

Come Clean

Peter Hammill

There's no getting back to how it started
And the next few pages are uncharted,
There's no secret passage, no speedy getaway -
What do you say now?
We could talk about this in a calmer state
But if we wait it won't get any easier.
So we're damned if we do and damned if we don't,
We can't deny what each action means:
Come clean.

Everything you've done is carried with you
And no-one's ever going to forgive you
If you won't come to terms with where and who you've been:
Look at the screen now.
Stir up the ghosts of your own forgetfulness,
Don't pack up your troubles in the sleeping bag.
Don't ignore what you saw but believe how it seems,
You can try to make a brand new start.
We can only do our best, with an open heart
Come clean,
Wipe the slate clean,
Come clean.

The slate's clean but there's something that you never forget,
Though it's hidden in your most secret place
It's still written in the memories that you've buried - worse y
et
It's restructured in the lines of your face... come clean.

No spooling on to how it's ending
And the next few pages are mindbending:
The territory's minefield and the needle's in the red.
Let's put it to bed now,
Cook up a cover story for our given lots,
Be do or damned, stand by the forget-me-not.
There'll be no blame for the stain that a lived-in life leaves,
No shame in what might have been.
We can only do our best but our lives'll never be pristine -
Come clean, the slate's clean, come clean.

Maybe what I mean's this is as clean as it ever gets...