

# Jumble

Minuit

Your lie, your lie, your lie,  
encapsulated in my midst  
and I am happy for me  
and I am happy for me  
and I am happy for me  
I keep a jumble in my head  
and monsters in my pocket  
Everybody wants the truth  
but nobody has got it  
Jealous of my underlings  
and the ones that I despised  
Everybody wants the truth  
but all they tell are lies  
Your lie, your lie, your lie  
I locked my faith in a drawer  
that now I never open  
Everybody wants the truth  
'coz there's nothing else to hope in  
I keep one eye on the papers  
the other on my wallet  
Everybody wants the truth  
but nobody has got it  
Your lie, your lie your lie encapsulated in my midst  
and I am happy for me  
And I am happy for me  
And I am happy for me  
I put pretty dresses on  
the skeletons in your closet  
Everybody wants the truth

but nobody has got it

You write up lists of enemies

that never have existed

Everybody wants the truth

but, I think that you have missed it

With a lackadaisical approach to storytelling,

a little libel goes a long way...