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 it's the only thing worth taking seriously

i need the wild truth

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