

# 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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