

Button

The Lone Bellow

Oh you've got a button that'll make you cry
You hands are warm but your heart's as cold as ice
And I wanna love you but you just want to lie
Oh you've got a button that'll make you cry

Sunday morning, I'm all dressed up
My velvet shoes on and my coffee cup
We walk along through the snow and the muck
As you mind starts to wonder about the way it was

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Records playing our favorite tune
I lean over towards you as you howl at the moon
Tell me darling am I speaking too soon
Why do you always cry instead of telling the truth

Hoo Hoo Tell me the truth
Hoo Hoo Tell me the truth
Hoo Hoo Tell me the truth
'cause crocodile tears is all I'm getting from you

Hoo Hoo tell me the truth
Crocodile tears is all I'm getting from you
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