

# At Last The Secret Is Out

Carla Bruni

At last the secret is out  
As it always must come in the end  
The delicious story is ripe to tell  
To the intimate friend Over the tea-cups and in the square  
The tongue has its desire  
Still waters run deep, my dear  
There's never smoke without fire Behind the corpse in the reservoir  
Behind the ghost on the links  
Behind the lady who dances  
And the man who madly drinks Under the look of fatigue  
The attack of migraine and the sigh  
There is always another story  
There is more than meets the eye For the clear voice suddenly singing  
High up on the convent wall  
The scent of the elder bushes  
The sporting prints in the hall The croquet matches in summer  
The handshake, the cough  
The kiss, the kiss, the kiss  
There is always a wicked secret  
A private reason for this At last the secret is out  
At last the secret is out  
At last the secret is out

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