

# Edyta Górniak, Talk To Me

I've got no time for conversation  
I let my body do the talking  
There's been too much stalling  
Not enough discussion  
You say you wanna think about it  
There's not enough action  
We could do with words right now  
So we can go further  
I'm in need of love right now  
Let me show you how

So why don't you talk to me so I can understand  
You know that I'm big enough to take it like a man  
If you wanna be with me open up and see  
How good it could be its so easy  
Oh why don't you just talk to me

Lets make a decision  
Just give into reason  
I'm tired of being sensible  
I can't survive on just passion  
I'm sick of waiting patiently  
Can't hold out any longer  
Say something I need to here  
There is nothing to fear  
So why don't you

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Look shorty why you stressing talking all that jazz  
There ain't no shame in my game or the yard that I spin  
I'm into feeling and touching and kissing body parts  
To get you open like seven eleven wet like a black Russian  
This ain't no blood sport so kill the commentation  
Who needs conversation at the height of this passion  
Feel my six cylinder engine with fuel injection stroking  
Guns blazing like Navarone call me Sexcapone  
Show me like Joe where your subway at  
I'll make it hot like Aaliyah in the middle of winter  
You wanna talk well baby I don't need no therapist  
Turn of the lights like Pendigrass and lets get busy like bees baby

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