

Sammy Hagar "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

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 Saint 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

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

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