

## When The Truth Is...

Rostam

I was drowning out the night with the last of the wine  
And my story began to unwind  
So I gathered all the shards of a glass from the bar  
And I left from 17th Street for St. Marks

Won't you listen to me now?  
I was trying all the time  
Maybe half the time I got you right  
But not tonight

Oh I'll always be lonely  
And you'll never hear the truth  
Yeah the truth is there's some distance, but you're listening  
And I keep talking my way back into your heart

Your mama told you I'd long gave up, baby but  
Your mama lied  
Half the time I must've got it right  
But not tonight

Oh I'll always be lonely  
And you'll never hear the truth  
Yeah I'll always be lonely  
And you'll never hear the truth

In the graveyards, in the harbors, in the beer halls and the parks  
I'll be wandering under unfamiliar stars  
But the spirits in my heart don't persuade me anymore  
Than my echoes off the brick and mortar walls  
And the truth is there's some distance, but you're listening  
And the truth is there's some distance, but you're listening