

# Tall Tales Taste Like Sour Grapes

## Fair to Midland

Too much patience, no resistance  
Within the shouting distance  
You can hear a blind man's bluff Dragging names through the mind  
And still biting his tongue  
The devil's in the air and I'm spitting out prayers  
While the ravenous all eat their fill Tell me, tell me a story  
Tell me not to worry or pick up the phone  
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear  
So that I don't hear them throwing stone Too much hog wart, not enough hearsay  
Always made the front page  
You could use a fine tooth comb To get a word from the wise  
Would be a welcome surprise  
Keep an ear to the ground  
So to drown out the sound  
Of the failures that make me whole Tell me, tell me a story  
Tell me not to worry or pick up the phone  
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear  
So that I don't hear them throwing stone These walls don't talk  
Even when somebody knocks  
These walls don't stand  
For anyone else but themselves  
These walls don't fall  
Even when gravity's failing us all Tell me, tell me a story  
Tell me not to worry or pick up the phone  
So I'm turning, turning a deaf ear  
So that I don't hear them throwing stone

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