

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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