

Truth Is a Beautiful Thing

London Grammar

Miles and miles on my own
Warm with shame, I follow on
A language to find hard to hear
Not to understand, just disappear

To hold your heart, to hold your hand
Would be to me, the greatest thing
To hold your heart, hold your hand
Would be to me, the bravest thing

Could you take my place and stand here?
I do not think you would take this pain
You'd be on your knees and struggle under the weight
Oh, the truth would be a beautiful thing
Oh, the truth is a beautiful thing

I wear another thought of you
With so much harm my gift to you
Hide you somewhere they don't know
Deep in my core you know you have a throne

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