

Truth Begins

Dirty Pretty Things

This is where the truth begins
Where teardrops glance the sallow skin
You lose your will
And I can lend you mineThe Westway wall's so tall and bleak
Reflect the words we dare not speak
By the bottle's end
We may have done our timeWhat you want is to stay away from people like me
Who twist most everything they see
And leave the gray old world behind youSo sow it up, kid, have some clout
We'll do some wine and fall about
The sun will shine again tomorrow
Oh, oh, oh, we'll look beyond the parapet
We are just bums lest you forget
We can beg, steal and borrowWell, you say the pills will sort me out
Embolden me against
The manifestations of fear and doubt
I just forgot who I used to beSo, now I'm strung
Somewhere between a dream
And the humdrum day to day routine
A laurel wreath on the door to my heartWhat you want is to wash your face and try to breathe
Forget your mind and shut your eyes so that you can see
And leave the gray old world behind youSo sow it up, kid, have no doubt
We'll walk the line and have it out
The sun will shine again tomorrow
Oh, oh, oh, for all the friends you've ever met
Some you'll love and some forget
Just hold on for tomorrowSo here's to now and all of us
With our sweet hearts we tried to make a brand new start
May the fabric never tear us apartAnd some day when we're in the cold
Here's a semblance we can hope
So pick a posy and put it on your heart for meSo, now I move and if you're in
It wouldn't hurt just to give it a try and win
Don't forget who you're meant to beWhat you want is to get a bike and do wheelies
But I bet you can't do 'em half as good as me
Throw it out when it's over, it's overSo sow it up, kid, have some clout
We'll go to mine and sulk about
How the sun will shine tomorrow
For all the friends you've not yet met
Some would die for you, I'll bet

So hold on for tomorrow So sow it up, kid, have some clout
We'll go to mine and fuck about
The sun will shine again tomorrow
For all friends you've not yet met
Some would die for you, I bet
So hold on for tomorrow This is where the truth begins
For more than seven deadly sins
And even though
I may have hurt your mind

Songwriters

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