

Jonatha Brooke "Secrets And Lies"

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Every twenty seconds
Someone's pounding someone down
Every thirty more a liar's born

Every half an hour
I get up and look around
Once or twice a day I ask for more

On a really good day
There's something in the mail
Once a week I get a treat

Other times a month goes by
But still, I never miss a beat

Get it on the table
Pass the gravy, pass the buck
Get it on the table, secrets and lies
Silence, faith and luck

Once a year the holidays
Come swinging at your head
Feast until you're full of pain again

It tightens in your chest
And now it's written on your face
You're staring at your lover or your friend

Get it on the table
Pass the gravy, pass the buck
Get it on the table, secrets and lies
Silence, faith and luck

'Cuz it's hand to mouth
Door to door, cradle to the grave
Asking for more, asking for more

'Cuz it's hand to mouth
Door to door, cradle to the grave
Asking for more, asking for more
I'm asking for more

Maybe if you're lucky
You will have your sunny day
Once a lifetime, maybe twice

Even when you're dying
You're still hungry for the choice
Was chance the only certainty in life?

Get it on the table
Pass the gravy, pass the buck
Get it on the table, secrets and lies
Silence, faith and luck

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