

At Last the Secret Is Out

Carla Bruni

At last the secret is out,
As it always must come in the end,
The delicious story is ripe to tell
To tell to the intimate friend;
Over the tea-cups and into the square
The tongue has its desire;
Still waters run deep, my dear,
There's never smoke without fire.

Behind the corpse in the reservoir,
Behind the ghost on the links,
Behind the lady who dances
And the man who madly drinks,
Under the look of fatigue
The attack of migraine and the sigh
There is always another story,
There is more than meets the eye.

For the clear voice suddenly singing,
High up on the convent wall,
The scent of the elder bushes,
The sporting prints in the hall,
The croquet matches in summer,
The handshake, the cough, the kiss, the kiss,
There is always a wicked secret,
A private reason for this.

(At last the secret is out,
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