

# Ruthie Henshall, Live To Tell

I have a tale to tell  
Sometimes it gets so hard to hide it well  
I was not ready for the fall  
Too blind to see the writing on the wall

A man can tell a thousand lies  
I've learned my lesson well  
Hope I live to tell the secret I have learned  
Till then it will burn inside of me

The truth is never far behind  
You kept it hidden well  
Hope I live to tell the secret I knew then  
Will I ever have the chance again?

I know where beauty lives  
I've seen it once I know the love she gives  
Love like that you could never see  
It shines inside you can't take that from me

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If I ran away I'd never have the strength to go very far  
How will they hear the beating of my heart?  
Will it grow cold, the secret that I hide, will I grow old?  
How will they hear, how will they learn, how will they know?

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Will I ever have the chance again?