

Amos Lee, Truth

Well my woman, she showed up
With your number on her hand
Well I thought that I might call you up
So we could deal with this man to man

You better tell me the truth son, yeah

Well he showed up down at the ballroom
Walking slow and acting strong
Well I said my friend I'll
give you one last chance
To admit that you done me wrong

You better tell me the truth son, yeah
You better tell me the truth son, yeah

Now they got me here in the county
With his blood still on my face
Well the boys in blue they don't play no game
All the sheriff said to me was this...

You better tell me the truth, son
I'ma beat it out of you
You better tell me the truth, son
I'ma beat it out of you

Now they got me here in the lockdown
For a crime I did commit
Well for my last call
I called the number on my girl's hand
To remind you not to forget

You should'a told me the truth, son
Make me beat it out of you
You should'a told me the truth, son
Make me beat it out of you
You should'a told me the truth, son Oh...

Make me beat it outta you
Make me beat it outta you
Make me beat it
Make me beat it
Make me beat it
Make me beat it out of you