

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 happened Well, 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 well No 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 is Yeah, I'll say you're sorry, sorry I'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'm I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry You know I'm
crazy, sorry
Sorry, sorry, baby, baby, baby I think this time I realized
Get down on my knees and apologies Oh 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 cry I 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 am I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

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