

The Truth

Billy Dean

I'm a hand on the Bible, the words of a father
A hymn in an old pinewood church
I've been written on pages and passed down through ages
I ain't pretty and sometimes I hurt

But they'll try to spin me so you won't believe me
While looking you straight in the eye
And they'll try to drown me until you forsake me
With a bottle of their best 90 proof
But you've known me all along
I'm the difference between right and wrong
I am the truth

They're gonna make me a fossil like an old Steinbeck novel
A souvenir lost on a shelf
So in a moment of weakness don't let them come between us
Or turn you into someone else

Cause they'll try to spin me so you won't believe me
While looking you straight in the eye
And they'll try to drown me until you forsake me
With a bottle of their best 90 proof
But you've known me all along
I'm the difference between right and wrong
I am the truth

And I'll set you free if you listen to me
Yeah I'll set you free
Cause you've known me all along
I'm the difference between right and wrong
I am the truth
Yeah I am the truth