

Buddy Guy, Keep It To Myself

Baby, you know you ain't no Fridgidaire.
You can't keep nothin', tell everything you hear.
But everything I know, I keep it to myself,
'cause 'n I ever tell you, you tell someone else
what I say.
(I'm gonna gotta keep it to myself, heh.)

Woman, you know you ain't nothin' but a . . . tattletale.
You told on my brother, and he landed to jail.
You said that, you know, you didn't mean no harm,
but they gave him forty days on the County Farm.
What I say.
(I'm gonna keep it to myself yeah.)

You just a blabber-mouth baby,
and spreadin' gossip is your game.

When you get to rappin' baby,
you make a stool pigeon feel ashamed.

Baby you must be from'a outer space.
'Cause the way you run your mouth is a natch'l disgrace.
I don't know how much trouble you cause',
but I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't start the last war.
What I say, yeah.

ad lib
I've got-ta, I gotta keep it to myself.
Lord, I ain't gonna tell nobody else, no.
I gotta . . . I gotta . . . I gotta keep it to myself.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.
Hey hey
Hey hey haay yeeeeeeeeeeeh yeh
Keep it all now;
I gotta keep it all now.
I gotta keep it a-a-a-all now.
(fades)