

# Longest Memory

[Nerina Pallot](#)

Birtherd in a shadow only true eye can see,  
Born with its twin, memory  
Rolling on, rolling down.  
The queerest thing followed in its wake.  
Makes me feel like dying, stark naked  
Rolling down, rolling down.  
And you don't know night,  
You don't know day  
You don't know why you feel this way,  
And I do somehow, I do somehow.  
See them folk on the hill - they ain't no friend of mine.  
Don't knock on my door, they ain't got no time.  
Ain't they proud, ain't they proud?  
But I swear that I heard this story one time  
About visions and greatness born to every child  
Rolling down, tears are rolling down;  
Rolling down this state of mind. All things being equal - at least in degrees  
Different, different pedigrees,  
They're burning down the streets.  
Take the burden to the streets.  
Now that she's gone do you think we're all free?  
Slipping the chains of history?  
Tears are rolling down, they're still rolling down.  
Oh it's pure and it's perfect and you know what they say?  
The good book maketh good men  
Then they go to their graves. Don't fear the fight.  
Don't you fear the fight.  
But the loneliness  
Oh the loneliness  
Yes, the loneliness is the longest memory  
It's the longest memory

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