

# 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  
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