Why Would I Lie?

Face to Face

I've been involved and I've paid attention I've listened to every word you've said You tell a lie and I fake my interest I was around when it really happened From the beginning until the end So what's the point of an explanation?

Why would I lie? Is there anything I left from my story? This type of deception would be a waste of both our time

You start to trust as you dull your instincts I've tried my best but I still don't care You've opened up to a disappointment I know my way around this conversation You've had enough but you're standing there I leave it up to interpretation

Maybe there's a chance that everything is going to work out for the best Maybe there's a chance that pigs will grow wings and fly