True Confessions

Gene Simmons

Before you tell me to go, I've got to let you know How you're makin' my temperature rise I let you use me, you tried to abuse me, you tell me you're not very nice I'm not your social security, I'm not your star opportunity, ye ah Oh baby, you can have me absolutely, won't you give me True confessions, true confessions, true confessions That's all I'm askin' for, yeah I do things to make you crazy inside And baby that's one thing you know you can't hide You ask me why, what's your confession Well baby, the truth is, you're in my possession tonight True confessions, true confessions, true confessions That's all I'm askin' for, yeah I'm not your social security, I'm not your star opportunity, ye ah Oh baby, you can have me absolutely, won't you give me True confessions, true confessions, true confessions