I'm Sorry

Hothouse Flowers

This song tells exactly how, when I was, while I was
Sitting back on my deep pile reclining chair
Thinking about my life and all the good things that happenedWell, it just came to mind to me that
Yeah, came to mind to me that
I ain't been treatin' her too bad, too well, too wellNo I been pushin' her 'round and you know
There comes a time in every mans life when he's got to
Look over his misdemeanors, misgivings, misfortunes and
Miss whatever her name isYeah, I'll say you're sorry, sorryI'm sorry, I'm sorry
'Cos I been telling you lies, standing on your face
I been making you cry all over the places, Lord
I should have known, yeah, I should've known better
Well, I could not phone, Lord I, I could, I could, I could, but I'mI'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorryYou know I'm crazy, sorry
Sorry, sorry, baby, baby, babyI think this time I realized
Get down on my knees and apologiesOh Lord, I didn't know when I hurt you
I didn't know when you cried
I didn't know when you screamed, "Lord"
I didn't know when you stopped to cryI didn't know when you called
I didn't know when you hurt
I didn't know sweet Mama
I didn't know, I should, I amI'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorryI'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

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