

Her Space Holiday

"The Truth Hurts So This Should Be Painless"

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The other night as I lay asleep
I woke to the sound of the telephone ring
I reached for the line and tried to be brave
Because only trouble would call that late
It could have been the whiskey
It could have been the coke
But either way he was losing 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?
Will you throw your life into a shallow grave
Or hold it up to the sun?
We all wish we were younger then
So we would have an excuse
But we shot our mouths into virgin veins
And the lies were a hundred proof

Just another lonely evening
What a way to spend a Saturday night
Just remember that Sunday is coming
And everything looks different in the light

It's a 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 rage in the name of peace

From a child's laugh to a soldier's fear
Somewhere in the moment we all share
It's the nagging weight of urgency
You and I have to change these things
Or the ground will break beneath our feet
And swallow up you and me and everything

The truth hurts so this should be painless
All you feel is a pinch in your spine
Or the place where the rows of bones were
Before you went and had a good time
The devil has so many faces
You never know which one he's hiding behind
Until the two of you take off your clothes
And tell each other the sweetest lies

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