

The Beloved, Surprise Me

believe when i say that it has to be true
so much to say, so little to do
i know, i know, i know you
the room's growing cold as the evening grows long
see in your eyes something is wrong
i know, i know, i know you

so where do you go at the end of the day?
where do you hide away?

age has a way of pretending to see
right to the core of what we want to be
but i know, i know, i know me
and i've lost all interest in matters of worth
old again, wise again, born again, no constancy
oh but i know me

so where do you go at the end of the day?
where do you go when you seem so far away?
tell me what happened to the promises that we made
where do you hide away?

so tell me where do you go at the end of the day?
where do you go when you seem so far away?
what happened to the promises that you made?
where do you hide away?