

# The Secret

David Nail

All gathered 'round in our Sunday best  
After the service on them old church steps  
Congregation spilling into the streets  
Ain't it funny how the preacher's words  
Disappear out here on the curb  
Once the weight of an old friend's body and your hands meet  
Tending bar up in Syracuse  
Momma called when she got the news  
Hell, I don't know who she'll miss more, you or me  
No, it didn't feel real, no not 'til now  
Behind this long black Lincoln in our little town  
Rolling by buildings I never thought again I'd see  
And I can't help but think about all that we could have been  
Had you not stayed here and settled for a life with him  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Buried is the secret that was us  
I can still see you standing there  
Swollen eyes and snow in your hair  
And your shaking voice say you couldn't get past the shame  
Eight weeks into a nine month ride  
Either way it's still a lie  
Carrying your child with another man's name  
And I can't help but think about all that we could  
have been  
Had you not stayed here and settled for a life with him  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Buried is the secret that was us  
I walk up and shake his hand, tell him just how sorry I am  
And what I wouldn't give to have you back  
I wonder if you're looking down on all who is gathered 'round  
Knowing one day I too will find peace  
And I can't help but think about all that we could have been  
Had you not stayed here and settled for a life with him  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Buried is the secret that was us  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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