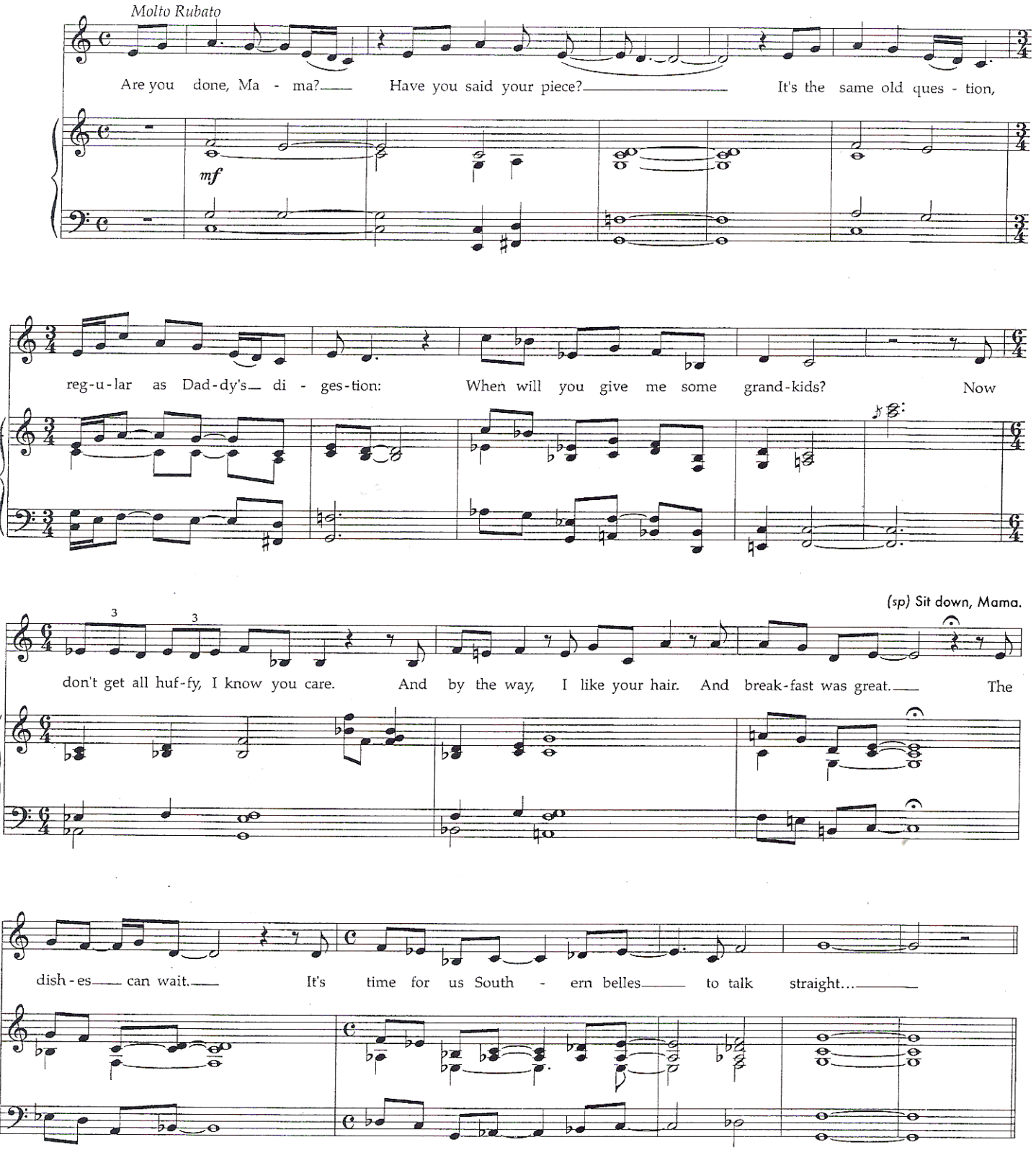
Lovely Lies

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

