

Tony Joe White, Closer To The Truth

Strong instinct for survival
Romantically insane
Moving soft along the edge of time
Like a panther in the rain

Manipulated rebels
With a total disregard for the rules
When pride comes tumbling off the great white stallion
You move closer to the truth

And the search continues for the meaning
They build the cathedrals high
But we keep our weapons ready
Looming dark against the sky

They're taking down the rain forest
Changing it to a room without a view
And the big trees fall like dominoes
And we move closer
The eagle watches from the mountain
As the warriors turn into fools
And the dice are thrown on sacred ground
And they move closer to the truth

And who's gonna tell the children
How the rivers used to flow crystal blue
And we keep leaving scars on Mother Earth
And moving closer to the truth