

Dish It Up

Budgie

You give me loving
But you dish it up like soup in a ladle
You speak of loving
But you're talking like a kid in a cradle
The word is out,
In fact, you're someone who can see me
Oh, what is wrong with you?
Might feel the same but that ain't good news
You lose, you lose, you lose

You got me going
And I'm working like a dog on a chain gang
The way you dish it up
You make me feel a whole lot of pain babe
That anyway, try to say
Words just seem to thank you
Oh, what is wrong with you?
I might feel the same but that ain't good news

In those things you say
You seem to want to play like a voodoo
You could be clever
They would say you fit the part, I say you do
You cook me plain mistakes
Dish you up and serve you on the TV.
Not me, but shall I state it, overate it
Your time and place is big see, see, see, see
Oh, what is wrong with you?
I might feel the same but that ain't good news