Truth

Claas P. Jambor

Wake up, there's nobody home
There's nobody you can show
The sword you pulled out of the stone
Somebody took them away
Every morning you forget
Like your memory's erased
Too many days turning into nights
Too many wrongs turning into rights
Searching for a reason to escape
It's easy when the truth just walks away
Neighbors won't look you in the eye
There goes old man Billy Joe
Can't believe he's still alive
Carries an old bag of bones
He's always talking to himself
Doesn't know that he's alone
Too many days turning into nights
Too many wrongs turning into rights
Searching for a reason to escape
It's easy when the truth just walks away
Went to the river to lie
Found my body on the ground
Found my home up in the sky
There's no more to life than a day
Took me buried in the ground
Now you'll never hear me say
Too many days turning into nights
Too many wrongs turning into rights
Searching for a reason to escape
It's easy when the truth just walks away
Too many days turning into nights
Too many wrongs turning into rights
Searching for a reason to escape
It's easy when the truth just walks, walk on
It just walks away

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