

(And That's No Lie)

Heaven 17

But when the fire goes out
The dark starts moving in
And that's the truth
Right now you're on the stand
And I feel like the judge
Who needs the proof?
The slaves of truth

It was on every face in town
But I would not understand
Waiting for the news
Will it ever come my way?

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Who needs the proof?
The slaves of truth

I won't be beat, not in a thousand years
I'll never lose, if I can prove you're not the one
Just leave me now, you're making my blood run cold
The word is out, so go, your feet won't touch the ground

Now that she has gone
I've got to shake the pain, act like a man
The sweetness that's inside
Will slowly die away

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Who do you think you are? You're making a fool of me
Make no mistake, this is no fake, this is the end
Just shut your mouth, make room for someone new
So guess who's back, it's happy Jack, and that's no lie

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I'll never lose, if I can prove you're not the one
Just leave me now, you're making my blood run cold
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How was I to know?
So discreet, no-one speaks
Take the word from here

If you play you've got to pray

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