

Sam

"Confession"

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Oh yeah
If you got a guilty conscience
There's no need to get depressed
Won't you drop in anytime
Come in and get it off of your chest

It's a shame that I can't see you
When we're both inside of this box
Never knowing what your name is
When we have these private talks

Chorus:
Won't you please come back
Cause the sound of your voice has got me wondering
why I'm so
distracted
So won't you please, please come back
I'll be waiting next time that you call to discuss how
you've acted
Confession, come on baby

Now, was it her,
That sold you kisses at St. Patrick's last bazaar
Or the one who drank more whiskey
And drove off in a brand new car

Or the widow who was weeping
For the husband that she lost
Or the one at their reception
Who was dancing with the dogs

[Chorus]

Yes, I'll be waiting next time
I want your confession
Gimme your confession
You know that's my profession
So use imagination
You know I'll be waiting

