

# The Truth

## Caedmon's Call

I've been putting on and putting off too many people  
And I'm getting old to live  
Like an injured man, ailments and unfilled prescriptions,  
Like the nose on my face  
Like a broken boat, a safety raft, and a love for the water  
Well I just can't decide  
To sink or swim, it's me or them, Should I save myself  
or go back for the others

Because maybe there's no gray and I was wrong to tell 'em so  
And then maybe all that I've to do was done a long time ago

Because there was life before my life  
There was provision before my need  
There was redemption before my sin  
For the sake of the world I thank the Lord  
That the truth's not contingent on me

Because I've been dressing up and dressing down for too many people  
And I'm a little young to live  
Like a troubled boy, a troubled soul, a fish out of water  
Because we're all just the same  
We're all just as good, and just as bad, and just as distracted  
By the corners of our eyes  
As our fathers were, and theirs before and all those before them,  
And still I glance around

And with the way I stare you'd think I'd seen through a two-by-four  
And with the way I walk you'd think I'd never seen grace before

Because there was life before my life  
There was provision before my need  
There was redemption before my sin  
For the sake of the world I thank the Lord  
That the truth's not contingent on me

But I've been putting up, putting down too many things  
That I know nothing about,  
But I'm jealous of, holding pride as tight as I can  
Like she was my only daughter

Because there was life before my life  
There was provision before my need  
There was redemption before my sin  
For the sake of the world I thank the Lord  
That the truth's not contingent on me

'Cause the truth's not contingent on me.