

# Home Truth

Elvis Costello

I hung up the phone tonight  
Just as you said I love you  
Once this would have been coincidence  
Now these things start to bother me  
You still close your eyes when I kiss you  
And I close mine too  
But we didn't open them again  
Quite as wide as we should

This is where the home truth ends  
This is where the home truth ends

Does your touch feel the same as it should do  
Or is it someone quite similar  
Who killed me with kindness last night  
Now do I look at all familiar?  
But none of these things seem to matter  
Since we've grown apart  
I'd put back the pieces of what's shattered  
But I don't know where to start

This is where the home truth ends  
This is where the home truth ends

This is where the home truth ends  
And I feel like a clown  
It's tearing me up  
It's tearing me down

You say which are the lies that you tell me  
Well where do I begin?  
So I turn on the TV again  
And the world comes crashing in  
Is it my shirt or my toothpaste  
That is whiter than white?  
Is it the lies that I tell you  
Or the lies that I might?

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