

# Polygraph, Right Now!

## The Spill Canvas

Fate is an elegant, cold-hearted whore  
She love salting my wounds, yes she enjoys nothing more  
I bleed confidence from deep within my guts now  
I'm the king of this pity party  
With my jewel encrusted crown.

I want to tear apart your room  
To see if what you say is true  
Darling don't you lie, lie to me  
I want to break into your heart  
To see why you want us apart  
I'm scared to death to find out what you think of me

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According to you we don't click  
That's a blatant lie, and you know it  
Angel, what're you hiding from me  
If there is truly another secret lunch break working late lover  
Then I would die, but at least then I'd be free

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written by THOMAS, NICHOLAS EDWARD/BECK, JOSEPH DEAN/LUDEMAN, DANIEL/MCGUIRE,  
SCOTT

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