

## Let's Talk About You

Marti Webb

Funny... always thought of you as my girlfriend  
I just can't believe you could come in here and say all those things  
Let me finish... you must let me finish  
Thank you... thanks for bringing me up to date, dear  
Didn't know you knew all the ins and outs of my private life  
Let me finish... you must let me finish

Let's talk about you  
A minute or two  
What tart is your husband keeping?  
Where's he sleeping?  
Can't you say?

Let's talk about men  
You're at it again!  
I've heard that you need a bedful  
For those dreadful  
Games you play

How dare you come in here  
Wagging your wicked tongue?  
Your cheeks are red, my dear  
You look like you've been stung  
I know my life's a mess... but I think you're the worst thing in it  
Wait a minute...

Let's talk about you  
Because you never do  
You just couldn't wait to blurt out  
All that dirt out in my face

Let's talk about pills  
And illegal thrills  
I hear that the habit's gripped you  
And you've tripped to every place

Does it make you feel good  
Knowing that I feel bad?  
Yes, knowing you it would  
You must be very sad  
You can't know how I feel  
But my friend you're about to learn how  
It's my turn now...

Let's talk about booze  
And how much you use  
What time do your kids start drinking?  
Am I sinking low as you?

Yes, he knows lots of girls... he likes his fun  
I am glad he's got lots and not just one  
How's that fat little man... was it one more affair?

Where are you going... why are you running away from me?  
Are you absolutely sure you don't want to stay for tea?