you  
a ghost is holding to.

The spirit of truth and the liar stand together.

So close they tend to skew  
which one you're talking to.

Honey, you'll try to haunt me tonight.

It's only cause you make me tremble.

Honey, you'll try to haunt me tonight.

It's only cause you make me tremble.

Honey, you'll try to haunt me tonight.

It's only cause you make me tremble.

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