

# Cowboys and Indians

## Four Letter Lie

This is it, this is  
I'm pushed against the wall  
With my eyes closed  
And a weight under my feet  
I'll find my way back, with or without you  
It's all in this room  
And the tone of your voice  
The way your eyes move as he gets close to you  
Gets close to you  
I know every angle in all that you do  
Swore your intentions were true  
If it's this drink that you need  
Forget what you're doing to me  
You anxiously await his next move  
This is it  
If it's this drink that you need  
And these people that you see  
To forget about what you're doing to me  
If it's this drink that you need to forget about me

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