

Bourbon and the Truth

I'm sitting in a time zone nobody else can share
Technology has sucked the romance straight out of the air
The room is almost dead enough to wish someone was there
There's red wine on my toothbrush and rebellion in my hair
The lights are going down in this old house that I despise
The mirror says it likes me and the mirror's telling lies
No one comes to see me and if anybody tries
I can kiss them on the cheek but I can't look 'em in the eyes

And I don't want the pills that took the scenic route around your system
Or the God that walked you through the steps it took to finally kick them
Don't want the virgin mother showing up like some mirage
Or the cloak of alcohol that used to keep you camouflaged

All I wanna do is make some money, take you out for breakfast honey
Raise a glass and toast eternal youth
But Mr can you tell me how no matter what I'm drinking now
All I can taste is bourbon and the truth

I'm sitting in a bar room where identity's a curse
Hypnotised by sparkles on the blonde's designer purse
My priest is shooting vodka with my psychiatric nurse
The music's getting better and my vision's getting worse
This place is getting dangerous and the news reporter said;
If the marksman could've kept his nerve I'd already be dead
Sirens start to blare from every backstreet in my head
There's an angel making coffee for the devil in my bed

And I don't want the friends who promised me their blood then kept me waiting
Or the hippocratic oath they took before self medicating
Don't want the lousy cocktail that she's shaking up right now
In a world that fooled me twice and never thought to teach me how

All I wanna do is make some money, take you out for breakfast honey
Bury all the bodies and the proof
But kiss me one more time for luck, I swear each time you do
It's just about as sweet as bourbon and the truth

Now my heart's back on the stage where the crowd can watch it bleed
While the music beats an overdue confession out of me
And if there's a God in heaven could he please decide my fate
And toward which side I'm leaning in the gun control debate
Because the left are all deluded and the right are obsolete
And there's a squatter in the White House and a curse on Downing Street
I'm just watching all these people bid away their blood and gold
In an auction house where nobody approved what's being sold

And right before I wrote a song that mattered
The industry turned into glass and shattered

Now all I wanna do is make some money, take you out for breakfast honey
Laugh my way back to the polling booth
We all know what it's like to lose so take the future home with you
And leave me with my bourbon and the truth.

Just leave me with my bourbon and the truth