

## Everclear "Culver Palms"

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I heard the truth about you  
And it doesn't really read at all  
Like the whipping stick you raised me with  
A scared woman in a private hell  
Hushed voice like electric bell  
Strange talk about edgar cayce  
And the long lame walk of the dark 70's  
I heard the truth about you  
Yeah, you  
Mama they woke me up  
I was deep in an idiot sleep  
I was just 8 years old  
I heard big words with a horrible sound  
Mama they called my school  
To tell me my mother had a nervous breakdown

I wish I believed like you do  
Yeah, you  
In the myth of a merciful god  
In the myth of a heaven or hell  
I hear the voices you hear sometimes  
Sometimes it gets so much I feel like letting go  
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go  
Sometimes it gets so goddamn hard

I ran away, went looking for you  
Back to culver city and the old neighborhood  
Need to know if you were really gone  
Need to know if you were gone for good  
I ran through the projects at night  
Hide in the dark from my friends in the light  
Hide from my brother-in-law  
Hide from the things he'd say  
He said you weren't losing your mind  
He said you just needed a rest  
He said you'd be coming home soon  
He said the doctors there would know what's best  
He said that maybe I could go live with them for a while

I heard the truth about you  
I know the truth about you...  
Yeah, they woke me up

I was just 8 years old  
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it go  
Sometimes it gets so hard I feel like letting it all go...

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