

John Wesley Harding

"The Truth"

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Well, I was arrested for disturbing the peace
But hey, I was disturbing the war
I was holding a small white handkerchief
Singing, "Please, don't fight, no more"

And I thought that there'd be an army each side
But there were just two guys wearing very bad ties
So I shouted until my throat went hoarse
And they cut out my voicebox of course

I was taken to court in a city of gold
Where silence is a sure sign of guilt
Where you can't speak out in your own defense
Or be heard over worlds being built

And the trial was a farce as befitted a place
Where comedy and tragedy share the same face
The judge read the verdict, a curtain was raised
An audience roared out its praise

And I said, "Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction separate?
Who's the big guy that we have to pay
To find the truth, to find the truth?"

It all made the news but the story was wrong
And the photo wasn't even of me
And the great God I love, He intoned from above
You shouldn't sniff at free publicity

But it wasn't the voice, I'd expected to hear
It was thin and unclear like Richard Gere
And somebody said, "God's had a bad fall
That's his manager taking his calls"

And I said, "Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction, go their separate ways?
I know that we were much too clever to pray
But where's the truth to find the truth?"

I was put in a cell for the whole afterlife
But my mind was just as free as could be

Somebody said, "Just your body's enchained"
And you can guess how that encouraged me

So I wandered and roamed for the rest of my days
I was clearing my name, I was apportioning blame
When I woke up, it was all a dream, all was well
When I woke up, I woke up in my cell

And I said, "Where's the truth around here today?
Where do fact and fiction separate?
And no one wants to be the one to say
Where's the truth, see where's the truth
See where's the truth in this world today?"

I was arrested for disturbing the peace
And I was disturbing the war
I was holding a small white handkerchief
I was singing, "Please, don't fight, any more"

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