

The Zutons, Secrets

Everyone's got secrets, dirty little secrets
Have I got one on you
Although they may be secrets, they may show your weakness
Well are they really true

Don't tell your mates on the council estates
Cos there's no one to trust
Don't tell the sky as it spits down in your eye
But tell a priest if you must

Cos everyone's got problems, everyone's got problems
And everyone's got stress
Controlling our relations, avoiding situations
Thatn end up in a mess

Don't be afraid if your thoughts are mislaid
Cos there's nothing to fear
Don't get upset if your memories make regrets
Because we've all got them here

Secrets, secrets, secrets
Are for keeping, keeping, keeping
And if your tell them
They lose there meaning