

The Fratellis, Tell me a lie

Well once I was persuaded to open up my head
I told them how it was and went and got it wrong instead
I said would you believe me if you only knew
I'd been stealing everything this conversations through
And the boy cried hang him at three
I saw him on the front page laughing at me
He worked in a fairground in a tall hat
He's a liar he's a liar and a good one at that
Say what you want to say what you will
Write your number on my telephone bill
Walk like a monkey kick like a mule
I could be your beggar but I'd rather be just as cruel
So I told them all I could about what could they expect
But I lost my sense of smell and I gained myself respect
They told me I was curious I told them they were slow
They asked me were I get this stuff I told them I don't know
And the boy cried whoopy de dee
There's a woman with a mustache who won't let me be
Though she was born on a Monday
She's a hundred and four
She's a liar she's a liar and a little bit more
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