

Talking

Elderbrook

I got a friend but they don't like me
They don't like me like before
Could be the whiskey or the drinking
But I don't listen anymore
Oh, maybe we'll go out for breakfast
Or talk about it in our sleep
Oh, won't you tell me how your day is?
Oh, won't you tell me how you think?

When I'll do better, to talk about
Anything that you want now
But I should tell you, I love the sound
Of myself when I'm talking, of myself when I'm
Talking, talking, talking, talk
Of myself when I'm
Talking, talking, talking, talk

I got a friend way back in London
I try to visit when I can
It's like I'm always doing something
Whenever I'm in town
Well maybe I should bring her flowers
Or maybe I'll pick up a pen
And then I'll write her up a letter
And then I'll send it when I can

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