Lyrics by
BETH BLATT



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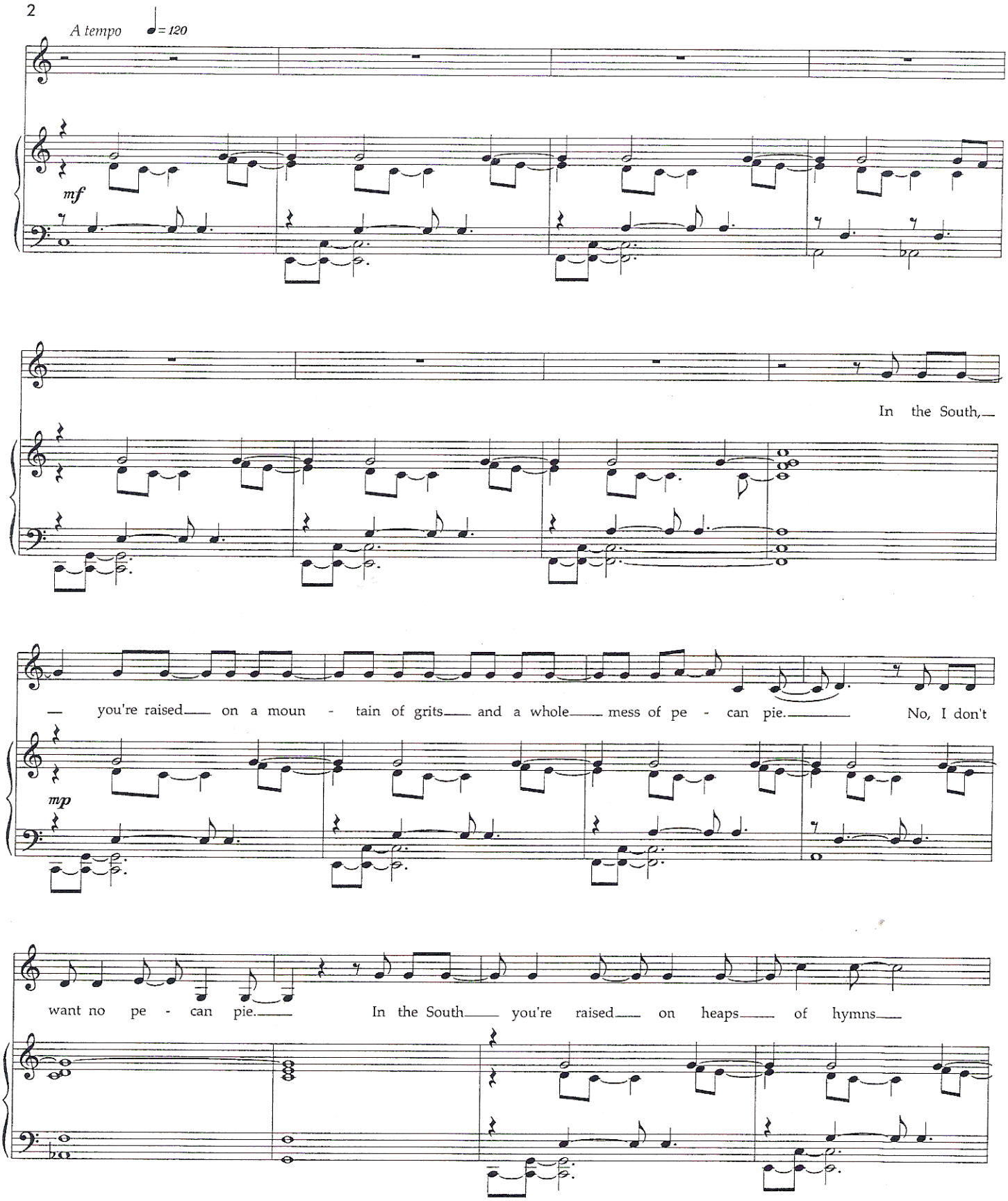
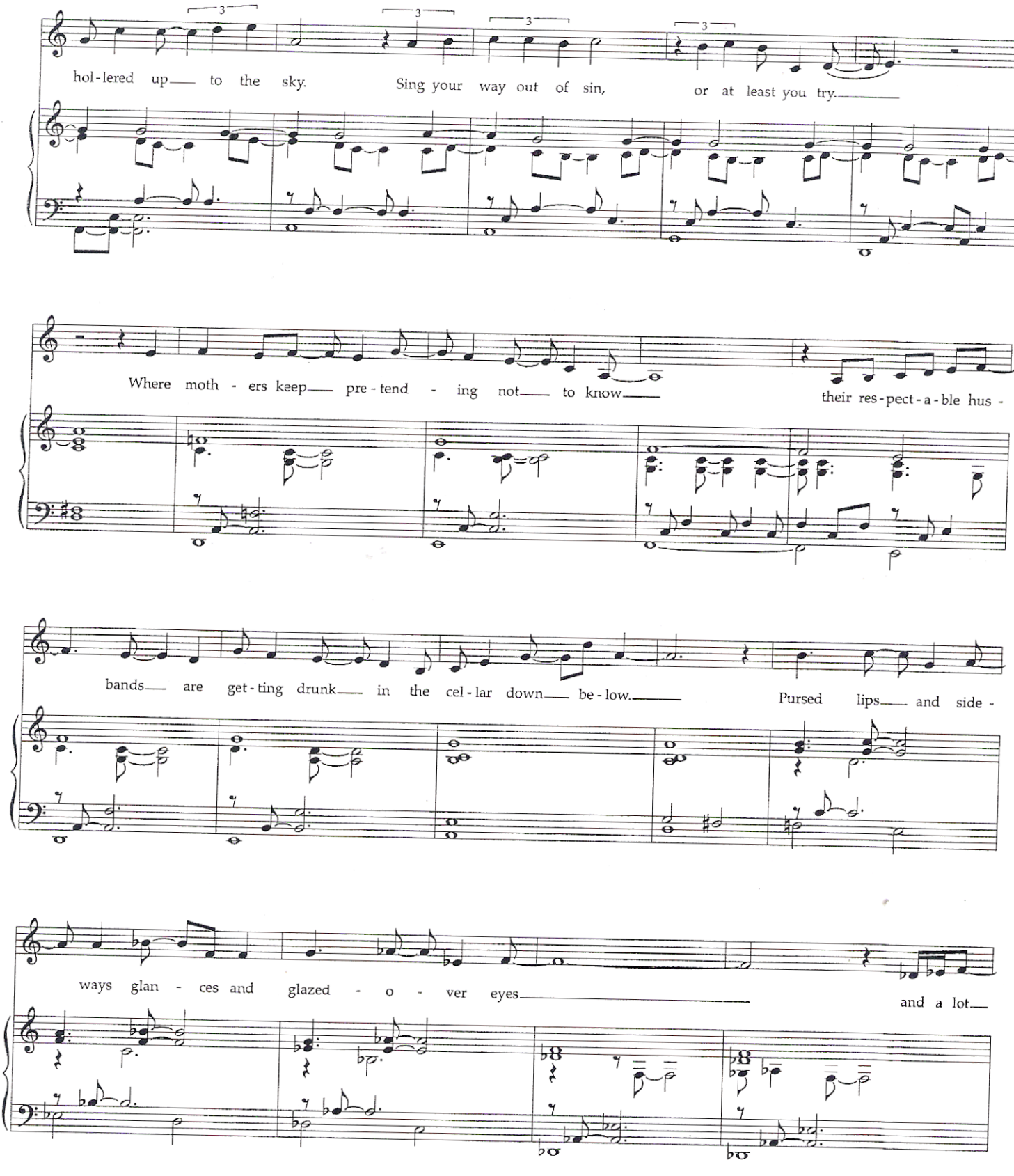
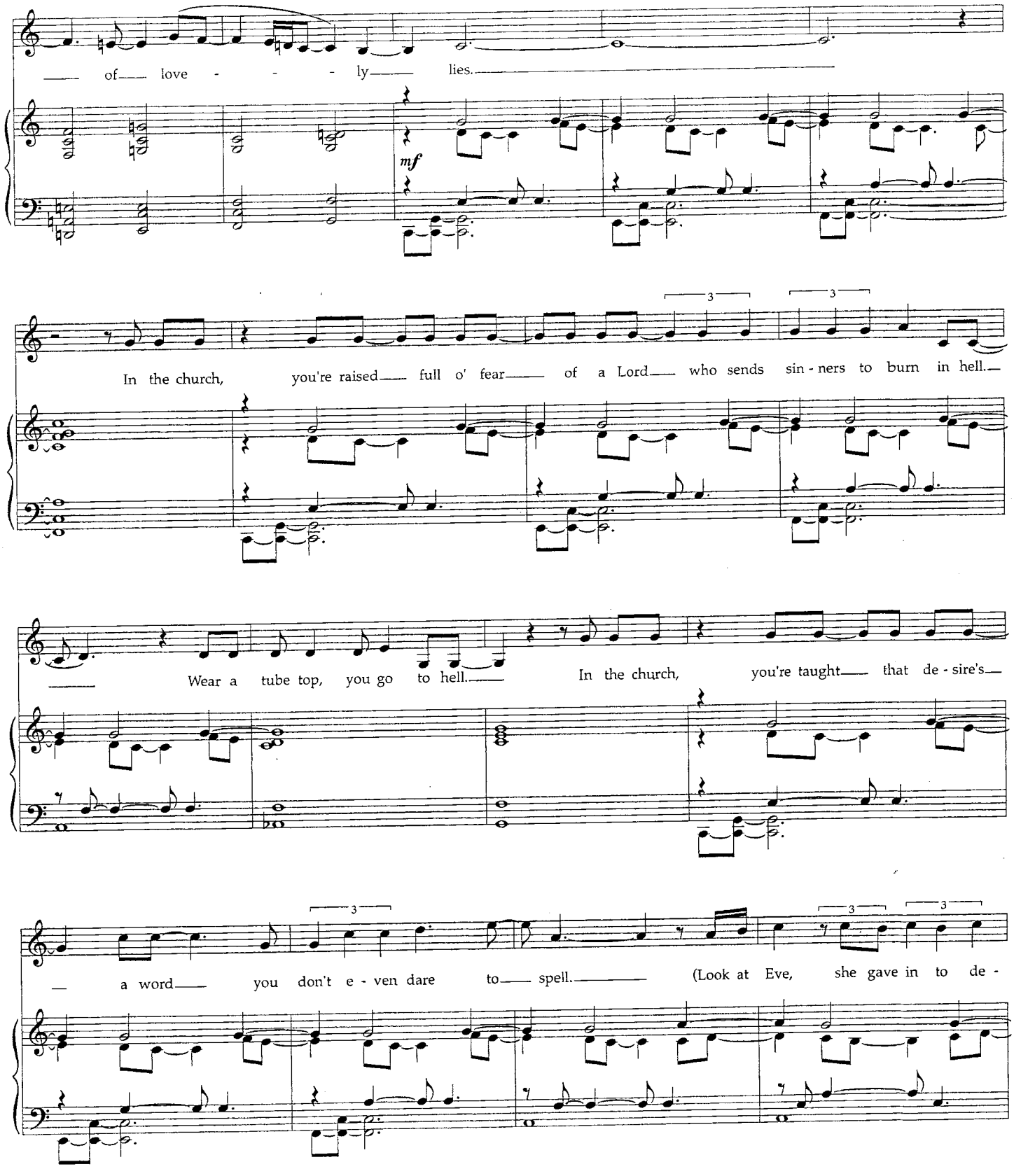
