

# Lies

## Is Tropical

Too old to sell, too young to tell, too much of everything  
Mirrors deflect light from their eyes  
Fact turns to fiction when we blink  
Things best forgotten don't you think  
Sit comfortably whilst telling lies Those brittle trees, those skeleton leaves were meant for dying  
Swallow the lies more than the truth  
They're always ready on the tongue  
For all the falsehoods to be sung  
Sit comfortably whilst telling lies  
They don't love you, the just need a little sex sometimes  
True colours shine through  
Don't beat yourself up for being too blind They don't love you (x2)  
Too old to sell, too young to tell, too much of everything  
Mirrors deflect light from their eyes  
Fact turns to fiction when we blink  
Things best forgotten don't you think  
Sit comfortably whilst telling lies (They don't love you) Those brittle trees, those skeleton  
leaves were meant for dying  
(They just need a little sex sometimes) Swallow the lies more than the truth  
(True colours shine through) They're always ready on the tongue  
(Don't beat yourself up for being too blind) For all the falsehoods to be sung  
Sit comfortably whilst telling lies  
They don't love you  
They just need a little sex sometimes  
True colours shine through  
Don't beat yourself up for being too blind

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>