

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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