

# Spirit Of The West, Last To Know

A little bird  
told me a secret today,  
I closed my eyes and wish that he'd fly away.  
When you're blind with love,  
When you're blind with love,  
You need a seeing eye friend.  
Now I'm a part of a circle,  
In a line of well-informed friends...  
Tell me things,  
I don't want to know about,  
I don't need to know about.  
Friends tell me things,  
I don't really want to know  
About the unconcious entertainer,  
Unaware of the show.  
For the ticket price  
Is he the last to know?  
The unconcious entertainer,  
Unaware of the show,  
For the ticket price,  
Is he the last to know?

Truth or dare,  
Dare I tell what I know?  
Your Pseudo love's been walked all over.  
Am I friend or foe?  
Am I friend or foe?  
Both sides wrestle,  
Neither side knows.

There's truth to tell,  
You won't hear it from me.  
In fact, if the truth be known,  
You won't hear it from anybody else around here either.  
You think it'd be ther easiest thing in the world to walk right up and tell you,  
And I carry it around like an egg on a spoon.  
Since none of us have the guts to break the news,  
Instead we'll wait and see if it breaks your heart.

You're the last to know,  
You're the last to know.  
And we've got our seats for the too late show.  
The unconcious entertainer,  
Unaware of the show.  
For the ticket price,  
Is he the last to know?  
The unconcious entertainer,  
Unaware of the show.  
For the ticket price is he the last to know?  
The last to know...  
The last to know...  
The last to know...