

Lying

Martina Topley-Bird

I walked out of the house in your
Girlfriend's clothes
They fit me better than I would
Have supposed
My mind close the curtain
On a lonely repose
And when I walk around town
Everybody knows

I'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
Not trying with you
I'm lying with you

Out of the house with hangover shame
Don't punish me for not calling you
Come by the house, I'll be there at eight,
Waiting on the stoop for you

I'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
I'm not trying with you
I'm lying with you

Where are you Ilya?
Where are you Ilya?

Telephone's ringing and I'm at work
Look around to see if anybody heard
When I'm undercover I know it's absurd
But I want it and I can't say no
But I want it and I can't say no

I'm lying with you
Backsliding with you
Not trying with you
I'm lying with you

Where are you?
Where are you?
Dadada