

Cicada, The Things You Say

I've been putting up with that big gob of yours way too long, babe
And I'll be damned if I'm gonna stick around and take any more of your shit
You'd better screw down that run-around loose tongue of yours, babe
Because it's gonna get you in a whole lot of trouble, the things you say

Sometimes I think you've got no feelings
Sometimes I think you've got no education
The time has come, you'd better think twice now,
and take a look around before I shut you down

I say: do you imagine you can get away with the things you say?

Maybe your momma didn't wash that mouth of yours out, babe
and maybe she never showed you how to treat a lady
But I don't give a sweet thought anymore babe
Because you've gone and got on my last nerve with the things you say

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