

## Talk to Me Baby

New York Dolls

We die in proportion  
to the words that we fling around.  
Make me your king baby  
make me your clown.  
Talk to me baby  
tell me the thing that i want to hear.  
talk to me now  
and make the whole world disappear  
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. talk to me now.  
Poetry is a dead end  
dont try to give it a rhyme.  
Or even a reason  
just please please be mine.  
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. talk to me now  
This world will take everything from us  
forbid us of everything.  
Talk me through all this sadness  
living bring.  
And im gunna give ya  
every living thing ya want.  
Tell me ya like it.  
Talk to me baby, talk to me baby. Talk to me now.  
im gonna live in your sweet language not in no country or a place.  
When you talk that talk to me baby im in the state of grace.  
beautiful people  
they look a lot like me and you.  
just you and me baby  
tell me all the things that we gunna do.