

## True Story

The Moody Blues

Now listen to me people  
I want to tell you something

Every single day  
I go on my way  
And I won't worry about my baby  
I worry about my girl  
Cos she's a pretty one  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Found me another one  
Love for her is gone  
And I don't worry about my baby  
I worry about my girl  
Tell me true, oh yeah

If she had to do the things she done  
She might have used more tact!  
I can't be responsible  
For all the love she lacked

This is a true story  
That's pretty, too  
Well, I'm telling you  
'Cause every single day  
When I go on my way  
I don't worry about my baby  
I worry about my girl, yeah

...

Well, I tell you baby  
Yeah, yeah