

Burnett T-bone

"The Wild Truth"

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you never said it was a bed of roses
but you never said it was a bed of nails
you never told me 'bout the rubber hoses
or how unsteady were the justice scales
i need the wild truth
on the street there are a billion people
they got no love, they got no hope
they got no youth, they got no beauty
they're looking backwards through a telescope
they need the wild truth
whatever happened to the man walking down the street
with his hands in his pockets whistling a tune?
science fiction and nostalgia have become the same
thing
i don't know how to make any choices anymore i mean,
who do i vote for? i get the feeling that as soon as
something appears in the paper it ceases to be true
i have to meet the man who can crack this world of
justice
like a safe. someone with the courage to allow room for
good things to run wild
into the wild truth

we don't need no voodoo stories
from no magic president
who tries to make a dream a fait accompli
by using phantoms for his evidence
we need the wild truth
i tell a hundred thousand lies that twist me
into the noise where i hide my sin
my shame and scandal pull me down and kiss me
i can't live a life that might have been
i need the wild truth
are we supposed to take all this greed and fear and
hatred
seriously? it's like watching dust settle it never changes
it's too consistent
mercy is not consistent it's like the wind
it goes where it will. mercy is comic, and its the only
thing worth taking seriously
i need the wild truth

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