

Clarks, The "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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