

Pickin' At Scraps

Pain Of Truth

There's no tall buildings where these people live?
They can't wrap their lips around a revolver like a normal person?

Come on, tell me my next move, you know me all so well
I got way more to lose than you
You ain't got nothing left
Left picking at scraps
There's no truth in what you said
Took my life, tried to turn it upside down
All you did was spin yourself around
Chasing a tale created step-by-step
With ill intent that you now regret

And I don't trust no one that cannot
Hold a friend, for you this is a trend
And you're not blending in
It's the oldest story in the book
Flipped the pages, not worth a second look
Don't look my way
Don't look my way

What's the next step that you take
When you're caught
In a lie?
You're too deep, there ain't no turning back this time
You think you got me all figured out then

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You're caught
In a lie
You're too deep, there ain't no turning back this time
Think you got me all figured out
You're wrong
Get your fucking facts straight
Bitch

From the Hudson Valley down to Long Island
You're caught
Caught

Caught, took the bait
Overcome with hate
With the story written out this way
Lies
Left to prove your case
You're stuck, took the bait
You're the only one that is left to explain
Lies