

# La Rocca, Truth

Well I wrote a story  
Got put in the paper  
About all the bridges I'd burned  
For the last part I lied  
But you know it don't matter  
Cause I'll print anything that you served  
And if I was a shadow  
On a long lonely gallow  
That hang me and pull off my lip  
Cause making up stories was all I could do  
And you know that the truth ain't worth shit  
That so much has happened  
I ran with the union  
And the ink never dried with the grass  
Well the numbers got plenty  
I assure you that many  
Had been added by me for a gas  
And if I was a shadow  
On a long lonely gallow  
That hang me and cut off my lip  
Cause making up stories was all I could do  
And you know that the truth ain't worth shit  
My home was the scene  
Or a quarrelsome marriage  
That flared up whenever i spoke  
So i brought her some letters  
Washed down in adventure  
And my bed would be lonely no more  
And if I was a shadow  
On a long lonely gallow  
That hang me and cut off my lip  
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