

## **Blondie**

# **"No Talking Just Head"**

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Give 'em no hope, no tenderness, no holiness, no sensitivity, no love, no heart, no imagination, no compassion.

No talking just head!

I cannot be dead!

I will be in your head, you will be on your knees.

You'll be begging me, "please make it fucking stop!"

No peace of mind, no serenity, no mercy mild, no divinity.

You will give them no quarter, no inspiration.

Isolation.

No talking just head!

That's what I said.

I will be in your head and you'll be down on your knees begging me, "please..."

Sometimes I feel, sometimes I feel like a motherfuckingless child.

Grease it up good.

Work it back and forth.

You don't even know who I am.

Think of the good things, remember the bad.

No illusions.

No talking just head!

I cannot be dead!

When you pull the switch I will be in your head, greasin' it up good.

No talking just head!

You've been misled!

I will be in your head, workin' it back and forth like I knew that I would.

No tenderness, no compassion, no sensitivity, no love, no holiness, no spirituality, no imagination, no heart, no divinity, no charity, no mercy, no hope, no karma, no devotion, no immorality, no soul.

No talking just head!

I cannot be dead!

I will be in your head, you will be down on your knees and you'll be beggin' me, "please make it fucking stop!"

