

Blondie "Secret Life"

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Listen while I tell of a secret life, clandestine lives
entwined like vines.
You may already know where when and how.
If I tell ya then, it's no secret now.
Two sides to every story.
Heads and tails of the very same coin.
Two sides to every story.
Different words with identical rhyme.
They appear to be most commonplace.
They're breathing like the winners of a marathon race.
It's blase casualty...
They are balanced like a trinity.
Two sides to every story.
Opposites from the ends of the earth.
Two sides to every story.

Who's to say what either is worth.
We come together, our story's told as one.
We come together, after all is said and done.
Listen while I tell of a secret life, lives entwined like
vines, man and wife.
They said it all, express solidarity...
When one's a crowd, three's company.
We come together, our story's told as one.
We come together, after all is said and done.
We come together, our story's told as one.
We come together, still the same two parallel lines.

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