

# Joe Walsh, The Confessor

If you look at your reflection in the bottom of a well,  
What you see is only on the surface.  
When you try to see the meaning, hidden underneath,  
The measure of the depth can be deceiving.  
The bottom has a rocky reputation

You can feel it in the distance the deeper down you stare.  
From up above it's hard to see, but you know when you're there.  
On the bottom words are shallow.  
On the surface talk is cheap.  
You can only judge the distance by the company you keep  
In the eyes of the Confessor.

In the eyes of the Confessor,  
There's no place you can hide.  
You can't hide from the eyes (of the Confessor)  
Don't you even try.  
In the eyes of the Confessor  
You can't tell a lie,  
You cannot tell a lie (to the Confessor)  
Strip you down to size,  
Naked as the day that you were born,  
Naked as the day that you were born.

Take all the trauma, drama, comments,  
The guilt and doubt and shame  
The "what ifs" and "if only's"  
The shackles and the chains  
The violence and aggression,  
The pettiness and scorn,  
The jealousy and hatred,  
The tempest and discord,  
AND GIVE IT UP!