

## **Lowest Of The Low**

### **"The Gossip Talkin' Blues"**

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She's the reigning queen of "how ya been?"  
She's got the gossip talkin' blues  
She'll photocopy her friends' lives and pass one on to  
you  
And how do you think that I found out that Henry needs  
new shoes?  
But I'm convinced that she could find something better  
to do

I don't know what I was thinking or what was on my  
mind  
I must've been preoccupied, or wiping my behind  
And she never ceases to blow me away with the secrets  
that she finds  
But I'm convinced that she could do something better  
with her time  
I don't give a damn

Well, he's the reigning king of "the latest thing"  
And he'll document your life  
To everybody and their mother and even the  
neighbour's wife  
And when the story gets back to you it's fiction with a  
knife  
And the subjects' names have not been changed to  
protect the subjects' life

Well I don't know what he was thinking or what was on  
his mind  
Obviously not a lot or he'd have taken more time  
And now I'll have to kill him in some way that ain't  
sublime  
Yeah, one less gossip in the world, sure that'd suit me  
fine

Damn you, damn you, damn you all to hell  
Dead men never tell

Well you can't believe what they tell you when you're  
young  
And you can't believe what they tell you when you're  
old

And you can't believe what they say about you when  
you're gone  
Not much of a conversation left to hold

But Sunday morning in the church they'll catch up on  
the news  
There's a murmur in the flock, but there's a reason  
they're called pews  
'Cause something smells kinda' fishy with the local holy  
plan  
And I can only thank the Lord that I don't give a damn

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