

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.