

# Ray LaMontagne, Lesson Learned

Well the truth it fell so heavy  
Like a hammer through the room  
That I could choose another over her  
You always said I was an actor, baby  
Guess in truth you thought me just amateur

That you never saw the signs  
That you never lost your grip  
Oh, come on now  
That's such a childish claim  
Now I wear the brand of traitor  
Don't it seem a bit absurd  
When it's clear I was so obviously framed  
When it's clear I was so obviously framed

Now you act so surprised  
To hear what you already know  
And all you really had to do was ask  
I'd have told you straight away  
All those lies were truth  
And all that was false was fact

Now you hold me close and hard  
But I was like a statue at most  
Refusing to acknowledge you'd been hurt  
Now you're clawing at my throat  
And you're crying all is lost  
But your tears they felt so hot upon my shirt  
But your tears they felt so hot upon my shirt

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Was it you who told me once  
Now looking back it seems so real  
That all our mistakes are merely grist for the mill  
So why is it now after I had my fill  
That you steal from me the sorrow that I've earned  
Shall we call this a lesson learned?  
Shall we call this a lesson learned?