

Ugly Truth

Lucinda Williams

Hide your background, hide your fame
Hide your given middle name
Swallow your pride, swallow your pills
In your house up in the hills

Leave your husband, leave your wife
Keep on runnin' your whole life
Sweep your dirt under the rug
Fix your hurt with a little love

From the cradle to the grave
You will always be a slave
To the quiet darkness of your memories
And that's the truth, my friend
The ugly truth, my friend
I've got proof, my friend
And that's the truth

Keep your secrets to yourself
Keep your paperbacks up on the shelf
Burn your bridges, burn your friends
Blow 'em kisses and make amends

Take the high road or take the low
No one but you and God will ever know
And you might play rough and win or lose
Either way, love, you'll get the blues

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