

Stephen Lynch, Talk To Me

I came down to the breakfast table
Felt like I could die
Tried so hard, but wasn't able
To look you in the eye
For I am feeling so much shame
Yes I have brought disgrace
Can tell I've soiled my good name
By the look upon your face

Well it seems last night you caught me spankin' it
No use denyin' it, I was really crankin' it
Well dry your eyes, don't be so sad
If you could just forgive me, and talk to me dad
Talk to me, dad

I didn't hear you enter, no I didn't hear the door
With my hand upon my member and my pants upon the floor
Now burnt into your brain is an image you despise
Like blood and guts and starving kids and Stevie Wonder's eyes

Well it seems last night you caught me spankin' it
No use denyin' it, I was really crankin' it
Well dry your eyes, don't be so sad
But I wouldn't use those tissues; they've already been had...
Talk to me, dad

The look upon your face made my swollen gland diminish
So I said "could you close the door, I really want to finish."
Now daddy, I'm ashamed and I completely understand
If you never wanna hug again or even shake my hand

Well it seems last night you caught me spankin' it
No use denyin' it, I was really crankin' it
Well dry your eyes, don't be so sad
Just because it was your bed, it's not that bad

When I was only 17 you told me it was dirty
So it must be really creepy when you kid is pushing 30
But you cannot tell me, dad, you have never had a whack
At the thing that hangs below your belt and bumps into your sack

Well it seems last night you caught me spankin' it
No use denyin' it, I was really crankin' it
Well dry your eyes, don't be so sad
But I wouldn't use those tissues, they've already been...
Just because it was your bed, it's not that...
Oh daddy, daddy, please forgive me, and talk to me, dad
Talk to me, dad