

Brent Black

moe.

Here's the whole truth I know it's true I made it up myself And
I impart it to you It's not the bait At the end of your line I
t's the fishing hole Where all the fish is blind

Here's the whole truth I know it's true I made it up myself And
I impart it to you It's not the driver Of the speedy fast car
It's the engine proper That helps you get where you are Time wi
ll show you who you are

We're all just hapless victims Of knowledge and learning and su
ch The man you thought you licked 'em But you choked in the clu
tch Brent Black, you said it yourself It's an ethereal kind of
flu A Mac virus reveals the plot Of the fiendish Fu Man Chu

Here's the whole truth I know it's true Made it up myself And I
impart it to you (YOU!) It's not the drinking Of the suds you
partake It's more the clinking And the toast that you make Time
will show you where you are

Brent Black Where did you go? They stole your face And you miss
ed the show

(Third Verse Repeated 2x) We're all just hapless victims Of kno
wledge and learning and such The man you thought you licked 'em
But you choked in the clutch Brent Black, you said it yourself
It's an ethereal kind of flu A Mac virus reveals the plot Of t
he fiendish Fu Man Chu