

Talk to Me Baby

New York Dolls

We die in proportion
to the words that we fling around.
Make me your king baby
make me your clown.
Talk to me baby
tell me the thing that i want to hear.
talk to me now
and make the whole world disappear
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. talk to me now.
Poetry is a dead end
dont try to give it a rhyme.
Or even a reason
just please please be mine.
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. talk to me now
This world will take everything from us
forbid us of everything.
Talk me through all this sadness
living bring.
And im gunna give ya
every living thing ya want.
Tell me ya like it.
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. Talk to me now.
im gonna live in your sweet language not in no country or a place.
When you talk that talk to me baby im in the state of grace.
beautiful people
they look a lot like me and you.
just you and me baby
tell me all the things that we gunna do.