

## Rodney Crowell "Truth Decay"

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You've got me worried now  
It makes me feel somehow  
As if the world is gonna break  
Oh, c'mon, short of breath  
It's like I'm scared to death  
That I might make a bold mistake

I'd grown accustomed to the comfort  
Nothing heavy on my plate  
I've come to see myself as free at last  
But now I just don't feel that great

I can't love you like I want to  
When it depends on what I don't do  
And every chance to see the real you  
Oughta feel you slip away, is truth decay?

It throws me off my game  
And nothing feels the same  
I get so dizzy I can't think  
I dig down deep in down  
Until there's no way out  
I'm just so busy on the break

I'd like to think I make a difference  
As if indeed I ever could  
It was always up to you, girl  
And this I never understood

I can't love you like I want to  
If it comes down to what I don't do  
And every chance to see the real you  
Oughta feel you slip away, is truth decay?

I can't love you with my hands tied  
Walking barefoot down the landslide  
If I can't be there when you need me  
Do you read me when you say is a truth decay?

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