

## What Is True

Fairport Convention

Silver tongues are speaking long and hard into the night  
I must be myself and I'll do alright  
Oh, please my darling, do not make me sad  
Late at night nobody really wants to feel that bad  
The rain it beats impatiently upon the window pane  
I must close my ears or I'll go insane  
Can't you be a gentle breeze or silent as a snowfall  
Won't you try and listen for the voice behind the wall  
It cries to you

Even though it only ever whispers part of what it knows  
And it's never ventured through the locks  
Where the brazen river flows  
It's the fingerprint which is never made  
It's the perfume of a rose  
And it is there if you are searching  
But the moment must be right  
As the night is black, as the day is white  
Please my friend, help to make me glad  
Help me find the one and only thing I've never had  
What is true