

## Rembrandts

### "Confidential Information 3 11"

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She tried to keep a secret  
Swore she'd never tell  
Double crossed her heart and hoped to die  
You see she had this awful habit  
Of talking in her sleep  
And when she dream at night  
She couldn't tell a lie

She contemplated suicide  
But couldn't follow through  
Felt the guilt alone would do her in  
'cause the man who loved and trusted her  
Would never feel the same for her  
If she left the truth be known  
Where she had been, known

Confidential information  
In a dream a true confession  
She didn't mean to give away  
Such confidential information

She had to find an alibi  
He questioned her no end  
Did this come from some  
Experience she'd had

She said she had a wild imagination  
Yet her passion was for him  
And in explaining she  
confessed how she gone bad

-Chorus-

He said maybe it's the moonlight  
Or someting 'bout the darkness  
But I feel I must forgive you either way  
And with those words she woke  
to find him  
Lying sleeping by her side  
And her secret could be kept  
another day

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