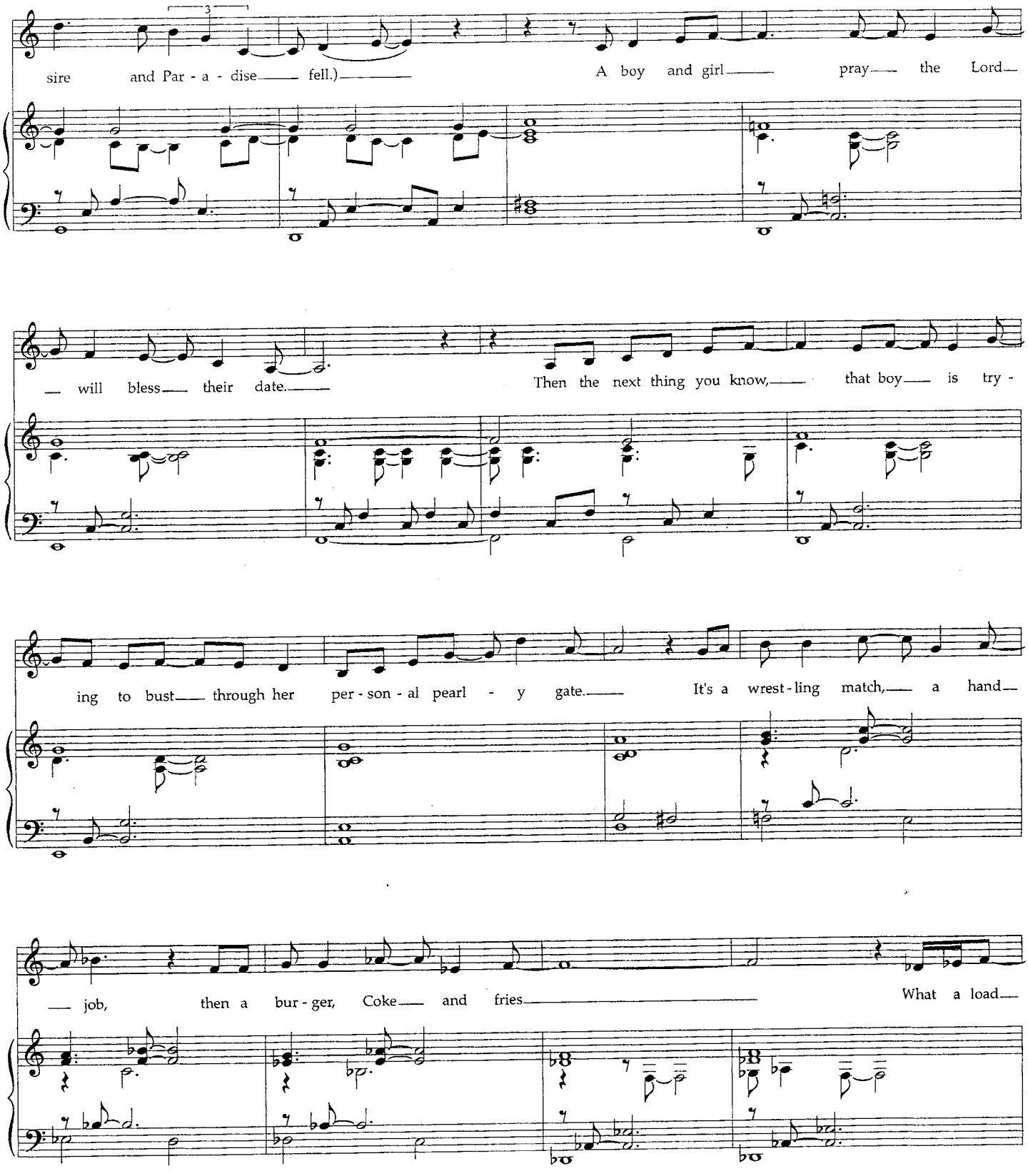
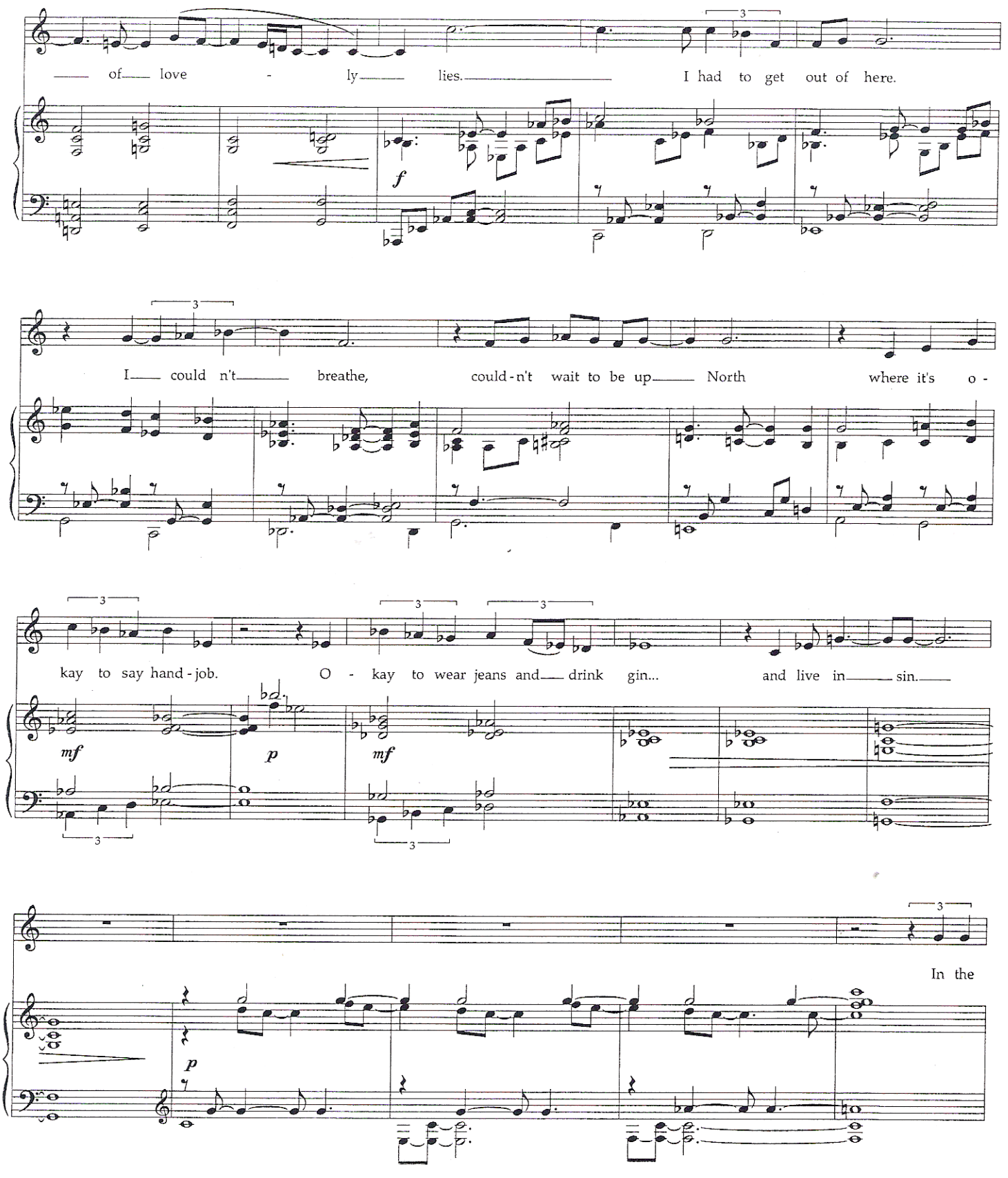
