

Truth

Amos Lee

Well, my woman she showed up
With your number on her hand
Well, I thought that I might call you up
So we could deal with this man to man You better tell me the truth son Now they got me here at the ballroom
Walking slow and acting strong
Well, I said my friend I'll give you one last chance
To admit that you done me wrong You better tell me the truth son, yeah
You better tell me the truth son Now they got me here at the county
With his blood still on my face
Well, the boys in blue they don't play no games
All the sheriff said to me was that You better tell me the truth son, yeah, yeah
You better tell me the truth son, yeah Now they got me here at the lock down
For a crime I did commit
Well, for my one call I called the number on my girl's hand
To remind you not to forget You should'a told me the truth son, yeah
You should'a told me the truth son
You should'a told me the truth son, oh Make me beat it outta you
(Should'a told me the truth)
Make me beat it outta you
(Should'a told me the truth)

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