

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 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 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 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