Sad Man's Tongue

Volbeat

Well my mama told me: son you better watch out
All those nasty woman gonna rip you dime for dime
But I got my pocket full of real tales, and my broken guitar mode
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueLeft my mama and papa's nest
I got the fever rambling my bones
Papa said: my boy, take my Johnny Cash vinyls and go
Well I got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar mode
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueStrollin' down the highway with uncle Sam roaring:
rebel kid get your ass home
Your ass belongs to me
Leave your Johnny Cash songs and get home
But I got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar mode
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueSinging in the cell 1.40.9.5
No way should I wear guns, I'm sitting my timeLeft 1.40.9.5 with plenty rock'n'roll songs painting the road
Education sucks, so I sing my song for youBut I got my pocket full of real tales
And a broken guitar mode
And the story keep on rollin' out from a sad man's tongue

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