

# Talkin' Loud And Sayin' Nothing

James Brown

Like a dull knife just ain't cuttin'  
We're just talkin' a lot and sayin' nothing  
Just sayin' nothing, just sayin' nothing  
You can't tell me how to run my life down  
You can't tell me how to keep my fitness sound  
You can't tell me what I'm doin' wrong  
When you keep jivin' and keep on singin' that same old funny song  
You can't tell me which way to go  
'Cause I'm six and seven and then some more  
You can't tell me, hey

Like a dull knife that just ain't cuttin'  
We're just talkin' a lot and sayin' nothing  
Just sayin' nothing, what, sayin' nothing  
Don't tell me how to do my thing  
When you can't, can't do your own  
Don't tell me how to feed my boy  
When, when you know I'm grown  
You can't use me like a woman when she throw away her dress  
And you can't tell me how to use my mess  
You're like a dull old knife that just ain't cuttin'  
You're just talkin' a lot and sayin' nothing  
Just sayin' nothing, and sayin' nothing

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

I got ya, I want ya, I musta, I gotta  
Isn't anxious and dust to dust  
I musta, I keep on a, I'm feeling a  
I need ya, I say I will  
The point is too darn clear  
I said I need ya, you're only, you're only  
I said, you're only, you're only, you're only  
You can't tell me how to run my life down  
And you can't tell me how to keep my fitness sound  
And you can't tell me what I'm doing wrong  
When you keep dialing and sing that same old funny song  
Like a dull knife that just can't cut  
Just talkin' a lot and sayin' nothing  
Just sayin' nothing, just sayin' nothing...

Wait a minute  
Shape up your bag, don't worry about mine  
My thing is together and doin' fine  
Good luck to you over there  
There's a lot of wrong  
Just keep on singin', just keep on singin'  
Just keep on singin', keep on singin'...  
That same old funny song, that same old funny song...  
Just keep on singin', keep on singin'...

Bobby, we're groovin' so great here  
I want the engineer to let the tape keep runnin'

We're gonna do something funny right here  
We're gonna stop real quick and rap a little  
'Cause then we're gonna keep it goin'

Wait a minute, stop fellas, cool  
I say keep on singin', keep on singin'  
Keep on singin', keep on singin'...  
Yeah, good God, Charlie  
Huh, you can't tell me what I'm doing wrong  
When you can't, can't do your own  
You can't tell me how to feel, boy  
What, when you're doin' wrong  
When you know I'm grown  
You can't tell me how to run my mess  
You can't tell me, you can't tell me...  
You just can't use me like a woman throw away her dress  
You can't tell me how to run my mess  
Shape, shape, shape, shape...  
Shape, hard for me to say sometimes  
It's my thing, you know  
Shape, shape up your bag, don't worry about mine  
My bag's together and doin' fine  
Good luck to you, there's a lot of wrong  
Good luck to you, there's a lot of wrong  
Where is he, where is he, over there.