

# Mr. Writer

## Stereophonics

You line them up  
Look at your shoes  
You hang names on your wall  
Then you shoot them all You fly around in planes  
That bring you down  
To meet me who loves you, like  
Me crashing to the ground Are you so lonely?  
You don't even know me  
But you'd like to stone me Mr. Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?  
Why don't you tell it like it really is?  
Before you go on home I used to treat you right  
Give you my time  
But when I'd turn my back on you  
Then you do what you do You've just enough, in my own view  
Education to perform  
I'd like to shoot you all  
And then you go home  
With you on your own  
What do you really know? Mr, Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?  
Why don't you tell it like it really is?  
Before you go on home And then you go home  
With you on your own  
What do you even know? Mr. Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?  
Why don't you tell it like it really is?  
Before you go on home Mr. Writer, why don't you tell it like it is?  
Why don't you tell it like it always is?  
Before you go on home Mr. Writer, why don't you tell it like it really is?  
Why don't you tell it like it always is?  
Before you go on home

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