

# Truth Be Told

John Moreland

January eyes fixed on iridescent lies  
Truth be told, it's no surprise  
The saints came self-appointed, said they were anointed  
And time is just a faded sign  
The world was always ending, it was good in the beginning  
But I don't know how far this goes  
Saw you standin' in a pose, wearin' someone else's clothes  
I don't know how far this goes

Committing sabotage, out in the garage  
Turn it up and let it go, chase that old mirage  
At the end of our rope, or some other tired trope  
Raised in the glow of a television show

But you don't owe me anything, I don't owe you anything  
No, it don't mean a thing  
I don't owe you anything, you don't owe me anything  
No, it don't mean a thing

I guess you can't see, I'm sweepin' up debris  
All for your miserable cause  
Left to my devices, payin' heavy prices  
Empty as I ever was

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No, it don't mean a thing  
I don't owe you anything, you don't owe me anything  
No, it don't mean a thing