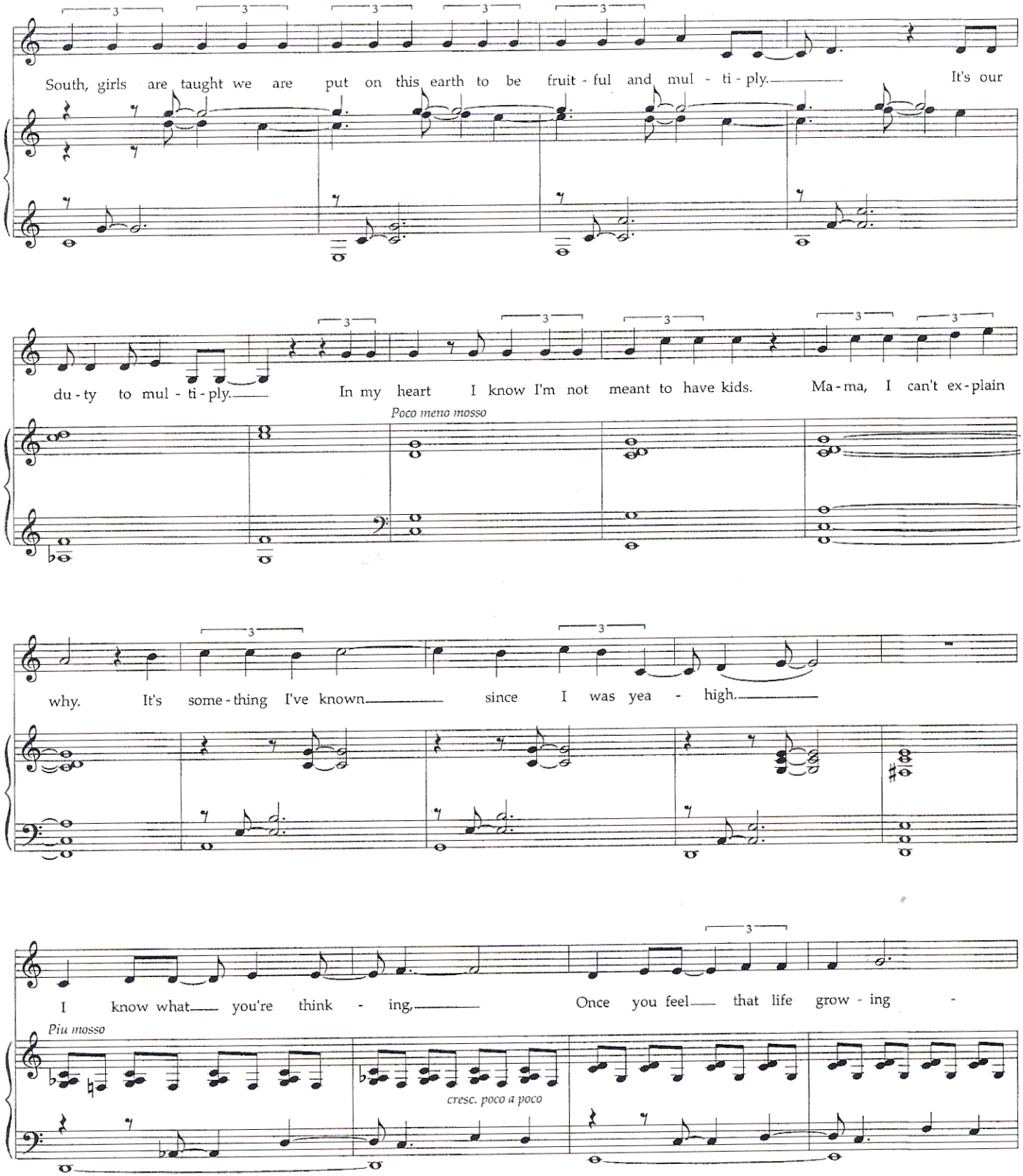

A tempo
♩= 120
mf
In the South,
— you're raised on a moun - tain of grits and a whole mess of pe - can pie.
No, I don't
mp
want no pe - can pie.
