

We all have raised our voices  
We all have done our crimes  
We've been excused of every lie  
There's no such thing as perfect  
So we could make those plans  
Would you have it otherwise

And on the fulcrum we stand on, we aim for better view  
Then you trip over fault lines of which you never knew  
Then you start to mail all of the blame  
Find it back on your door next day

Like twists and turns in radio plays and movies  
Mount the script in your autobiography  
Take the hero's place and the hero's name  
Manufacture spiels for a stranger's sake  
Oh, you bitch for truth  
And you damn well know you're fake

We all have minced our words  
Even exchanged euphemisms  
Then we say we must go for truth  
We have an ear for envy  
Never a tongue for praise  
Can't we have it otherwise

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[x4]

Damn well know you're fake