

# Tara Angell, Hollow Hope

The tales of the truth  
Aren't ripe for the knowin'  
'Cause they're tall  
And they're still growing

The balls of my stare  
Aren't there as you know it  
Isn't there  
'Cause I don't show it

My Hollow Hope  
My Hollow Dream  
I will confess that it is  
What it seems

My Hollow Hope  
My Hollow Dream  
I will confess that it is, yeah

The dust of my song  
Has blown away  
A trail of a miracle minute

The pillows on my face  
They embrace in the shadows  
And in sleepy broken arrows

My Hollow Hope  
My Hollow Dream  
I will confess that it is  
What it seems

My Hollow Hope  
My Hollow Dream  
I will confess that it is, yeah

I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah yeah yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah yeah yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah

I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah, yeah yeah  
I will confess that it is, yeah