

## Carpenters

### "My True Name"

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Let me call you darlin', maybe call you sweetheart  
Don't you hate it when they call you Louise  
But isn't it scary, when they want to call you Mary  
A whore, or a saint, or a tease.  
But you came here in summer, you'd been living in  
Manhattan  
You caught me wide eyed and half sane  
But you saw to my center past every imposter  
And you whispered My True Name  
I have been Betty, Eleanor and Rosie  
I've been the shamed Magdaline  
And if the truth be known I've attempted Saint Joan  
Donna, and Sarah, and Jane  
For we all have our heros and we all have tormentors  
And we'll play them again and again  
But you saw to my center, past every imposter  
And you whispered My True Name  
And if you see me standing on the banks of Lake Griffy  
Throwing white bits of paper to the wind  
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards  
And I'm speaking My True Name  
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards  
And I'm whispering My True Name

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