Wipe It Up

Blake Babies

Grease drools down from between your lips
Drips down just like the grease on your fingertips
Over and down the side of your mouth
Pardon me man, if you mean it, pack upWipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up
Leave me alone, I'm going home
Wipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up
Leave me alone, I'm going homeDid I ever ask you about your plans?
Did I say I wanted to know all about your favorite thing?
No, no, I threw my sweater on the floor
You threw my lovin' out the doorWipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up
Wipe, wipe it up, wipe it up
Leave me alone, you're a boneheadYou've got big hair and a comely doo
You never make a million dollars a year
Say some more 'bout how you know it all
And how the pretty pages will fall when you callWipe it up, wipe it up, wipe it up
Leave me alone, I'm going home
Wipe it up
Leave me alone, I'm going home

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