**Volbeat - Sad Mans Tongue**

Well my mama told me: son you better watch out  
All those nasty woman gonna rip you dime for dime  
But i got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar bone  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongue  
  
Left my mama and papa's nest  
I got the fever rambling my bones  
Papa said : my boy, take my Johnny Cash vinyls and go  
Well i got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar bone  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongue  
  
Strollin' down the highway with uncle sam roaring : rebel kid get your ass home  
Your ass belongs to me  
Leave your Johnny Cash songs and get home  
But i got my pocket full of real tales, and a broken guitar bone  
And the story keep on rollin', out from a sad man's tongue  
  
Singing in the cell 1.40.9.5  
No way should i wear guns, i'm sitting my time  
  
Left 1.40.9.5 with plenty rock'n'roll songs painting the road  
Education sucks, so i sing my song for you  
  
And i got my pocket full of real tales  
And a broken guitar bone  
And the story keep on rollin' out from a sad man's tongue