

Grace Jones, Inside Story

No one really knew him like I did,
He taught me everything I know
No one really knew him like I did,
While he starts playing the piano,
(?) was a preacher,
Every night at church we had to go,
Mother always playing on the organ,
(?) so low,
(?) are complaining,
(?)

Oh lord my God
Some times I wander
Oh lord my God
Consider what you will
Inside story (x3)
Last years glory
Inside story (x4)
How great thought art?
How great the art?
How great his art
His art
Oh lord my God
Some times I wander
Oh lord my God
Consider what you will
His art
Your art
My art
His art
Your art
My art.