

# **Sad Man's Tongue**

## **Volbeat**

Well my mama told me: son you better watch out  
All those nasty woman gonna rip you dime for dime  
But I got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar mode  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueLeft my mama and papa's nest  
I got the fever rambling my bones  
Papa said: my boy, take my Johnny Cash vinyls and go  
Well I got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar mode  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueStrollin' down the highway with uncle Sam roaring:  
rebel kid get your ass home  
Your ass belongs to me  
Leave your Johnny Cash songs and get home  
But I got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar mode  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongueSinging in the cell 1.40.9.5  
No way should I wear guns, I'm sitting my timeLeft 1.40.9.5 with plenty rock'n'roll songs painting the road  
Education sucks, so I sing my song for youAnd I got my pocket full of real tales  
And a broken guitar mode  
And the story keep on rollin' out from a glad man's tongue

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