

Ugly Truth

Lucinda Williams

A harder background, hard to find
I don't give a little mind
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
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
I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth

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