

# 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