

Nicola Paone "Blah, Blah, Blah"

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[CHORUS]

(Yakety yak, blah blah, blah blah)
(Yakety yak, blah blah, blah blah)
(That's all I hear all day)
(Yakety yak, blah blah, blah blah)
(La la la, la la la)

When I come home from work
With a big smile and feeling gay
Suspiciously my wife says
"Hey, where you been all day?"

I says, "Well, I've been workin'
What's a matter?
Can a guy be happy
Once in a time?"

But when I come home tired and disgusted
She says, "Sure, I see
Outside you have a good time
And home you come to cry to me"

[Repeat CHORUS]

I'm not gonna yakety yak

[Repeat CHORUS]

You know, some morning
When I go off to work
I got my old shirt, my old suit
And everything
She says, "[gibberish]
What's a matter
Why don't you change yourself
And make yourself presentable
What people gonna think of me
That you go?"
I says, "Well I'm a little bit... eh"

[Sigh]

But the morning when I shave

And I put my new suit, you know
Like, a nice little...
Then she starts to get a little jealous
"Hey looky man, who you gonna see today?
Who you gonna meet today?
Then the... yakety yak"

[Repeat CHORUS]

Some night if I tell her
"[Yawn] you know, I'm a little tire
I'm a gonna go to bed early"

She says, "sure, [gibberish]
That's all you do
Just sleep, eat, and work work
Eat and sleep"
Well I says, "eh, you know, eh..."

But when she wants go to bed
You know, and I want to stay up
Read the paper
Or maybe watch a little bit of the television
She, from the bedroom, you should hear the squealing
"Woah! come on to bed, what's the matter!
You're consuming too much of the?
The bill is too high, too small!
Come on, warm up my feet!
Yakety yak"

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