

# Ain't It the Truth

## The Briefs

Outside the walls a curtain calls  
i cant believe were here at all  
what you see i do believe  
i got no place, no place to bleed  
ive got nothing left, ive got nothing right  
ive got not place to sleep tonite,  
'cause what you see is what you get  
i dont want your sympathy yetAint it the truth  
aint it the truth that hurts  
theres no excuse  
and it could only get worseFaze in this world are hard to face  
i must agree i hate this place  
the cover ups have all been shown  
we pay no mind, dont want to know  
we dont hear a word, we dont need to think  
we dont want no trouble dont change a thing  
'cause lifes much better when you close your eyes  
But i cant live in your disguiseAint it the truth  
Aint it the truth that hurts  
Theres no eXcuse  
and it will only get worse, and worse, and worse...

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