

# Truth

Amos Lee

Well my woman, she showed up  
With your number on her hand  
Well I thought that I might call you up  
So we could deal with this man to man

You better tell me the truth son, yeah

Well he showed up down at the ballroom  
Walking slow and acting strong  
Well I said my friend I'll give you one last chance  
To admit that you done me wrong

You better tell me the truth son, yeah  
You better tell me the truth son, yeah

Now they got me here in the county  
With his blood still on my face  
Well the boys in blue they don't play no game  
All the sheriff said to me was this...

You better tell me the truth, son  
I'ma beat it out of you  
You better tell me the truth, son  
I'ma beat it out of you

Now they got me here in the lockdown  
For a crime I did commit  
Well for my last call  
I called the number on my girl's hand  
To remind you not to forget

You should'a told me the truth, son  
Make me beat it out of you  
You should'a told me the truth, son  
Make me beat it out of you  
You should'a tole me the truth, son  
Oh...

Make me beat it outta you  
Make me beat it outta you  
Make me beat it  
Make me beat it  
Make me beat it  
Make me beat it out of you