

Everclear, 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
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 ran away, went looking for you
Back to culver city and the old neighborhood
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
He said you weren't losing your mind
He said you just needed a rest
He said you'd be coming home soon
He said the doctors there would know what's best
He said that maybe I could go live with them for a while

I heard the truth about you
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...