

Learned To Lie

Ashley McBryde

I traced it back to a couple months before I was born
I must've heard my momma tell my daddy
That she was tired, 'cause babies make you tired, but
Deep down she was just unhappy

I think my father did the best that he could do
He rarely made it to the dinner table
Said he was working late
But he was working late
Fogging up the windows of an '89 Sable

I, I learned to cry
Quietly, I learned to pray
Silently, inside a house where the Devil played
And I hate that it runs in my blood
I hate how easy it comes
I wish I'd learned how to love the same way I
Learned to lie

I learned to sing to Carole King on the radio
Learned to shoot on a little Red Ryder
I can drive a stick, and in a pinch
I can pop a bottle with a cigarette lighter

I learned to cry
Quietly, I learned to pray
Silently, inside a house where the Devil played
And I hate that it runs in my blood
I hate how easy it comes
I wish I'd learned how to love the same way I
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And I learned to say things I don't mean
Like "Stay" when I want you to leave
And when you don't come home or call
And I swear I don't mind
I hate that I know how it's done
When a moment just like this one comes
I just go numb and play dumb and look you in the eye
And lie

Oh and lie