

Drake

Bernard Fanning

We meet with a handshake a smile and a sneer
But the malice is lurking beneath the veneer
As the light flickers out on the beacon of hope
Throw a bone to the kid on the ropes
Throw a bone to the kid on the ropes
As the light flickers out on the beacon of hope
Throw a bone to the kid on the ropes

You were briefly embraced by a spirit of trust
But it soon blows away in a grey cloud of dust
Now you're not really sure who to blame or to thank
With your boat drifting into the bank
With your boat drifting into the bank
Now you're not really sure who to blame or to thank
With your boat drifting into the bank

With a blanket of truth there to cushion your fall
Now we both have our truths but yours ain't mine at all
And without a foundation to hold it in place
It disappears without leaving a trace

We peel back the skin on eve's apple of faith
Let the curtain come down on this sad cabaret
Just like prisoners rot in their cells with disdain
We sit counting the ring on our chains
We sit counting the rings on our chains
Just like prisoners rot in their cells with disdain
We sit counting the rings on our chains