

TOMORROW WE'LL KNOW THE TRUTH

Sabodog

Am G F G F G, Am G F G Am

You look at them and see monsters,
but the monsters are inside of your head
The Central Park 5 were teenagers,
but to be safe you thought they should be dead

You took out an ad in the New York Times,
Swinging your noose round and round.
You screamed and you yelled from your tower,
No mercy for them should be found

Some people thought it was real fishy,
That no hard evidence was found
The facts they seemed kind of squishy,
But the boys were still prison bound.

Many tomorrows have past us since then,
And the truth has become clear as the day.
The Central Park 5 were not guilty,
They were railroaded by the DA

So tomorrow has come Mr. screamer
We all know what the truth is today.
What will you say of your judgement,
What roll does your heart in this play?

A man who condemns little children,
Like many of us back then did.
Should be grateful for all the tomorrows,
Where truth shows it bright shiny head.

Then we can see how our vision was clouded,
How our minds were shaped by the din.
We can imagine the horrible situation,
That these boys were trapped in.

So I want to ask you good people,
If this is a man that you praise.
He's never admitted his error,
He's right never wrong he will say.

If it was your son locked in the prison,
And tomorrow we all learned the truth.
That his innocence was beyond question,
Would you forgive his wasted youth?