

Last To Know

Spirit of the West

A little bird told me a secret today
I closed my eyes and wished that he'd fly away
When you're blind with love
When you're blind with love
You need a seeing eye friend
Now I'm a part of the circle in a line of
Well-informed friends
Tell me things I don't want to know about
Don't need to know about
Friends tell me things
I don't really want to know about
The unconscious entertainer unaware of the show
Or the ticket price to see the last to know
The unconscious entertainer unaware of the show
Or the ticket price to see the last to know
Truth or dare dare I tell what I know
Your pseudo / suit o love has been walked all over
Am I friend or foe and I friend or foe
Both sides wrestle neither side knows
There's truth to tell
But you won't hear it from me
In fact if the truth be known
You won't hear it from anybody else
Around here either
You think it would be the easiest thing in the world
To walk right up and tell you but I
Carry it around like an egg on a spoon
Since none of us have the guts to break the news
Instead we'll wait and see if it breaks your heart
You're the last to know, you're the last to know
And we've got our seats for the too late show
The unconscious entertainer unaware of the show
Or the ticket price to see the last to know
The unconscious entertainer unaware of the show
Or the ticket price to see the last to know