

Words and Music by Gene Simmons

Before ya tell me to go, I've got to let ya know,
how you're makin' my temp'rature rise.
I let you use me. Ya tried to abuse me.
They tell me you're not very nice.

I'm not your social security. I'm not your star opportunity. Yeah.
Ah, baby, you can have me absolutely once ya give me...

True Confessions.
True Confessions.
True Confessions.
That's what I'm askin' for. Yeah.

I do things to make you crazy inside
an', baby, that's one of the things ya can't hide.
You asked me why I want your Confession.
Well, baby, the truth is: you're in my possession tonight.

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