

# The Truth Hurts So This Should Be Painless

## Her Space Holiday

Other night as I lay asleep  
I woke to the sound of the telephone ring.  
Reached for the line I tried to be brave,  
'Cause only trouble would call that late.  
It could've been the whiskey it could've been the coke,  
Either way he was losin' his hope.  
He asked me do I sit and think  
About the things I do and what they mean.  
I said "in life we all got a choice.  
You gotta find your song you gotta use your voice.  
Hold your breath and count to three,  
If you know the words sing along with me." Which side are you on my friend?  
Which side are you on?  
You've grown your life in the shallow grave;  
Hold it up to the sun.  
We all wish we were younger then, so we would have an excuse.  
Shut our mouths in the virgin banes; in the lies of a hundred years.  
Just another lonely evening,  
What a waste of a Saturday night.  
Just another early Sundays coming.  
Everything looks different in the light. It's common sense of history  
From the notes we sing to the books we read.  
From the writer's pen to the dancer's feet,  
Somewhere in the middle we all meet.  
It's a tragic tale of industry  
From the wars we wage in the name of peace.  
From a child's laugh to a soldier's fear,  
Somewhere in the moment we all share.  
It's a nagging wave of urgency,  
You and I have to change these things  
Or the ground will break beneath our feet.  
Swallow up you and me and everything. Truth hurts so this should be painless.  
All you'll feel is a pinch in your spine.  
From the place where the rosin bombs were  
Before you went and had a good time.  
Devil has so many faces  
Never know which one he's hidin' behind  
Till the two of you take off your clothes  
Tell each other the sweetest lines.

Just another lonely evening  
What a waste of a Saturday night.  
Just another early Sundays coming  
Everything looks different in the light

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