

# Latin Quarter, Truth About John

He lays a sheet of white paper  
On a gravy stained table  
He wipes the palms of his hands on his jeans.  
He turns "Imagine" up loud  
He knows that face and that cloud  
And he don't stop counting  
While he's spilling the beans.

Cos now he's going to tell us all  
The truth about John  
Tho' he needs a little help  
To speed up the prose.  
He was taken on trust  
But that wasn't enough  
You lose some friends this way  
But that's how it goes.

Here she comes to trail the cameras  
In her wake, and sable  
She wears the scent that only comes with success.  
She says it was love  
But she wasn't above  
Selling her secrets  
To the national press.

And now she's going to tell us all  
The truth about John  
Tho' she needs a little help  
To speed up the prose.  
He counted on you  
And who cares if it's true?  
You're as bad as the man  
Who landed the blows.

And they're all going to tell us now  
The truth about John  
Again and again on the interview shows.  
And if the truth isn't nice  
Well that just adds to the price  
Oh, make sure those wounds never close.

Get your cut, you cut-price writer  
Get your cut in this cut-throat game  
The more the cut, the more he grab, yeah  
He's just a someone out to stab you.