

Music Machine, The

"Talk Talk"

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I got me a complication
And it's an only child
Concernin' my reputation
As something more than wild
I know it serves me right
But I can't sleep at night
Have to hide my face
Or go some other play-ay-ay-ay-ace

I won't cry out for justice
Admit that I was wrong
I'll stay in hibernation
'Til the talk subsides to gone
My social life's a dud
My name is really mud
I'm up to here in lies
Guess I'm down to size
To size

Can't seem to talk about
The things that bother me
Seems to be
What everybody has
Against me
Oh, oh, all right

Here's the situation
And how it really stands
I'm out of circulation
I've all but washed my hands
My social life's a dud
My name is really mud
I'm up to here in lies
Guess I'm down to size
To size

Talk talk Talk talk Talk talk Talk talk

