

Man Named Truth

Monsters of Folk

Don't ever buy nothing from a man named Truth
Don't ever buy nothing from a man named Truth
I'll tell you right now that it ain't no use
Don't ever buy nothing from a man named Truth

Pain was hunting me down but I gave him the slip
I left the city through a tunnel and I headed for the sticks
With oregano oil in the morphine drip
Pain was hunting me down but I gave him the slip

And I fell in love with identical twins
They lived thirty-four summers between the two of them
I gave one my ego, I gave one my id
Yeah, I got to get back to my pretty little twins

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I was lost for a year in those almond trees
The sun was rising in the South and setting in the East
I was half awake, I was half asleep
I thought I'd never get out of those almond trees

So don't think too slow in the syrupy sun
You'll get buried alive when the caterpillar come
Tapping your time on a Conga drum
Don't think too slow in the syrupy sun
M!

I met a black skinned man with an ice cream grin
And a blonde Afghan with that heroin
We moved to the mountains where the highway ends
And I got myself that ice cream grin

So don't search too long for that Aztec gold
Like old Cortez gonna lose your soul
It turns an honest man into Diablo
Yeah, don't trade your soul for no Aztec gold

And never buy nothing from a man named Truth
Never buy nothing from a man named Truth
Look in my eyes, and you'll see the proof
Don't ever buy nothing from a man named Truth

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