

# Sherwood, The Last To Know

Every single time,  
I see you in the street as you walk by,  
You're shuffling your feet as if to say, you'd rather die,  
Then live so far from home,  
I wonder is that why you're so alone,  
And if you found a place to call you own, would you be fine?

And you tell me that something good is bound to happen soon,  
And meanwhile you'll just wait inside your room,

Do you find it odd,  
That you are not as strong as you once thought?  
And even if you run you might get caught, so you won't go,  
And you'll be the last to know,

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And you'll be the last to know,