The Truth

John Wesley Harding

I was arrested for disturbing the peace
But, hey, I was disturbing the war
I was waving a small white handkerchief
Singing "please don't fight no more"
And I thought there'd be an army each side
But there were just two guys wearing very bad ties
So I shouted until my throat went hoarse
And they cut out my voicebox of courseI was taken to court in a city of gold
Where silence is a sure sign of guilt
And you can't speak out in your own defense
Or be heard over worlds being built
And the trial was a farce as befitted a place
Where comedy and tragedy share the same face
The judge read the verdict, a curtain was raised
An audience roared out its praiseAnd I said
"Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction separate?
Who's the bug guy that we have to pay
To find the truth around here today?"It all made the news but the story was wrong
And the photo wasn't even of me
And the great god I love, he intoned from above
You shouldn't sniff at free publicity
But it wasn't the voice I'd expected to hear
it was thin and unclear like Richard Gere
And somebody said "God's had a bad fall
That's his manager taking his calls"And I said
"Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction go their separate ways?
I thought we were much too clever to pray
But where's the truth to find the truth?"I was put in a cell for the whole afterlife
But my mind was just as free as can be
Somebody said, "just your body's enchained"
And you can guess how that encouraged me
So I wandered and roamed for the rest of my days
I was clearing my name, I was apportioning days
And then I woke up, it was all a dream, all was well
But when I woke up, I woke up in my cellAnd I said
"Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction separate

No-one wants to be the one to say
Where's the truth around here today?"I was arrested for disturbing the peace.

Songwriters
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