

I'm Learning How to Tell Myself the Truth

John Moreland

Congratulations on your book
Your sharp tongued with had me shook
Thought about trying a little too long
Give it up now, the good Lord's gone

But we could put a record on
We could dance on this shattered glass 'til dawn
We could try to make it disappear
All the cold we hold so dear

I'm learning how to tell myself the truth
Forget all the shit I used to think I knew
Forgive me if I cannot give you proof
I just wanna move you

Seems to me this shindig's doomed
You left your oldest costumes in the other room
Been a little while, word got loose
Mama's little martyr with the bible belt noose

Well, the leper at the door says let me in
I slept right through the daylight again
They're throwing roses at our feet
Talk is cheap, but man, so are we

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And tell me, when you look into my eyes
Do you still see a soul you recognize?
These golden gods keep telling me their lies
But I just wanna be true
I just wanna move you