

# Truth

## Brian Melo

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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