

# What's the Secret?

Brett Dennen

Whenever I got nothing going on  
I call my old friend jealousy up on the phone  
Unpack my little blue bags oh  
Throw them on the lawn  
wait for her to come strolling along

Here she comes  
she's getting high on the little white light  
and you know me man I have never been one not to try  
I lost my candle, didn't mean to make anybody cry  
it's too late to apologize

What's the secret?  
I don't know I'm wasted.  
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There's a point when casts a spell  
I empty my pockets and wish him well  
We afraid of mercury, leave in the cold  
don't believe in ourselves

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Whatever you will feel  
it's real  
yeah  
it's real  
nothing else is true  
noone else is you

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