

The Truth

Kate Miller-Heidke

So I crawled down the stairs to the truth,
That is sleeping alone, on a bed,
The mosquito net weeping above.
That lazy old truth, been lying there for weeks.
So I throw myself on to the bed,
Onto the mercy of the truth,
Who is stirring and trying to cheer up the net,
And afterwards me,
And I'm feeling weak.

Cause I could go on, and on,
Deluding myself.
Waiting in the shadows,
I am waiting for something else
To come along and put things in order.
Meanwhile, I raise my hands above the water.
Ready, I am in position.
Just promise you'll be here soon.

So all of the people around,
I don't wanna grow old like them.
Bracing, and grabbing too tight to not much.
But I start feeling tired a little earlier each day.
So I'm looking to re-arrange the dawn,
To tidy up the order of events,
And unwind every thread of regret.
But take that away, and what is there left?

Cause I could go on, and on,
Deluding myself.
Waiting in the shadows,
I am waiting for something else
To come along and put things in order.
Meanwhile, I raise my hands above the water.
Ready, I am in position.
Just promise you'll be here soon.

From now on, I just know things will be different.
See the waves?
They're all nodding their agreement.
If you promise you'll be here soon.