Last to Know

Neil Finn

I went down the track, made the wrong turn
Finished up where I started
Noticed a change come over me
Fell in love with my own reflection, yeahHow does it feel beneath your own wheel?
Feel like an accident waking up
Under a bus with my fingers crossed
Now is the time we could make it upSo, you lost the fear, it wasn't that bad
Left to your own devices, yeah
Still a young girl, eyes on the clock
Tick like a motor running outMagnets and words up on the fridge
Speak to the poet in all of us
I missed the page that you thought aboutDrew in the frost on the windowpane
And who I wonder could fail to notice
The aching silence come down
I'm humbled nowI hope you might come back
In your own time
Left to your own devicesAnd so, that's how it goes
Never the first, always the last to know

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