

Colorblind James Experience "Talk To Me"

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I gave a sermon on love
I gave a sermon on love
When it was over they burned the room
They murdered my host
Thanked me with a rotten shovel
I think those people play a little too rough
I don't know, maybe I talk too much
I'd feel better if you'd talk to me

He couldn't produce
He couldn't produce
They tossed him over, they used him for bait
When he couldn't produce the papers that proved his
little sister was a saint
So sad, such a disgrace
Love, like money burned a hole in his faith
I'd feel better if you'd talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me

Milk cartons for shoes
Milk cartons for shoes
I don't care if you've been naughty or nice
As long as you can find it in your heart to whisper to me
once or twice
I don't care if you've been good or bad
Happy or sad or anything like that
I'd feel better if you'd talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me

Now, I have inhaled some venomous fumes
But nothing compares to some of these ruins
Don't be the victim of some misunderstanding
There's enough real hate to go around
Love is like a thing, counts to ten so many times
Disappears without a trace
Never can be found
I'd feel better if you'd talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me
Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me

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