

Blake Babies, Wipe it Up

Grease drools down from between your lips,
Drips down just like the grease on your fingertips.
Over and down the side of your mouth.
Pardon me man, if you mean it, pack up.

Wipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up!
Leave me alone, I'm going home.
Wipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up!
Leave me alone, I'm going home.

Did I ever ask you about your plans?
Did I say I wanted to know all about your favorite thing? Ooooo!
No, no. I threw my sweater on the floor.
You threw my lovin' out the door.

Wipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up!
Wipe it up, wipe it up!
Leave me alone, you're a bonehead.

You've got big hair and a comely doo.
You never make a million dollars a year.
Say some more 'bout how you know it all.
And how the pretty pages will fall when you call.

Wipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up!
Leave me alone, I'm going home.
Wipe it up!
Leave me alone, I'm going home.