

Bauhaus, Small Talk Stinks

Small talk stinks
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See the young man
In his new gown
Talking up
To his bouffant drag
He say he loves you with flowers
Something that he's never had
A sentence should be like a serpent
Quick with a sting in its tail
String me a line that has meaning and depth
There's no small talk with walky talkies
Small talk stinks
I said it stinks
Small talk stinks
Small talk stinks
You whisper sweet nothings
Chit-chat back-chat
There's no idle gossip in braille
Taking combs
Three times a day
Twice an hour
Identikit cute lips from wall to wall
Stand in line for the photo call
See the young man in his new gown
Talking up
To his bouffant drag
Small talk stinks
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