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 friendOver the tea-cups and in the square
The tongue has its desire
Still waters run deep, my dear
There's never smoke without fireBehind the corpse in the reservoir
Behind the ghost on the links
Behind the lady who dances
And the man who madly drinksUnder the look of fatigue
The attack of migraine and the sigh
There is always another story
There is more than meets the eyeFor the clear voice suddenly singing
High up on the convent wall
The scent of the elder bushes
The sporting prints in the hallThe croquet matches in summer
The handshake, the cough
The kiss, the kiss, the kiss
There is always a wicked secret
A private reason for thisAt last the secret is out
At last the secret is out
At last the secret is out

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