

## Truth ?

Christopher Cross

We scratch and fight to learn  
Where in this heaven our truth is  
But will the years all burn  
Before we look we look where our youth is

The dove is not distressed  
For the truth of why or when  
Her truth is food and rest  
So she can fly again

Embarrassed now by all that hair  
Young and foolish we declare  
Didn't know what the game was  
Still our aim was true  
We took the world and made a fuss  
But now the world has taken us  
We are beaten but we're learning what to do

The truth  
The truth  
The truth  
The truth  
We knew it in our youth