Tied Up

Evangeline

I've been weaving my way through your fabricated story;
tripping over into your territory as the rug was pulled out from under my feet.
You've collected a spool of the tales you are spinning and I've been all tangled up from the very beginning;
silly me, I should've known better.I watched you tie bows around what's true like you could box in lies with paper and glue.Chorus:
Well, looks like you have run out of time;
this time you're way out of line and I'm all stuck in knots from trying to straighten you out.
And I've settled the score for you so I wouldn't have to believe what was true.
Spin your own web of lies -
Looks like you're all tied up.You laughed, you cried, then you hung me up to dry, and it's hard to pick yourself up when you're stuck so high.
Yeah, sure, it's funny -- yeah, you've got me in stitches.
Well let's just see how low you can go - maybe at some point you'll learn that you'll reap what you sow when you let things spiral just to tie you over.Well I'm ripping the threads out of all says you said; cutting every single tie that you ever tried to bind me to you.
Because I'm not your puppet -- this is my turn to shine and these strings are mine.Chorus:
Well, looks like you have run out of time; this time you're way out of line and I'm all stuck in knots from trying to straighten you out.
And I've settled the score for you so I wouldn't have to believe what was true.
Spin your own web of lies -Go lay under your patchwork quilt of lies; I promise you that they'll unravel with time -- don't wait for a sign.Chorus:
Well, looks like you have run out of time; this time you're way out of line and I'm all stuck in knots from trying to straighten you out.
And I've settled the score for you so I wouldn't have to believe what was true.
Spin your own web of lies -You can't tailor my life to fit your view.
Your tales(tails) are finally running loose from all of your frayed ends --
don't look nowyour seam's unraveling.

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