

# Lie Detector Test

## Sage Francis

Got a caveman banging on my back door  
Got a hang man hanging on my front lawn  
Got an old maid wasting away in the living room  
Kids in the kitchen with their mouths full of silver spoons  
Got a paper full of yellow journalism  
A restaurant waiter selling me words of wisdom  
The small town crier is chilling with the village idiots  
The big city slickers are still busy building pyramids  
Got a diploma but no wall to hang it  
Tags on the bathroom stall to make me famous  
A job description that don't fit the bill  
A fatal femme fatale dressed to kill  
Get me out of this, lie detector test  
My pupils inhale and exhale  
My breath is a microphone check, 1, 2, what is this?  
In a world where the girl's got retro tattoos  
And all I've got is a gut and Velcro black shoes  
And elbows that move in a way that make space  
I'm looking at you  
(Stay awake, stay awake)  
Natural face affected by the chemical leaks  
Grammatical mistakes in every sentence I speak  
It doesn't matter, I make enough sense to seem deep  
Now, look at me  
(Go to sleep, go to sleep)  
Got a flea circus, I'm trying to take it to the road  
Got a nervous tick, they think I'm faking it though  
Got some cat in a back alley scratching up my records  
Some big wigs with fat bellies asking for seconds  
Got a fly girl with a landing strip begging for hot wax  
A lonely upper lip and it's begging for a mustache  
A prison system that listens to the parables of Johnny Cash  
A wannabe war hero who only travels in body bags  
I've got a poor man's version of a rich man  
I've got a small van swerving through a big land  
I've got a road map that's looking a lot like a Math test  
A blocked phone number and a bunk home address  
I've got a way out but I ain't trying to use it  
'Cause I've got some ins and I'ma bet all my winnings  
If it hurts me more than it hurts you then I won't hurt you  
I've got more sense than virtue, I've got a curfew, it's 12 o'clock  
After that I'll start trembling if I get fed hip hop  
'Cause I'm a G to the R E M L I N  
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?  
I said get me out of this lie detector test  
My pupils inhale and exhale  
My breath is a microphone, check 1, 2, what is this?

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