

Finn Neil

"Last To Know"

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Way down the track
made the wrong turn
Finished up where I started
You noticed a change come over me
Fell in love with my own reflection yeah
How does it feel beneath your own wheel
Feels like an accident waking up
Under a bus with my fingers crossed
Now is the time we could make it up
So you lost the fear it wasnt that bad
Left to your own devices yeah
Still a young girl eyes on the clock
Tick like a motor running out
Magnets and words up on the fridge
Speak to the poet in all of us
I missed the page that you thought about
Drew in the frost on the windowpane
But who I wonder could fail to notice
The aching silence came down
Im humble know
I hope you might come back
In your own time
Left to your own devices
And so
thats how it goes
Never the first
Always the last to know

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