

The Last to Know

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Living in a house of cards
Praying the wind doesn't blow too hard
Giving in to differences
Straining to keep up appearances.

Making believe the thread can be save
You're aching to leave but
Deathly afraid of letting go
The threads entangled you so.

Jealousies and legal fees
Running away like two refugees
Shadowed eyes and alibis
Tell you too late you've been victimized.

Freedom is near but seems to elude you
Trying to change your dreams into
What your needs allow
It should be easy by now
Why is love always the last to know?

Falling back on better days
Trying your damndest to laugh
You've thrown those childish dreams away
It's over, you say, still you ask
Why is love always the last to know?