

Stop the lying babe
 I know your guilty face
 Just tell me where you been
 Quit the partying
 Can't blame the drink again
 Just tell me what you did

Sold out Munich night I realized you ain't being faithful
 That's my job the shit I do to put food on our table
 On the road a couple months staying true was never tough
 Shoulda kicked you out the first time but I just care too much
 I believe the heart inside of me is universal
 I found out that kind of thinking's more than controversial
 Went to war for you, the heart you gave me back was painted purple
 Wounded, fighting for somebody too quick to desert you
 In your line of service I thought I deserved it
 I spent months yelling at my self like I'm the culprit
 Like I'm the reason, I'm the fuck up in this mess of pages
 Then I realized you wrote the book on manipulation
 I sat on a plane for 16 hours in my head
 All scenarios had someone else inside in our bed
 You know what it's like to have your deepest fears invade your space?
 Locked inside of business class where I don't have an inch to pace?
 Couldn't even sleep, anxiety took all my breath
 Thinking if this plane goes down at least I'll get some rest
 6 miles up 6 scenarios in my head
 6 shows overseas, and the Devil had struck again
 6 miles up 6 scenarios in my head
 6 shows overseas, and the Devil had struck again

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Six months back and I'm smoking a lot more than I should
 Hiding from the world in my work hoping to stay for good
 People falling off every minute, thinking I could be next
 If I don't execute what I'm working on then I'm getting left
 Little did I know you were thinking of leaving too
 Cause Abstract was becoming more me, than I was Luke
 Nights you slept alone I was busy trying to prove
 That I was worthy of the life that I dreamed about it in the booth
 I was building longevity something for our children
 But you're impulsive and far removed from having a vision
 Switching jobs the second any part wasn't fitting
 I was questioning your will it was making me distant
 Thought you were stronger you cracked under the stress
 When it came to growing up you were quickly over the fence
 Running back to places you said that you never would
 You believe in karma hope it serves you everything it should

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Pretty red face baby
Look what you become
I don't think your sweet sorrys will
Fix the damage done

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Look what you become
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