

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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