

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.