

The Frames

"True"

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I find it so hard to be true
And all these lies I'm telling you
Are little anchors in my chest
That pull us down into this mess
I find it easy to distract
And just as soon as you turn your back
I'll be gone again

I find it so hard to be true
And all the secrets I keep from you
Are like a blackness in my heart
That only tears us both apart
I find it easy to pretend
That we're not heading for our end
That's why I'm telling you

I built a wall
I cut you off
Now there's now lie
That's gonna fix this up
I played the saint
The saint I aint
Now all the hurt
Is here again.... here again

I find it so hard to be true
But I'm gonna try my best for you
And every distance that we've known
Will disappear before too long
And every line we've ever drawn
Will be erased before we're gone
This I swear to you

I built a wall
I cut you off
No there's no lie
That's gonna fix this hurt
I played the saint
I cursed your name
Now there's no one
But myself to blame

That you're gone
wait..
wait

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