

Beck Jeff, Blues Deluxe

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Truth

Blues Deluxe

I don't know too much about love, people,
But I sure think I've got it bad.

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But I sure think I've got it bad.

Some people say love is just a gamble.

But whatever it is, it's about to drive poor me mad.

I sit here in my lonely room,

Tears flowing down my eyes.

As I sit here in my lonely room,

Tears flowing on down my eyes,

I wonder how you could treat me so low-down and dirty.

You know what? Your heart must be made out of iron,

And it ain't no lie.

Sometimes, I get so worried, people,

I could just sit right down and cry.

Sometimes, I get so worried, people,

You know I could sit right down and cry.

Because I don't know too much about love, people,

But I sure think I've got it bad.