

# 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

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