

True Story

The Moody Blues

Now listen to me people
I want to tell you something

Every single day
I go on my way
And I won't worry about my baby
I worry about my girl
Cos she's a pretty one
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Found me another one
Love for her is gone
And I don't worry about my baby
I worry about my girl
Tell me true, oh yeah

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

This is a true story
That's pretty, too
Well, I'm telling you
'Cause every single day
When I go on my way
I don't worry about my baby
I worry about my girl, yeah

...

Well, I tell you baby
Yeah, yeah