

Truth

Mumford & Sons

A one, two, three

When I look into your eyes
I feel further every time
But I see the roots that take and put a shiver down my spine
I came here asking nothing but I'm leaving with a list
I was born to believe
The truth is all there is

The pressure of the eyes could tie my tongue and leave me cut
If the mirror shows me weakness
I get wild with catching up
You won't find me running off my mouth like my old friends
I was born in California
And it never ends

There's a fire in the almost places
Leaves us nowhere else to go
If there's a fire in the almost places

You cannot complain if you don't throw a dice yourself
Sit outside the lines, blame everybody else
I refuse to offer myself up to men who lie
Spit and sell and smirk
Out the corner of their eye

If there's a fire in the almost places
Leaves us nowhere else to go
If there's a fire in the almost places
Leaves us nowhere else to go
Don't leave the liars in the honest places

Don't leave a fire in the almost places
Leaves us nowhere else to go
'Cause there's a fire in the almost places
Leaves us nowhere else to go
Don't leave the liars in the honest places