

# The Real Truth

Steve Lukather

Blue eyes,  
black skies  
and clouds filled with pain.  
Disguise the emptiness,  
the disdain.  
Late calls,  
long halls  
with words no one hears.  
Reveals the loneliness and the years.

Like going backwards in a revolving door.  
I don't know which way's out anymore.

I can't run from the real truth.  
And not be living a lie.  
You can't hide from the fate chasing you.  
And watch it, from somebody else's eyes.  
Cold hearts,  
cruel thoughts can destroy the faith.  
Just ask the singer who fell from Grace.  
But things change  
and strange days  
can turn a point of view.  
Just time till everyone gets their due.  
I may not save the world  
but I'll save myself.  
Can't depend on somebody else.