

Kristy Thirsk, Second Fiddle

(Thirsk)

maybe i got caught in the middle
playing notes on your second fiddle
so you had a songbird on the wire
if you get stoned, i can always go higher
'cause i do know how to be true
i don't think you'll ever know how to
maybe i caught the drip of your answers
molten words that infect me like cancer
and nothing proved to be fatally dire
you get stoned to forget you're a liar
and i do know how to be true
i don't think you'll ever know how to
oh well, i do know how to be true
i don't think you'll ever know how to
yes, i do know how to be true
i don't think you'll ever know how to be true