

Gene Simmons, True Confessions

Before you tell me to go, I've got to let you know
How you're makin' my temperature rise
I let you use me, you tried to abuse me, you tell me you're not very nice
I'm not your social security, I'm not your star opportunity, yeah
Oh baby, you can have me absolutely, won't you give me

True confessions, true confessions, true confessions
That's all I'm askin' for, yeah

I do things to make you crazy inside
And baby that's one thing you know you can't hide
You ask me why, what's your confession
Well baby, the truth is, you're in my possession tonight

True confessions, true confessions, true confessions
That's all I'm askin' for, yeah

I'm not your social security, I'm not your star opportunity, yeah
Oh baby, you can have me absolutely, won't you give me

True confessions, true confessions, true confessions (repeats out)