The Truth is Ugly

Home Brew

(I walk along this dusty road)x2i know that you dont wanna hear it
but i gotta be true
(The truth is ugly)
shitt i gotta be true
(the truth is ugly)
gotta be true
(the truth is ugly)I think i've been feeling this way for some time now
But just to chicken to say i wanna time out
Incase you start crying
finding it hard lying together in bed when sparks aren't flying
Part of my heart dying,
and still we aren't trying to resuscitate
all we do is sit around and watch it suffocate,
wanna put you out ya pain
but i aint got the guts to break, ya neck
or even cut the cord and jump or cut the cake
like i do, or do i need to need you, or maybe you need me to leave you
I need to be me i need you to be true,
i know we never knew we would lose so we knew now
what should we do look i dont know
all i really know is niether of us wanna die alone
im sitting on this unicorn hopin it'l fly us home
even though we both know it died a long time ago
and iv been bullshittin', two timin', fantasizin'
denying with this chick i met online
and iv'e been lying like shes just a friend but don't believe what i say
i do know whose party it is
and where i was on friday wasnt really where i said i was
and when i said i love you
i really only said it cos i thought that it might get you off
texting ex's adding extra x's
hoping that you'l check my text's
and then maybe get the message
that the truth is ugly
and i know
you know
that i dont
shit the truth is ugly
and i know

that you know
that i know
that you dont love me
the truth is ugly
i know you've been feeling this way for some time now
but just to chicken to say you wanna time out
incase i start spazzing
wake your parents with the glass smashin'
steal your car crash into his house
start slashin' at his throat
oh yeah i found that note you wrote
you tell me that you smoke paul mall, i know you don't
its all a lie, you stare at me i stare at you
i wonder why i never seen you wear perfume
i see ya eyes i spy i see the way you laugh at him
stroking on his cardigan dancin' with him to parliament
while i sit at the bar in whinge,
starts off with a glass of gin sparking up an argument
accusing you of startng it
just to get some tension, cos i miss your attention
trying not to mention it to try preserve the friendship
but its been about a year now and we aint been the same since
and when i hear you scream it isn't in the same pitch
bin ages since your nails dug into my back
but i felt ya knife when i found his number in your bag
cut the act, we aint the people that we used to love
this shit is dying, and neither of us wanna pull the plug
i know your thinking bout marriage honey moon in paris
but im still in the garage your mum is still embarrassed
like how could he be a parent when he couldnt feed a parrot
its apparent that your sick of me but i dont wanna hear it
cos the truth is ugly
and i know
you know
that i dont
the truth is ugly
i know
that you know
that i know
that you dont love me the truth is ugly
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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