

# Blah Blah

Kate Miller-Heidke

It always happens in coffee shops  
And I'm always hungover when someone wants to talk  
And don't get me wrong, I like talking when it's a healthy back-and-forth exchange  
But some people always wanna lecture me and try to make me change  
He says 'You are a mystery, aren't you'  
And considering he hasn't shut up long enough for me to string two words together  
Yes that's me, Miss Mystery  
And he's quiet for a time  
And I think that might be a good sign  
Til there's a glint in his eye and I realise he's just making more sentences in his mind  
And here it comes, and there's nothing I can do  
I take a sip, I take a breath  
He licks his lips and he's opening his mouth, and it's:

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah dog diggity blah

Like a steamtrain  
Like an onslaught  
Like a machine gun loaded with your opinions but it's incoherent ammunition  
and your words aren't very wounding weapons when they're inflicted on me  
And I know you mean well  
With your deep wells of advice  
And your buckets of swelled self-righteousness  
Hell, you're just trying to be nice  
And you're nice, but you state your views like they are facts of life  
And I hate that, and I tell you  
And I brace myself for the reply, it's gonna be:

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah dog diggity blah

He says, 'You never were much of a talker'  
Well this isn't talking  
This is being cornered  
I'm being cornered by you  
And I can't get away  
From this table for two  
in the corner of this bright corner cafe  
And didn't we have this same conversation last week?  
It's not that I don't like you - I just wish you wouldn't speak:

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah dog diggity blah

I see he's made a list  
Of pressing topics of discussion  
Competing with the clanking coffee cup percussion

And I guess we'll start with number one  
On the first A4 page  
Past the setting of the sun  
And the pouring of the lattes  
And here it comes, it's coming and there's nothing anyone can do  
I take a sip  
I grip the chair  
He opens his big, wet slippery mouth:

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah dog diggity blah