

Neil Finn, Last To Know

Way down the track
Made the wrong turn
Finished up where I started
You noticed the change came over me
Fell in love with my own reflection
How does it feel
Beneath your own wheel
Feel like an accident
Waking up
Under a bus with my fingers crossed
Now is the time we could make it up

So, you lost the fear
It wasn't that bad
Left to your own devices
Yeah
Still a young girl
Eyes on the clock
Tick like a motor running out
Magnets and words upon the fridge
Speak to the poet in all of us
I missed the page that you thought about
Drew in the frost on the window pane

And who, I wonder
Could fail to notice
The aching silence
Come down
I'm humble now

I hope you might come back
In your own time
Left to your own devices

And so
That's how it goes
Never the first
Always the last to know