

## **New York Dolls "Talk to Me Baby"**

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With dying proportion  
To the words that we fling around  
Make me your king, baby  
Make me your clown

Talk to me, baby  
Tell me all the thing that I wanna hear  
Talk to me now  
And make the whole world disappear

Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me now  
(Talk to me)

Poetry is a dead end  
Don't try to give it a rhyme  
Or even a reason  
Just please, please be mine

Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me now  
(Talk to me)

This world will take everything from us  
Forbid us everything  
(Talk to me, baby)  
Talk me through all the sadness  
Live and bring

And I'm gonna give you  
Every living thing that you want  
Tell me you like it

I'm gonna live in your sweet language  
Not in no country or place  
(Talk to me, baby)  
When you talk that talk to me, baby  
I'm in the state of grace

Beautiful people

They look a lot like me and you  
Just you and me, baby  
Tell me all the things that we gonna do

Baby, talk to me now  
Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me now  
Baby, talk to me now  
Talk to me, baby

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