

Only the truth

Yamy

Only the truth she reckons she holds
Only the truth she reckons she holds The way she walks is scripted and taught
Don't give her an eye or she'll sniper your mind
See by her hands that she's been there before
She lifts up her glass as if to bring down the mass Only the truth she reckons she holds
Only the truth she reckons she holds Climbing the stairs as if to follow her dress
Her golden laced boots may stop you right there
Hands on your arm as she greets all your friends
Then with a twist of lime it seems a bitter end Only the truth she reckons she holds
Only the truth she reckons she holds The girl with many different strategies
Wakes the wolves to curse them to their knees
She's in the one by the riverbank
So it's easier for her to drown you
And she claims, oh, she claims It's only the truth she holds in her hands
This is only the truth she holds in her hands

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