

Talk To Me

Stephen Lynch

I came down to the breakfast table
Felt like I could die
I tried so hard, but wasn't able
To look you in the eye
For I am feeling so much shame
Yes I have brought disgrace
Could tell I soiled my good name
By the look upon your face. Well it seems last night you caught me spanking it
No use denying it, I was really cranking it
Now dry your eyes, don't be so sad
If you could just forgive me, and talk to me, dad I didn't hear you enter, no I didn't hear the door
With my hand upon my member and my pants upon the floor
A burden to your brain is an image you despise
Like blood and guts and starving kids and Stevie Wonder's eyes Well it seems last night you caught me
spanking it
No use denying it, I was really cranking it
Now dry your eyes, don't be so sad
But I wouldn't use those tissues; they've already been had, talk to me dad The look upon your face made my
swollen glad diminish
So I said "close the door, I really wanna finish."
Now daddy, I'm ashamed and I completely understand
If you never wanna hug again or even shake my hand Well it seems last night you caught me spanking it
No use denying it, I was really cranking it
Now dry your eyes, don't be so sad
Just because it was your bed, it's not that bad When I was only 17 you told me it was dirty
So it must be really creepy when you kid is pushing 30
But you cannot tell me, dad, you have never had a whack
At the thing that hangs below your belt and bumps into your sack Well it seems last night you caught me
spanking it
No use denying it, I was really cranking it
Now dry your eyes, don't be so sad
But I wouldn't use those tissues, they've already been
Just because it was your bed it's not that
Oh daddy, daddy, please forgive me, and talk to me, dad

Songwriters

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