

Brook Benton

"My True Confession"

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Dear Mr. Editor, won't you please
Print my story in your magazine?
Warn all the lovers how a cheating heart
Can only end up in misery

I was a lyin', cheating fool
I treated her so cruel
Broke her heart and made her cry
Broke every rule and that's my

(True confession)
She can read the story
(Read it in your magazine)
That's my true confession

(True confession)
And I'm sorry
(Sorry that I treated her so mean)
Oh, I'm sorry that I treated her mean

Now I would call her up and apologize
If I was half the man I should be
But I'm afraid it's too late for that
'Cause I know she wouldn't listen to me

I was a lyin', cheating fool
Treated her so cruel
Broke her heart and made her cry
Broke every rule and that's my

(True confession)
She can read the story
(Read it in your magazine)
Print the story, it's my

(True confession)
And I'm sorry
(Sorry that I treated her so mean)
Oh, I'm sorry that I treated her mean

I know her love was true
But I made her cry so many times

Until one day she couldn't take it no more
She said goodbye to me
And walked straight out the door

So please Mr. Editor, ask her for me
To take me back and give me a try
And I'll be true, oh, so true
And I'll love her till the day I die

And that's my
(True confession)
She can read the story
(Read it in your magazine)
Print the story, it's my

(True confession)
I'm sorry
(Sorry that I treated her so mean)
Oh, true confession
An' she can read it your magazine

That's my
(True confession)
And I'm sorry, sorry
(Sorry that I treated her so mean)
Hey, hey

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