

Blee Blop Blues

The Manhattan Transfer

All the night it's bli-bli-bli
'N blop-blop-blop 'n drip, drip, drip
I'm turnin' the faucet off

Pretty uptight from bli-bli-bli
'N blop-blop-blop, I hate this trip
I'm turnin' the faucet off

That faucet's drippin'
Turnin' the faucet off
Tryin' t'sleep, I need my rest
But there's no rest f'me, I guess
I'm turnin' the faucet off

My mind is flippin'
Turnin' the faucet off
I'm tryin' my best to sleep
I'm tryin' without success
I tell why' it just ain't fair a faucet
Measures in this mess
That's it, I guess!

Every night I gotta git up in the middle of the gol'durn night
An' it's colder'n a Swedish well-digger's behin'
But I gotta do it
Otherwise I'm outta' m'min. stone crazy

Stop the faucet from drippin'
'N drivin why'nuts - stone nuts
It's drivin' you crazy
One more drip an' you'll scream

No stuff, you can look him
An' tell he has enough
Whoa-oh, lemme tell why'really
It's rough

Talkin' 'bout them blee blop blues
I'm hip to that drip goofin' my sleep
I'm so tired o'gittin' up in the night
What a catastratrose
Pride's got me feelin' I'm boun't'
Behave like an oaf
I'll git me a hammer - Bam!
Quite the difference in the way
The faucet soun's now
I'm gonna go bam-bam-bam-bam
Bam-bam-bam on that faucet
Damn that faucet for the stupid ol'
Drip that it is I tell why'
I really am sick o'that drip
Maybe the plumber man's
Got him a better, prettier tip
About stoppin' that drip
But as f'now

When you be deep within why'nightly nap

An' nothing worser than a drippin' tap
You try t'lay there an' preten' you deaf
But soon why' finally know there ain' nothin' left
That you jus' cannot stand it anymore
You're hip
Drip drip drip drip
An' so why'git up an' you're half asleep
You're so disgusted that'cha want to weep
You bump your knee while tryin' t'find the lamp
Your throat is dried up and why'feelin' a cramp
You can't feel dumb'are an' you'd like t'kill the plum'er
You envy children in summer camp

But as for now
But as for now
The drippin' soun'
The drippin' soun'
Has got me so I'm 'bout t'tear the plumin' down
I'm 'bout t'tear the plumin' down I'm talkin' down
Why'gotta stop
Why'gotta stop
The constant seep
The constant seep
Because it makes it real impossible t'sleep
Real impossible t'sleep, I'm talkin' sleep
Your plum'er goofed
So face the fact
Why' gotta use
A lot o'tact

Your plumber really gotta' straighten
Up his act
Next time you're li'ble to crack

Folks with leaky faucets
Think o'wakin' up millions o'times
T'stop the faucet drippin'
Part o'the trouble o'livin' with plumbin'
Is the dues a fella always pays
Adoptin' fancy citified ways
That's what'cha git f'livin in the city
Whenever a nature lover hears your tale
You ain' gonna git lots o'pity

Dig, when why'are bothered by the blee bop blues
Dig this, turn the faucet off'n you'll stop blues
Then dig this, you won't have t'sing th'
Blee bop blues

When pipes're drippin' nerves're strainin'
People jus' can't help complainin'
Everybody really see'n dig that

Stuff that pipe
End this endless incredible gripe
End this endless gripe

That's them dues' blee blop blues
Yeah