

Ben Howard**"Truth"**

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Move it forward, spread the word, we're setting up the stage,
The rich get rich, the rest get desperate, trying to play the game.
All these people, all this greed consumed by apathy

and I'm so small all I do is sit Around
and I'm guilty too, but America
I can't ignore anymore the stories that I hear.

we're so diverse we have to chase our immigrants away.
well people give what they recieve and all they feel is pain
we love our guns until they're turned round,
well who've we got to blame?
And I'm so small all I do is sit around
And I'm guilty too but America
I can't ignore, anymore, the stories that I hear
not when genocide is named civil war to keep us in the clear

we say we're pure, insist we're good and what do we reward?
Beauty, Dollars, Power is our soul,
well tell me, tell me whats power ever done,
if anything in this world breeds kindness, tell me its not love

cause it doesn't have to be this way, its up to us where we go or stay,
there are places where mountains refresh the soul and rain pours truth into us all

Ubuntu, Brotherhood, Humanity
Where people live so simple and content
and the women may not be slender but they're strong, beautiful and tender.
They don't lose their identities, their lives filled up by humanity
now tell me, this is not the way to be

tell me this is not the way to be
yeah, tell me, this is not the way to be

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