

# Three Chords and the Truth

[Nick Roes](#)

People sing about revolution, people sing about love.  
They write songs about getting drunk, and they sing about the stars above.  
People sing about royalty and the man down on the street,  
But the one thing I never heard a song about yet is beating your meat.

And all through the lean times, and in between times, youâ€™ve got to try and understand  
When you canâ€™t get it, might as well admit it, things are well in hand.

People will tell you theyâ€™re alcoholics; people will tell you theyâ€™re gay.  
Folks will proudly admit to having epileptic fits, and bleaching hair to color their gray.  
They will proudly proclaim, they are sick or insane. You canâ€™t hide a hook nose or club feet,  
But the one thing I never heard a song about yet is beating your meat.

And all through the lean times, and in between times, youâ€™ve got to try and understand  
When you canâ€™t get it, might as well admit it, things are well in hand.

The time has come to tell the truth out loud. I sure hope you donâ€™t mind,  
But pulling your pony wonâ€™t make you go crazy. I promise that you wonâ€™t go blind.  
So next time youâ€™re alone, grab ahold of your own, and youâ€™re going to be in for a treat.  
Next to a roll in the hay, the second best way, is beating your meat.

And all through the lean times, and in between times, youâ€™ve got to try and understand  
When you canâ€™t get it, might as well admit it, things are well in hand.

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