

Inside Story

Grace Jones

No one really knew him like I did,
He taught me everything I know
No one really knew him like I did,
While he starts playing the piano,

He was a preacher,
Every night at church we had to go,
Mother always playing on the organ,
so low,

Oh lord my God
Some times I wander
Oh lord my God
Consider what you will

Inside story
Last years glory
Inside story

How great thought art?
How great the art?
How great his art
His art

Oh lord my God
Some times I wander
Oh lord my God
Consider what you will

His art
Your art
My art

His art
Your art
My art.