

Ugly Truth

Lucinda Williams

Hide your background, hide your fame
Hide your given middle name
Swallow your pride, swallow your pills
In your house up in the hills Leave your husband, leave your wife
Keep on running your whole life
Sweep your dirt under the rug
Fix your hurt with a little love From the cradle to the grave
You will always be a slave
To the quiet darkness
Of your memories And that's the truth, my friend
The ugly truth, my friend
I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth Keep your secrets to yourself
Keep your paperbacks up on a shelf
Burn the bridges, burn your friends
Blow them kisses and make amends Stake the high road but take the low
No one but you and God will ever know
You might play it off, win or lose
Either way, love, you'll get the blues From the cradle to the grave
You will always be a slave
To the quiet darkness
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The ugly truth, my friend
I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth
I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth

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