

My Secret Life

Rosanne Cash

In the shadow of my Empire
In the dimness of my realm
I am rolling like the heavy thunder
And tolling like a bell

This is how I live outside the body
This is feeling without heart
I am bound to the voice who whispers
Well, this is who you are...

So with pencil and knife
I carve and design
The truth and the crimes
Of My Secret Life

In the shadows where I linger
In the kingdom I command
There is less than you imagine
But more than I can stand

Saints and angels
run for cover
and I am standing here alone
like a newborn on a rolling freight train
And a stranger in our home

So with pencil and knife
The tools true and tried
I carve and describe
My Secret Life

Nothing else is going to satisfy me
Like the way I disappear
Send a messenger to come and find me
So I can get to you from here

with pencil and knife
the tools true and tried
to carve and describe
my secret life

In the shadow of my empire
down a path I can't define
Are the signs to direct you
to my secret life
my secret life