In the South you're raised on heaps of hymns

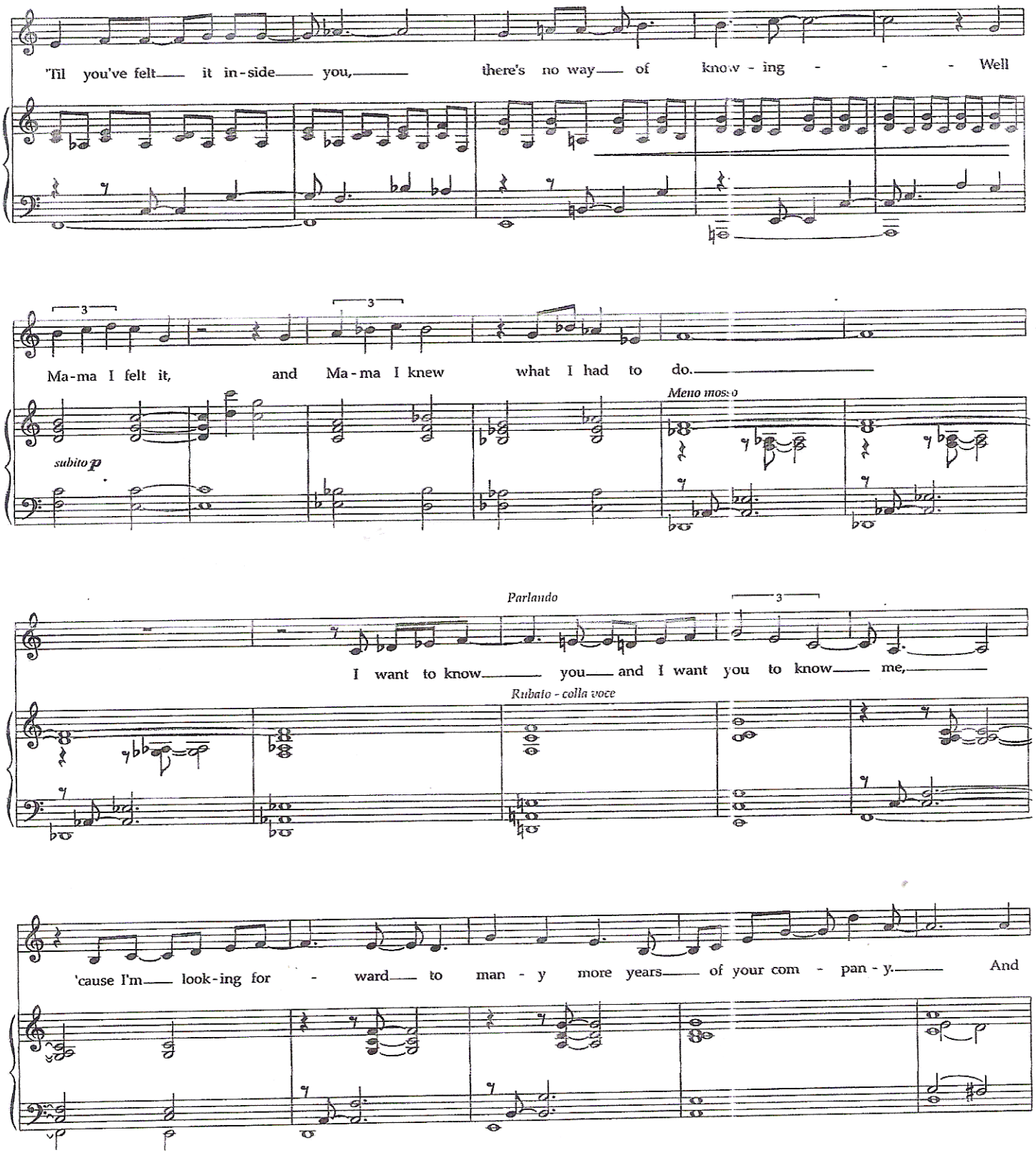

hol-lered up to the sky. Sing your way out of sin, or at least you try.
