

I Hate It When You Lie

Reverend and the Makers

Are you really so uneasy with yourself in every way
Why are you so insecure that you've to say
You're the reason either one of us is even here at all
And the reason you've reminded me today

Is cos I've got lots to say for myself
Since that wine came off the shelf
And I was waiting my turn whilst you
You had a lot to say for yourself
Like there's never nothing else
That could ever spin a yarn the way you do
The way you do

I, I, I, I hate it when you lie
You do it all the time
Ya so bad at it don't try
I hate it when you lie
If we didn't laugh we'd cry
He comes the big I am for the forty seventh time
I hate it when you lie

If it ain't what it isn't then it must be what it is
And we'll be here 'til gone November you insist
But the reason either one of us is even here at all
Is merely you to show you where the bathroom is

And you've got lots to say for yourself
Since you hoovered up the twelfth
Little slug that ya bank card drew
You've got lots to say for yourself
When ya boasting bout ya wealth
No one ever told a tale like you
A tale like you

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