

# Don McLean, You Who Love The Truth

Black crows in the summer sky. Wheat fields turned to gold.  
Workers in the blazing sun. Forests in the cold.  
Farmers in a cabin room. Portraits of your eyes  
look at me in painful gloom, they've seen so many lies.  
You who love the truth, you who love the truth,  
you who love the truth have seen, so many lies.  
Skeletons smoke cigarettes. A blazing sun that never sets.  
A purple forest in the haze. Hands that know of common ways.  
Some survive their shattered dreams, but you are lost in colour schemes  
falling down between the seams, you've seen so many lies.  
You who love the truth, you who love the truth,  
you who love the truth have seen, so many lies.  
I wonder how you'd feel today, if you knew the millions that they'd paid  
for canvas glowing with your heat, shown in airconditioned suites  
with glass and steel and carpet floors, stored in crypts as cold as yours.  
Portraits of your bleeding eyes, eyes that saw so many lies.  
You who love the truth, you who love the truth,  
you who love the truth have seen, so many lies.  
You who love the truth, you who love the truth, you who love the truth.