

# My True Confession

Brook Benton

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