Lying

Martina Topley-Bird

I walked out of the house
In your girlfriend's clothes
They fit me better than I would
Have supposedMind closed the curtain
On a lonely repose
And when I walk around town
Everybody knowsI'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
Not trying with you
I'm lying with youOut of the house with hangover shame
Don't punish me for not calling you
Come by the house, I'll be there at eight
Waiting on the stoop for youI'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
I'm not trying with you
I'm lying with youWhere are you Ilya?
Where are you Ilya?Telephone's ringing and I'm at work
Look around to see if anybody heard
When I'm undercover I know it's absurd
But I want it and I can't say noI'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
I'm not trying with you
I'm lying with youWhere are you Ilya?
Where are you Ilya?

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