

Babble On

Post Mortem

What was that crack I made?
Swung a hammer wrapped in suede
Like a lick from a lunatic beatnik
Knock you senseless as I babble on I strike between the lines
Hissing words in serpentine
Backbiter with an appetite
I coil and rattle then I babble on Every time I add a line
I wish I could subtract
Too late to take it back Conversations in veneer
Sand 'em down, they're insincere
Off guard, better check the cue card
Got ghostwriters for my babble on So I communicate
Intending to humiliate
On attack with a cardiac comeback
You take shelter, I take babble on Every time I add a line
I wish I could subtract
Too late to take it back And if talk is cheap, the price is high
When I let another arrow fly
Better to be seen and never heard
Than to babble on with every word What was that crack I made?
File a claim with Medicaid
All my rumors spread like tumors
Tale and tattle, rant and rattle on Ugly as the sin it is
Sold out to the slander biz
Gotta keep the tongue in line
Even fools seem wiser off the babble on Every time I add a line
I wish I could subtract
Too late to take it back And if talk is cheap, the price is high
When I let another arrow fly
Better to be seen and never heard
Than to babble on with every word And if talk is cheap, then why the thrill
In an idle tongue that fires at will?
Better to be silent and be strong
Than to let my babble, babble on
Than to let my babble, babble on
Than to babble on

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