

Blondie

"Lip Service"

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I can tell you've got it bottled up inside.
I can tell 'cause it shows in your eyes.
You keep on keeping your secrets inside and i, I will tell
you, tell you no lies.
That's my lip service, lip service.
I can tell you heard a lot of this before.
I can tell you've had your fill.
You, you keep yours, and i, I'll keep mine and when we
tell stories we'll wait for bedtime.

But the raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking, fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore.
Said the raven, "nevermore."
Your lips are sealed, but your eyes reveal the reason
you tell me, the reason you squeal for my lip service,
lip service.

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