Leech

McClane

Tell those stories to me
I'm dying to hear the things you've done and seen
Farfetched as they may be
You strike a smile in me
Your stories ring of perjury
Construed with self empowering theme
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around your story's not congruent
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around, go
A manic stunning scene
I'm taking notes your taking me away
Into your false reality
I know you comfort lies in lying to try to make your life make sense
But you're not making sense
With your two cents, you're
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around your story's not congruent
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around
I'd say it aloud but I'm not aloud
I see your head spin round and round
Broken record talk tonight
Skip that needle back and forth on your mind
Wearing out unconvincing lies
Like a seedling dropped from an old oak tree
Your shade don't hide no sun from me
Fake stories humor me
It's graduation time, I love you like a mother
Suckin' on my brain your the teacher I'm the student
Turning things around your story's not congruent
Tabloid decoys pitiful excuses
Turning things around
You're turning things around
Yeah yeah
You're turning things around
Yeah yeah yeah

[Incomprehensible]Yeah yeah
You're turning things around
Yeah yeah yeah

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