

Secrets

Billy Strings

It's something cold like what I stuck around to fight through
And it gets feeling tougher every day
I feel like everybody likes to run their mouth but
Can't decide on what it is they're tryin' to say
There's nothing wrong with hearing voices
Even when they're in your dreams
And if you'd listen in tomorrow could be better than it seems

I used to think I couldn't even count my blessings
But now I know they're few and far between
And when I look at my reflection in the mirror
I can see some man I've never even seen
The wasted life I left behind me
Was just a war I couldn't win
I'm the devil's guest of honor that's the best it's ever been

Little said is soonest mended
Without a wing a word could fly a 1,000 miles
I'd rather be abandoned or alone
Just so I could lend my secrets to the wind

I know a man whose pain is heavy like an anchor
And it drags him to the bottom of the sea
His cloudy eyes are often lost behind a daydream
Or frozen in some broken memory
I've never heard him speak about what happened
He'll never say what laid him low
There are secrets that we carry that are ours to bare alone

You said a love that's kept in secret dies in darkness
And a soul needs to confess to be set free
So I'm lifting back the cover of my heart, dear
And hoping that you'll do the same for me
It's not too pretty, but it's open
It's the only way I know to tell you true
I'd walk the world alone before I'd ever walk away from you

Little said is soonest mended
Without a wing a word could fly a 1,000 miles
I'd rather be abandoned or alone
Just so I could lend my secrets to the wind

If you can link your value to your wallet or a key chain
Or a locked wrought iron fence around your yard
Living check to check, a skinny tie around your neck
On stolen time and borrowed numbers off a card
You blink and life is left behind you
There's no escape, that's just a fact
We're all a dollar short and
Every one of us is running out of track
Little said is soonest mended
Without a wing a word could fly a 1,000 miles
I'd rather be abandoned or alone
Just so I could lend my secrets to the wind

Little said is soonest mended
Without a wing a word could fly a 1,000 miles

I'd rather be abandoned or alone
Just so I could lend my secrets to the wind