

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, yeah
How 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 up
So, 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 out
Magnets and words up on the fridge
Speak to the poet in all of us
I missed the page that you thought about
Drew in the frost on the windowpane
And who I wonder could fail to notice
The aching silence come down
I'm humbled now
I hope you might come back
In your own time
Left to your own devices
And so, that's how it goes
Never the first, always the last to know

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