

## Confessions

Johnny Hallyday

Father, I confess for doing  
I had a brain, but life had to ruin it  
Dissinfected, Disected, Don't Respect It  
When you put me in a cage full of animals  
Savages and cold blooded canibals  
I can't help but come but abouts me  
try to run but they found me, surround me  
Then they choke ya, and provoke ya  
try to smoke ya, turn you into a joka  
I tried to rub it off, but its all I know  
the only thing I ever knew, so what to do  
look at you, a bigot till your growin old  
your growin mold, with a soul thats freezin cold  
so I confess, but even if I'm all wrong  
I'll be down with the clown till I'm dead and gone

I confess, this lady had a purse, so I took it  
I took it home, opened it, I shook it  
she had papers, lipstick and nail polish  
credit cards and about 27 dollars  
I bought a 5th, drank it and laid there  
it seemed like, I could see the purse everywhere  
on the light post, by this mail box  
I tried to run from it, I ran a couple blocks  
but there it was, on the side walk, waitin for me  
it tried to lure me to it, I had to fuckin' do it  
I picked it up, and stuck my fuckin' hand in it  
it was full of rats, and they fuckin' bit it off  
father I confess, I'm a criminal  
but my worlds too subliminal around me  
look at them, all the wicked masses  
thats why I'm down with the clown till I'm ashes

Its like a circus, a wicked carnival  
Everybody's got a tickit, they're lookin  
For the freaks, to point and gawk at  
Look at yourself, the jokes on you jack