

Living Colour, Talkin' Loud & Sayin' Nothing

(j. brown / b. byrd)

You can't tell me how to run my life down
And you can't tell me how to keep my fitness sound
You can't tell me what I'm doing wrong
When you keep dialing and sing that same old funny song
You can't tell me which way to go
Cause I'm six and seven and then some more

Like a dull knife that just can't cut
Just talking a lot and saying nothing
And sayin' nothing, and sayin' nothing

Don't tell me how to do my thing
When you can't do your own
Don't you tell me how to feed my boy

When you know I'm grown
Don't you tell me her dress
You can't tell me how to run my mess

You're like a dull knife that just ain't cuttin'
You're just talking a lot and saying nothing
And sayin' nothing, and sayin' nothing here we go ...

Shape up your bag, don't worry 'bout mine
My thing is together and I'm doin' fine
Good luck to you, just allow that I'm wrong
Just keep on singing that same old funny song
Then just keep on singing that same old funny song
Just keep on singing that same old funny song...

Keep on singin', keep on singin' ...n'