

# 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

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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