

You Got a Tale Babe

The Saints

Well, I'm going to the corner
Going to buy a diamond ring
Going to buy a sliver parrot
And another big thing
Put them in gold sack
And send them to your house
Then I'm gonna catch a bus
And buy myself a whore
You gotta tell me
Yeah you gotta tell me
You gotta tell me baby
What's wrong with you

I'm gonna buy a charismatic
Electric, shiny business man
Take the treasures of the world
And put them in a can
I'll do the Watusi
The shimmy shag too
I'll do anything that you tell me too

You gotta tell me
Yeah you gotta tell me
You gotta tell me baby
What's wrong with you

I'm gonna travel 'round the world
Going to live in a tent
Foam at the mouth
Start a government
I'll do everything
That a manly man can
If that don't get you going
Then too bad

I'll dress up like a nun
And do the nappy man dance
I'll get myself some voodoo
And put me in a trance
Take every herb and spice
And put them in a pot
Baby then I want to show everything I got
You gotta tell me
Yeah you gotta tell me
You gotta tell me baby
What's wrong with you