Secrets

Tunng

Find a pine
Tree
Up in the hills with a hole
That's
Silent and dark, place your hands
And
Stand as you feel, whisper se--
--crets
Into her heart, small black stones
With
Glass on their edge, soft red squares
That
Sigh as they bleed yellow curves
Shaped
Just like a girl would cut discs
That
Nobody sees, tell me frank--
--ly
Tell me again what you told
Me
Out on the street all these trap
Doors
Slip behind time, drop like cans
On
Strings on your feet

Mmm...

Open up
Your
Tin of cold soup, eat it up
With
Bread from the shop, sit in front
Of
Jeremy Kyle, wonder when
The
Secrets will stop, lock your se--
--crets
Inside a tree, let it grow

For
One hundred years, float your thoughts
Far
Off and deceased, all and up
With
Pelican's tear, find a pine
Tree
Up in the hills with a hole
That's
Silent and dark, place your hands
And
Stand as you feel, whisper se--
--crets
Into her heart

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