Volbeat, Sad Man's Tongue

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 tongue

Left 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 tongue

Strollin' 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 tongue

Singing in the cell 1.40.9.5 No way should i wear guns, i'm sitting my time

Left 1.40.9.5 with plenty rock'n'roll songs painting the road Education sucks, so i sing my song for you

And 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