

Lyrical Lies

Cute Is What We Aim For

A old man gave me a tip he said
Dont waste your time with politics, he said
Just chase skirts instead
And life is too short, and your almost dead, he said I met a woman once, gave her my best shot
But never did I talk, talk and talk
If I had her back Id be as real as my age
I so dont blame them, I wouldnt do the same
But I can blame them, Id sing her this And you want to be dressed in poetry
But imagery doesnt fit
And you want resizing
But darling dear, get a grip And I think what I just wrote is going over my head
Im stealing lines from myself
And what I said was never said
It's just a lyrical lie, made up in my mind You want to be dressed in poetry
But imagery doesnt fit
And you want resizing
But darling dear, get a grip You're moving but not aware
You're drowsy without a care
Except keeping your whites behind your lids
And your lids are your best canvas I can only imagine what you're painting, what you're painting
And your body on my mattress is proof
And your makeup on your pillow is proof
But do you think I am telling you the truth? It's just a lyrical lie, made up in my mind And you want to be
dressed in poetry
But imagery doesnt fit
And you want resizing
But darling dear, get a grip And you want to be dressed in poetry
But imagery doesnt fit
And you want resizing
But darling dear, get a grip

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