

Lies

Tell a little porky, that doesn't really matter
Slightly bend the facts, to get out of a hole
Add in exaggerations and the fib is getting fatter
Trying to remember, everything you told
If you make mistakes, your camouflage starts slipping
Anyone that's listening carefully, suddenly will know
If you take it too far, over your own words, you are tripping
And all the signs of bullshit are easily on show
Deceptions always fall down because they lack the proof
And no one wants to be a part of your random made up acts
Hiding behind the rubbish because you cannot face the truth
Making up your random crap, because you're afraid to face the facts

By Lee Haigh