

## Clarks "True Believer"

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She stepped in the light  
Opening night  
And delivered her lines

Life is nothing she sighed  
Nothing without  
The fire inside

She lives alone  
And cries when she paints  
Self-portraits seldom seen

She swore she loved me and I believed her  
Then she lowered her eyes  
There's a real thin line between actor and  
deceiver  
She knew how to play the true believer

On the edge of the night  
She studied her lines  
For the very last time

Life is nothing she cried  
Nothing without  
Someone by your side

She lived alone  
And died on the stages  
Of her broken dreams

She swore she loved me and I believed her  
And then I saw that look in her eyes  
There's a fine black thread between  
deceived and deceiver  
She once played the true believer

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