

# Phil Ochs, The Confession

Bm                                    A  
There's nothing as cold as the freeze in your soul  
G            A            Bm  
at the moment when you are arrested.  
Bm                                    A  
There's nothing as real as the iron and steel  
G            A            Bm  
on the handcuffs when you protested.  
D                                    F#  
You race through the night in the prison of fright  
Bm                                    A  
as you head for the quicksand of questions.  
Bm                                    A  
And children unborn will see you in scorn  
G            A            Bm  
if ever you make a confession.

And the click of a lock is a shiver of shock  
as you wonder what are their objectives.  
Upon your guard for the voices are hard  
that belong to the cops and detectives.  
And it's hard to believe as they roll up their sleeves  
that you're in for more than a session.  
And it couldn't be true and it's not really you  
that they want to make a confession.

You cannot conceal the confusion you feel  
as they steadily work to out-guess you.  
And some will pretend they are really your friend  
who rally around to your rescue.  
With frightening force your mind is divorced  
to give them the guilty impression.  
Every word that you hear is a weapon of fear  
to win the war of confessions.

The lights shoot a glare like bullets they stare  
and burn out the base of conviction.  
And you squint and you blink and you try not to think  
of the cobwebs of contradictions.  
And your clothes will be wet with the rivers of sweat  
that tells the tale of attention.  
And once in awhile the clock has to smile  
as it counts the time of confession.

The questions will rain and pour on your brain  
with the proper speed they are driven.  
The circles they pace and the sneer on their face  
tells you no quarter is given.  
You can salvage your mind when the paper is signed  
then the crime is solved by oppression.  
But win, lose, or draw, it's the rule of the law  
to always work for confession.

And the balance of scales seems distant and pale  
in the shadowy days of the trial.  
And sometimes they die; with their name on a lie  
when it's all too late for denial.  
When agreement is full the switch must be pulled  
and the chair leaves no hope for correction.  
But the chances are large he was guilty as charged  
After all, he made a confession.