

Little White Lies

Flyte

I don't understand that sound on the radio
Only playing that song cause they told you to
If man makes God in his own image
It doesn't mean that it makes it true

Just a little white lie, little white lie
There in all that you do
Little white lies, little white lies
Hanging over you
Kills art, kills love
And it's killing you
Just a little white, little white lie

Wanna make a little money
Give your weight and your measure
Keep your numbers high and the wolves at bay
You could wind up in the Metro Guilty Pleasures
Once you get your name in that little black book
You can sign your life away

To a little white lie, little white lie
There in all that you do
Little white lies, little white lies
Hanging over you
Kills art, kills love and it's killing you
Just a little white lie, little white lie

If I don't answer the call, you can't say it's over
If I don't look up, you won't catch my eye
Don't want to know how it feels to wake up sober
And you don't want to hear any sound advice

I want your lies
Your little white lies