

Jimmy Buffett, Lip Service

Talk, talk, talk til your jowls turn blue
But you never really tell me what you're gonna do
You seem to keep it all locked up inside
I can't help but start to thinkin'
You've got something to hide
Why the pain
What's your game
You're drivin' this boy insane
Oooh what a voodoo nobody can do like you do

You bitchin' and your cryin' finally got to me
So I thought I'd take you, baby, on a shopping spree
You bought a space age watch and an antique hat
Hell, now it's digital this and digital that
What a pain
Silly games
Still drivin' your man insane
Oooh what a voodoo nobody can do like you do

Oh darlin', oh darlin'
All I ever get is lip service from you
Oh darlin' oh darlin' (I'm through)
'Cause all I ever get is lip service from you

[Instrumental]

So listen to me baby
'gotta change your ways
Or I'm off to Pascagoula in a few more days
I'll leave you and your poodle and all the mess he makes
Find some other fool to man your shovel and your take
No more pain
End of game