Sincere

Freedy Johnston

Mister can you tell me where I've come from
Looked like hell to me, took so long
And it's a frustration
Like I really need one
And the man at the station wouldn't help me at all
Help me at all

They think the Yank is just a jerk
Well this clown hocked his golden gloves
He ran out all ripped apart
Holding that solid gold heart

He paid the witch for a virgin's skinny arms
The warmth of her tiny voice
A little choice she won't recall
A thin veil she would not lift
I am sincere

Mister can you tell me wat to call this place
I've been cheated like I've never been
And it's a frustration
Like I really need one
And the man at the hotel's been breaking my balls
Breaking my balls

They think the Yank is just a jerk
Well this clown hocked his golden gloves
He ran out all ripped apart
Holding that solid gold heart

Lyrics Submitted by Pete Tate

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/