

Colorfinger, Culver Palms

I heard the truth about you
And it doesn't really read at all,
Like the whipping stick you raised me with
A scared woman in a private hell
Hushed voice like electric bell
Strange talk about Edgar Cayce
And the long lame walk of the dark 70's
Strange talk about Edgar Cayce
And the long lame walk of the dark 70's
I heard the truth about you, yeah you
Mama they woke me up
I was deep in an idiot sleep
I was just 8 years old
I heard big words with a horrible sound
Mama they called my school
To tell me my mother had a nervous breakdown

I wish I believed like you do, yeah you
In the myth of a merciful God, in the myth of a heaven or hell
I hear the voices you hear sometimes
Sometimes it gets so much, I feel like letting go
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go
Sometimes it gets so Goddamn hard I feel like letting it all go
Letting it all go (x5)

Ran away, went looking for you
back to Culver City and the old neighbourhood
Need to know if you were really gone,
Need to know if you were gone for good
I ran through the projects at night,
Hide in the dark from my friends in the light
Hide from my brother-in-law,
Hide from the things he'd say
Said you weren't losing your mind,
Said you just needed a rest
Said you'd be coming home soon,
Said the doctors there would know what's best
Said that maybe I could go live with them for a while

I heard the truth about you
I heard the truth about you
I know the truth about you
I know the truth, I know the truth
I know the truth about you
Yeah, they woke me up
I was just 8 years old
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it all go'