

Missy Higgins, Dusty Road

I never told you I don't know why,
All those years, all those lies,
Cling to my body like oil and fire,
And they will not sleep, they will not tire.

So we have a problem you see, my dear,
'cause I can't move on and I can't stay here.
I gotta fix it, I need your tears,
But mostly now I need your ears.

See I gotta tell you, I need you to know,
You were my ruin when you took hold.
You made me believe the lies you told,
But you won't get away with the pride you stole.
Getting off this dusty road.

Girls never tell you I don't know how,
But sometimes men you abuse your power.
We are strong and we do rebound,
But bruising tends to break us down.

So I gotta tell you, I need you to know,
You were my ruin when you took hold.
You made me believe the lies you told,
But you won't get away with the pride you stole.
Getting off this dusty road.

And I'm trading in my sympathy for sanity,
So hear me because I-

I gotta tell you, I need you to know,
You were my ruin when you took hold.
You made me believe the lies you told,
But you won't get away with the pride you stole.
Getting off this dusty road.

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