White Lies

Max Frost

I'm picking up really sketch vibes
My woman's been telling me lies
About other men
About where she's been hanging

Suspicious thoughts in my mind
Been brewing up over time
"He's just a friend,"
When to me he's a stranger

I can hold no evidence
But I can't think emotionless
And something in your choice of dress
Tonight can lead to just one guess

White Lies
You try
Can't blind my eyes
You got your red dress on
And you want to play
Like I can't know things that I've never seen

Its been keeping me up every night
Most of the time
I toss and turn in bed and I try
Not to explode
When you arrive
sneaking through
like it ain't 5
like this house ain't mine

Yes I been picking up really sketch vibes
And I keep looking over at your side
Wondering where you been
Thinking that he ain't a friend
Knowing that thoughts are a sin
And so I'll say it again

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