True

The Frames

I find it so hard to be true
And all these lies I'm telling you
Are little anchors in my chest
That pull us down into this messI find it easy to distract
Just as soon as you turn your back
I'll be gone againI find it so hard to be true
And all these secrets, I keep from you
Are like a blackness in my heart
That only tears us both apartI find it easy to pretend
That we're not heading for our end
That's why I'm telling youI built a wall, I cut you off
Now there's no lies that's gonna fix this up
I played the saint and a saint I ain't
Now all the hurt is here again, here againI find it so hard to be true
But I'm gonna try my best for you
And every distance that we've known
Will disappear before too longAnd every line we've ever drawn
Will be erased before we're gone
And this I swear to youI built a wall, I cut you off
Now there's no lie that's gonna fix this hurt
I played the saint, I cursed your name
Now there's no one but myself to blame, that you're goneCould I have put it this way
It's wishing only
To see it's never too late
I'm feeling it work for meAnd every word that you say
I got my heart out for you
And only wish that you'd wait
Till I was waving awayI know that I may have you
There's no more fire left in me
I'm breaking down all the walls
You slowly built around meWhy do you ask for my trust
When you're not worthy of it
I find it hard to adjust
Till I get it from me

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