

Fairport Convention, What Is True?

(Sandy Denny)

Silver tongues are speaking long and hard into the night

I must be myself and I'll do alright

Oh, please my darling, do not make me sad

Late at night nobody really wants to feel that bad

The rain it beats impatiently upon the window pane

I must close my ears or I'll go insane

Can't you be a gentle breeze or silent as a snowfall

Won't you try and listen for the voice behind the wall

It cries to you

chorus:

Even though it only ever whispers part of what it knows

And it's never ventured through the locks

Where the brazen river flows

It's the fingerprint which is never made

It's the perfume of a rose

And it is there if you are searching

But the moment must be right

As the night is black, as the day is white

Please my friend, help to make me glad

Help me find the one and only thing I've never had

What is true

chorus