

Steve Earle & The Dukes, The Truth

In the blue of the evenin' when the sun is low
There's a shadow that creeps across my cell block floor
And it comes to remind me what I'm in here for
No I'm not admittin' that I done the crime
I'm only gettin' down to doin' time
And the passin' of days is no concern of mine.

There's a guard on the second shift comes on at three
And he's always about a half inch off of me
Like he needs to keep remindin' me that I'm not free
God forgive him 'cause he doesn't see
He's no less a prisoner 'cause he holds a key
And God forbid he turn his back on me.

For every wall you build around your fear
A thousand darker things are born in here
And they're fed on contempt for all that you hold dear
Truth is it doesn't matter what you do
'Til you gaze in the mirror with an eye that's true
And admit that what scares you is the me in you.

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