

Joan Armatrading, Dark Truths

I've told some dark truths
And I can't keep on lying
'Cos one day I'll find
I'm not your hero

It's so nice
That someone thinks you're special
Treat them right
That trust in you is precious
All the same
We make mistakes

I've used up a few lives
Now I'm afraid of dying
'Cos one day I'll find
You're not forgiving

It's so nice
There's someone to rely on
Treat them right
That trust in you is precious
All the same
All the same
We make mistakes
And I've used up a few lives
Oh...