

Mr. Writer

Stereophonics

You, line em' 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 dont 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 turn my back on you
let me 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 dont 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 dont you tell it like it really 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

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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