

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
Cause making up stories was all I could do
And you know that the truth ain't worth shit
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