

Lucinda Williams

"Ugly Truth"

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A harder background, hard to find
I don't give a little mind
Swallow your pride, swallow your pills
In your house up in the hills

Leave your husband, leave your wife
Keep on running your whole life
Sweep your dirt under the rug
Fix your hurt with a little love

From the cradle to the grave
You will always be a slave
To the quiet darkness
Of your memories

And that's the truth, my friend
The ugly truth, my friend
I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth

Keep your secrets to yourself
Keep your paperbacks up on a shelf
Burn the bridges, burn your friends
Blow them kisses and make amends

Stake the high road but take the low
No one but you and God will ever know
You might play it off, win or lose
Either way, love, you'll get the blues

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You will always be a slave
To the quiet darkness
Of your memories

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I got proof, my friend
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I got proof, my friend
And that's the truth

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