

Blackberry Smoke, PRETTY LITTLE LIE

Come over here and sit by me
Tell me everything I wanna hear
I'll pretend that I don't see
The reason you're back over here
You look cold I'll build a fire
There's a box full of wine in the fridge
We won't talk about 'what's his name?'
That's just water under bridge

Yeah, you made up your mind
But he ain't here with us tonight
So kiss me one more time,
Cross every "T" and dot every "I"
Of that pretty little lie
That pretty little lie

I thought we had it all figured out
There was me and there was you and him
I was hoping for a chance to cross you out
But then you came walking in
And it hit me like I ain't been hit before
I guess one of us never changed
Now you and me setting on the floor
I let you get away with anything

Yeah, you made up your mind
But he ain't here with us tonight
So kiss me one more time,
Cross every "T" and dot every "I"
Of that pretty little lie
That pretty little lie
That pretty little lie
That pretty little lie

And you made up your mind
But he ain't here with us tonight
So kiss me one more time,
Cross every "T" and dot every "I"
Of that pretty little lie
That pretty little lie
Your pretty little lie
That pretty little lie

Yeah you a damn liar
Yeah you a damn liar
Baby you a damn liar
Yeah you a damn liar