

Too Many Cooks "Believe Me Sister"

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(Georgesco D'Anjou)

You can pray, 'til your hair turns gray
Nothing's gonna change the way it's off to now
Never believing, always deceiving
No one trusts anyone, anyhow
So I'll pack my bags girl
Leave for the road on my own
Pack up my bags girl
Nothing's ever gonna feel like home
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Caught red handed, my tears flow
So much money, so many unhappy
It's shameful to hate what you've grown up to love
Never giving, they're always receiving
And baby, I got to run
So I'll pack my bags girl
Leave for the road on my own
Pack up my bags girl
Nothing's ever gonna feel like home
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Believe me sister, didn't really really want to go
Caught red handed, my tears flow

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