The Confessor

Joe Walsh

If you look at your reflection in the bottom of a well what you see is only on the surface
If you try to see the meaning hidden underneath the measure of the depth can be deceivingThe bottom has a rocky reputationYou can feel it in the distance the deeper down you stare
From up above it's hard to see, but you know when you're there
On the bottom words are shallow - on the surface talk is cheap
You can only judge the distance by the company you keepIn the eyes of the ConfessorIn the eyes of the Confessor there's no place you can hide
You can't hide from the eyes
Don't you even tryIn the eyes of the Confessor you can't tell a lie
You cannot tell a lie
Strip you down to size
Naked as the day that you were born
Naked as the day that you were bornTake all the trauma, drama, karma, guilt, and doubt, and shame
"What if's" and "if only's"; the shackles and the chains
Violence and agression; the pettiness and scorn
The jealousy and hatred; the tempest and discord
And give it up!

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