

## **Brother Cane "The Truth"**

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(Johnson, Rhodes)  
This time  
Maybe I was the killing kind  
I go  
But my leaving has gone awry  
These days  
Am I losing again?  
The patience bending out of shape  
Inside out my poor escape  
Time turns a key that I'm holding on to  
Can we feel the freedom another day  
Hail to the truth inside hiding from you  
Can't let it fail to deliver us away  
I'm turning around and I'm telling the truth

Look hard  
Look at me I'm the only one  
To decide  
To release what I'm running from  
You said  
It was worth everything  
And now these thoughts of hope embrace  
The me I'm turning round to face  
Don't fade this time  
You'll be inspired  
I've been resigned  
When these fears subside  
You'll know me  
This time, decide, to look hard, inside

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