

## The Last to Know

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Living in a house of cards  
Praying the wind doesn't blow too hard  
Giving in to differences  
Straining to keep up appearances.

Making believe the thread can be save  
You're aching to leave but  
Deathly afraid of letting go  
The threads entangled you so.

Jealousies and legal fees  
Running away like two refugees  
Shadowed eyes and alibis  
Tell you too late you've been victimized.

Freedom is near but seems to elude you  
Trying to change your dreams into  
What your needs allow  
It should be easy by now  
Why is love always the last to know?

Falling back on better days  
Trying your damndest to laugh  
You've thrown those childish dreams away  
It's over, you say, still you ask  
Why is love always the last to know?