

Masquerade

Dirt Poor Robins

First a glance and then a crooked smile
Draw him in and let the games begin
If he doesn't ask, she will not tell
She paints the picture, oh so well
When we lie
Oh, what tangled webs that we weave
When at first we practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my secrets keep
If I'm found out before I wake
I pray the Lord my secrets take
Well, rehearsed he baits the hook of pride
Reel her in while she's self-satisfied
Get a feel for what she's looking for
Give her that, you're in the door
When we lie
Oh, what tangled webs that we weave
When at first we practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my secrets keep
If I'm found out before I wake
I pray the Lord my secrets take
Truth casts a shadow hard to conceal
But darkness blurs the flaws the light reveals
Charm is deceitful and flattery is vain
But in the dark of the hunt the veil remains
Oh, what tangled webs that we weave
We practice to deceive
We become a slave to make believing
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my secrets keep
If I'm found out before I wake
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Now I lay me down to sleep
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