Tell Me the Truth

Rodney Crowell

If you wanna go to heaven let me tell you how to do it You gotta grease your feet in a little smut and soot Get right up in the devil's hand slide it on over to the promise land Tell me the truth and the truth shall set you free

Down in the wildwood laying in the grass Talking to my baby with the clouds rolling past Staring at the middle of the big blue sky No matter what you tell me don't tell me no lie Come on tell me the truth and the truth shall set you free

Tell me the truth, tell me the truth Tell me the truth and the truth will set you free

Standing on the corner all tapped out Waiting on my baby really having my doubts Here she comes a walkin' looking drop dead fine When she stays talkin' man I'm losing my mind She can spend my money roll my blues away

Sitting in the window singing like a bird Sweetest little songs you ever have heard Wildwood flower, Indian love call Pretty as a picture just a hanging on the wall She can spend my money cause she rolls my blues away

Tell me the truth, tell me the truth Tell me the truth and the truth will set you free

If you wanna go to heaven let me tell you how to do it You gotta grease your feet in a little smut and soot Get right up in the devil's hand slide it on over to the promise land I spend my money Lord it rolls my blues away

I'm gonna spend my money any way I want Ain't nobody gonna say I don't know how to make my way around Sleepin' like a baby till the sun goes down Come on spend my money momma roll my blues away

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