

The Frames, True

True

I find it so hard to be true
And all these lies I'm telling you
Are little anchors in my chest
That pull me down into this mess
I find it easy to distract
And just as soon as you turn
Your back, I'll be gone again

I find it so hard to be true
And all the secrets
I keep from you
Are like a blackness
In my heart that
Only tears us both apart

I find it easy to pretend
That we're not heading
For our end that's
Why I'm telling you..
I built a wall..
I cut you off..
Now there's no lies
That's gonna fix this up
I played the saint
And a saint I ain't

I find it so hard to be true
But I'm gonna try my best for you
And every distance that we've known
Will disappear before too long
And every line we've drawn
Will be erased before we're gone..
This I swear to you..

I built a wall
I cut you off
No there's no lie that's gonna fix this hurt..
I played the saint
I cursed your shame
Now there's no-one but myself to blame
That you're gone....