

# Was It Lies?

(Richard Lamplough)

Meanwhile, back in the UK...

I'd gone cold turkey for almost a week when just the other day when I was almost awake,  
I made the mistake of opening my memory box.  
I just find little things that I tend to throw in, that I can't seem to find the strength to throw out,  
And when my world starts rocking, good God, it certainly rocks!

I'm sitting here in a crumpled mess, self-pity dripping down my chest,  
I keep drowning in a deep deep river of why, why, why?

*Was it love? (kept saying that you won't leave me),  
Was it lust? (kept praying that you still need me),  
Or was it lies?  
Lies, lies, lies, was it?  
Was it lies, damn lies?*

Second verse: I need a second alone, oh I forgot I've got the rest of my life!  
I'm like any old rubbish, thrown away once totally used.  
I've got a wish to sell what's left of my house and got a whim to put what's left on a horse.  
If I'm gonna screw up I might as well be totally screwed.

I'll buy a ticket to you know where so you can tell it to my face that you don't care.  
I need answers to the same old questions of why, why, why?

I don't mind that I'm knocked about, whipped within 'til I'm all washed out.  
I'm not stopping 'til I start on the issue of why, why, why?

I could show you how that I'm over you now but it's mush 'cause I'm crushed by this sacred cow.  
That scares me to death, really squeezes my breath and smashes all my bones until I feel I've no bones left!  
You get me?