

Michael Hutchence

"Fear"

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Tell me something
I gotta know
All your troubles
I wanna own
I'm not preaching 'cause I'm full of sin
Nothing's secret that I have not done

Alone with your situation
Fear on the face you're saving

Kiss the warm knives as they dig for your soul
There in the corner of my dirty home
Take the silver: I've paid that price
Here's the scandal
They don't let the truth get in the way

Alone with your situation
Fear on the face you're saving

Don't you worry don't you run away
There are some things that we know will never change
Don't you worry don't you look away
There are some things that we know we'll have to
change
Burning, teasing, searching, fever, twisting,
Turning
I'm the white truth dealer

Alone with your situation
Fear on the face you're saving

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