

# Guilty Conscience

MAY-A

What do you, what do you, what you think?  
What do you, what do you, what you think?  
You'll just sit there and lie to me  
Hear the shut of the door and the run of the sink  
Taking your hands and washing them clean  
Oh, you can lie to clear your name  
I see through your cellophane

There's always an excuse  
I'm starting to see through  
Love me with an empty promise  
Kiss me with your guilty conscience

We're sleeping with more room  
Feel like I don't know you  
Your touch is an empty promise  
Kiss me with your guilty conscience

What do you, what do you, what do you play  
Giving me love just to take it away  
Blame it on needing space  
Oh-oh  
Look at me, look at me, right in my face  
Don't tell me I'm crazy by shifting the blame  
Oh, it doesn't matter what you say, you know I know it anyway

There's always an excuse  
I'm starting to see through  
Love me with an empty promise  
Kiss me with your guilty conscience

We're sleeping with more room  
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It's more than just a feeling  
It's how the floors are creaking  
The stop and start, when I would ask the way your heart is beat  
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