

Poison, Ain't That The Truth

Now pardon my personal demons, child but if you do insist
Sit down and listen to me story awhile, cause it goes something like this
The joint was small but we were having a ball
At a place called the Blue Duck Inn
When I couldn't help but notice her
My future wife walked in
I needed me a dose of her, so I got a little closer
And this is what she said
My old man stands about six foot five
And if he catches you, you're dead
Now I don't need none of that
giving me the blues
The old man sitting next to me said
Son, let me tell you
Chorus:
Life, you just can't fake it
Love, you gotta make it
Time, you better take it
Lord, ain't that the truth
Hear me out
Your heart will surely feel it
Women come and steal it
Time can only heal it
Lord, ain't that the truth
I save Friday night for the ladies
Saturday night for my gin
Come Sunday morning, I'm asking the good Lord
To forgive me for my sins
Lately my heave-ho get-up-and-go
Wouldn't get me out of bed
I felt like some big wrecking ball
Done hit upside my head
Now I don't need a preacher man
Telling me how to run my life
Until an angel sitting next to me
said son, heed my advice. She said
Repeat chorus
You better get your story straight
What comes around goes around
Chorus