

James Bonamy**"Talking Loud And Saying Nothing"**

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Like a dull knife
Just ain't cutting
Just talking loud
Then saying nothing

Just saying nothing
Just saying nothing

You can't tell me
How to run my life down
You can't tell me
How to keep my business sound

You can't tell me
What I'm doing wrong
When you keep driving and
Singing that same old money song

You can't tell me
Which way to go
Cause three times seven
And then some more
You can't tell me, hey

You're like a dull knife
Just ain't cutting
You're just talking loud
And saying nothing

Just saying nothing
Just saying nothing

Don't tell me
How to do my thing
When you can't, can't
Can't do your own

Don't tell me how to be a boy
When, when you know I'm grown

Can't use me like a woman

Woman throws away her dress
And you can't tell me, hey
How to use my mess

You're like a dull knife
Jack, you just ain't cutting
You're just talking loud
Then saying nothing

Just saying nothing
And saying nothing

Shape up your bag
Don't worry bout mine
My thing together
And a doing fine

Good luck to you
Just allow you're wrong
Then keep on singing that
Same old money song

Then keep on singing that
Same old money song
Just keep on singing that
Same old money song

Just keep on singing that
Same old money song
Just keep on singing that
Same old money, oww

I got to, I want yo
I musta, I got to
Ashes ashes and a dust to dust
I musta, jump on back
I'm doing a, my hands

I say I will, the point
Is too dark to fill
You say I can't
You're phony, you're phony
I said, I said, you're phony...

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