

The Moody Blues, True Story

Now listen to me people
'Cause I wanna tell you something.
Every single day
I go on my way
And I won't worry about my baby,
Worry about my girl,
'Cause she's a pretty one.
Yeah, yeah,
Whoa, yeah.

Find me another woman,
My love for her is gone,
And I don't worry about my baby,
Worry about my girl,
Oh yeah.
Just have to tell me true,
Oh yeah.

If she had to do the thing she done
She might have used more tact;
I can't be responsible
For all the love she lacked.

Yeah, yeah.
This is a true story, people.

That's a pretty tune.
I'm a'telling you

'Cause every single day
When I go on my way
I won't worry about my baby,
Yeah, she's in another town, (?)
I'll tell you, baby,
Whoa, yeah.