George Watsky "Run My Mouth"

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verse 1

I tend to vent a lot. it's hard to end a thought I get pent up and I guess I don't know when to stop if i get a mental block, you can hear a pencil drop but if not i'm all talk like a rent a cop I don't wanna mock ever yet I let it slip said i gotta get a grip cause i know you're delicate and i'm pretty adament i can learn some ettiquette bet on it that i can talk a book and never edit it seldom elegant, guilty of embellishing yelling but i'm holding shit together like i'm gelatin everyone's selfish and jealous, I'm hella slim but I gotta bigger mouth than a pelican check a fella sing, messing up the melody I know my alphabet, A to Elemopee i like you, it's shouldn't be shocking my heart's beating just as loud as i'm talking chorus

Danny: I know you know
I know you know
sometimes I say things
I don't quite mean
George: don't be alarmed

I mean no harm

Danny: Ca-a-a-a-n't I run my mouth?

verse 2

i'm a fast talker
louder than a brass knocker,
cricket or a grasshopper
not another. word
i don't want to ass kiss
sniffing like a mastiff
that'll be my last ditch
effort to be. heard
take me as a hostage
i'm feeling lost
with my neck out like an ostrich
totally absurd

I squawk like a bird
cause my clumsy heart feels like it's doing cartwheels
put me in a dunce cap
treat me like a hunchback
say my mind is one track
every single. day
call my mug a megaphone
I don't beg and moan
if i get in bed alone
i don't want to say
you're forgiven briefly
if i call you sweet pea
then you say to eat me

and i don't know which way i've had a taste and i know you're gourmet An argument's just the makeup foreplay chorus George: Bridge Danny: Listen calm down hear me watch your mouth Careful that stung give me lip Bite my tongue I'd say stop it (that) but we both talk shit (trash) How about we work it out? (repeat)

Danny: You know, I know
You know I know
Sometimes You say things
You don't quite mean
George: I'm not alarmed
If you mean no harm
Danny: Go ahead and ru-u-un your mouth

chorus

Chorus after Bridge

verse 3

take the silent type, gimme the opposite you look so damn sexy when you're talking shit every time i want to say to put a sock in it i melt again and buy your ass a box of chocolate

i guess that's why they call me georgie porgie puddin pie before i kiss my girl i put her on a sugar high and then we cry after a little old 'how are you?' turns into an argument I bet'll scar you is it hard to always have to complain taking something mundane and give yourself a tongue sprain? you talk about your day and go off for a year and i could walk away or hold the phone off of my ear I don't love what i hear, but i've got to stay cause man, smart girls have a lot to say i want to shout with someone that i'm down with there's no one I'd rather run my mouth with

chorus (fade out)

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