Where moth - ers keep pre - tend - ing not to know their res-pect-a-ble hus -
bands are get-ting drunk in the cel-lar down be-low. Pursed lips and side -
ways glan - ces and glazed - o - ver eyes and a lot

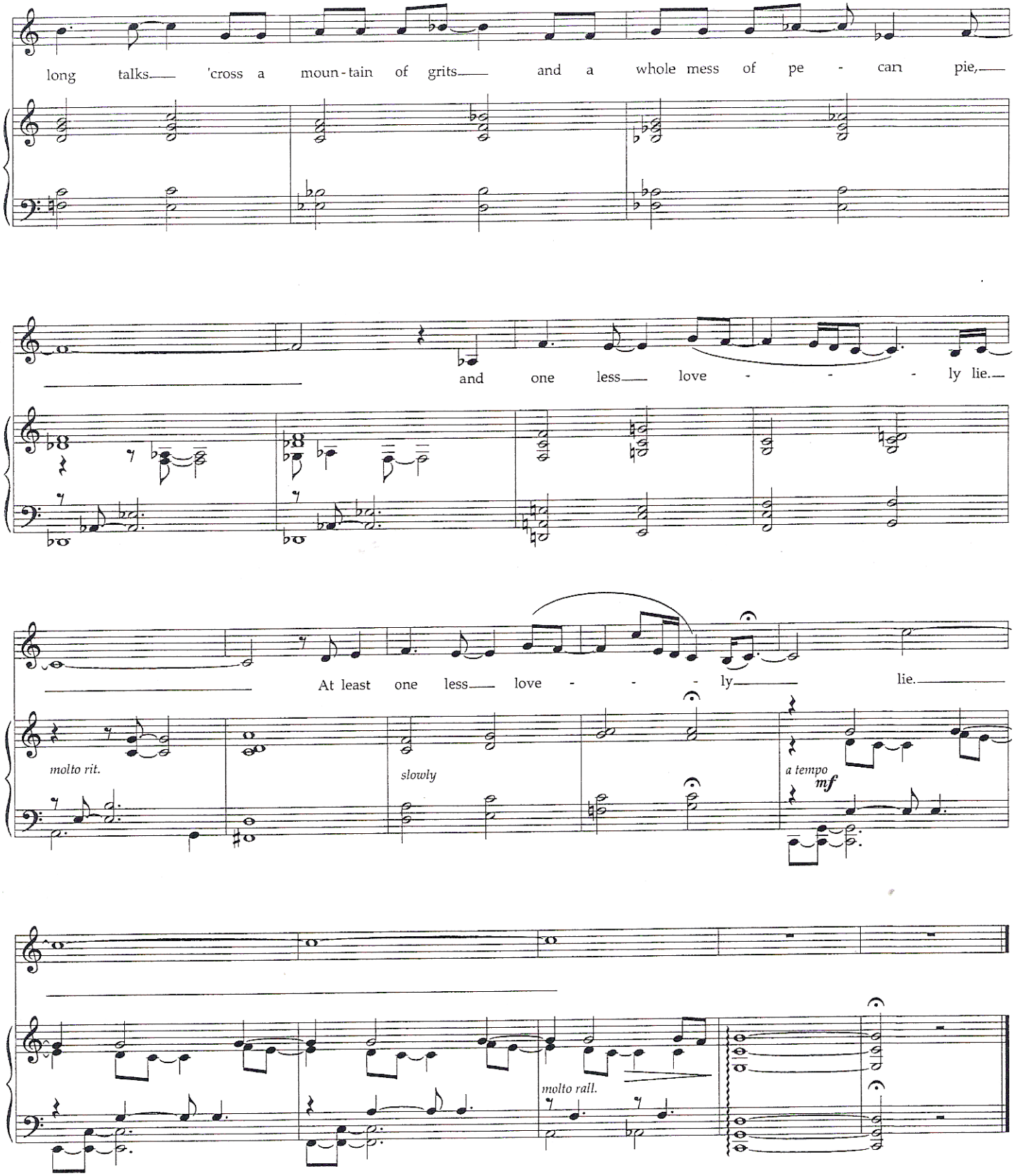

of love - - - ly lies.
mf
In the church, you're raised full o' fear of a Lord who sends sin - ners to burn in hell.
Wear a tube top, you go to hell.
In the church, you're taught that de - sire's
a word you don't e - ven dare to spell.
(Look at Eve, she gave in to de -


sire and Par - a - dise fell.)
A boy and girl pray the Lord
will bless their date.
Then the next thing you know, that boy is try -
ing to bust through her per - son - al pearl - y gate.
It's a wrest - ling match, a hand
job, then a bur - ger, Coke and fries
What a load


of love - ly lies. I had to get out of here.
f
I could n't breathe, could-n't wait to be up North where it's o -
kay to say hand-job. O - kay to wear jeans and drink gin... and live in sin.
mf
p
mf
In the
p


South, girls are taught we are put on this earth to be fruit - ful and mul - ti - ply. It's our
du - ty to mul - ti - ply. In my heart I know I'm not meant to have kids. Ma - ma, I can't ex - plain
Poco meno mosso
why. It's some - thing I've known since I was yea - high.
I know what you're think - ing, Once you feel that life grow - ing -
Piu mosso
cresc. poco a poco


'Til you've felt it in-side you, there's no way of know - ing - - - Well
Ma-ma I felt it, and Ma-ma I knew what I had to do.
subito p
Meno mosso
Parlando
I want to know you and I want you to know me,
Rubato - colla voce
'cause I'm look-ing for - ward to man - y more years of your com - pan - y. And


long talks 'cross a moun-tain of grits and a whole mess of pe - can pie,
and one less love - - - ly lie.
At least one less love - - - ly lie.
molto rit.
slowly
a tempo
mf
molto rall.