

## **Roches**

# **"Blabbermouth"**

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Here comes the blabbermouth  
Everybody hold on to your secrets  
You better not let 'em out or the blabbermouth's gonna tell.

Here comes the blabbermouth  
Everybody hold on to your secrets  
If you let the blabbermouth see it you know she's gonna tell.

Don't be so judgmental  
How would you like to be her?  
Everybody calling you yentl  
Always creating a stir  
Actually I'm speaking about myself

I'm the person this song is about  
And it's the loneliest feeling you ever felt  
To have to be the blabbermouth

It's a crummy gig but someone's gotta do it  
A thing goes underground and it festers like a sore  
Years go by and no one refers to it  
But everyone involved is rotting at the core  
From thinking and trying to escape it  
And figuring out some way to feel okay  
You write a song that just doesn't say and tape it  
Dreaming it will be over with someday

But here comes the blabbermouth to send that thing around  
The grapevine  
Last I heard it was heading south with a whole new spin and  
A different dateline.

I'm glad I wasn't home to take my angry licks  
When you called me on the phone regarding my latest antics  
But aren't you a little happy in the back of your mind  
That you don't have to worry about a slip  
When you're sitting with a friend drinkin' some wine?  
Don't you see I did you a favor Button Lip?

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