

# Ain't That the Truth

Poison

Now pardon my personal demons, child  
But if you do insist  
Sit down and listen to me story awhile  
Cause it goes something like this

The joint was small  
But we was having a ball  
At a place called the Blue Duck Inn  
When I couldn't help but notice her  
My future wife walked in  
I needed me a dose of her,  
So I a little closer  
And this is what she said

My old man stand about six foot five  
And if he catches you, you're dead  
Now, I don't need none of that  
Giving me the blues  
The old man sitting next to me said  
Son, let me tell you

Life, you just can't fake it  
Love, you got to make it  
Time, you better take it  
Lord, ain't that the truth  
Hear me out  
Your heart will surely feel it  
Women come and steal it  
Time can only heal it  
Lord, ain't that the truth

I save Friday nights for the ladies  
Saturday nights for my gin  
Come Sunday morning I'm asking the good Lord  
To forgive me for my sins  
Lately my heave-ho, get-up-and-go  
Wouldn't get me out of bed  
I felt like some big wrecking ball  
Done hit upside my head

Now I don't need a preacher man  
Telling me how to run my life  
Until an angel sitting next to me  
Said son, heed my advice  
She said

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You better get your story straight

What comes around goes around

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