

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?