

Shop Talk

John Prine

I seen you in your pajamas
Drinking coffee at the House of Pies
You was flipping for the check
And talking like your tongue was paralyzed
You were saying something
That I don't understand
Bout looking other places
While you're holding my hand
Let's stop
Let's not
Talk shop
In front of all these guys

Let's not
Talk shop
Shop talk
Shop talk is talking something
That you don't realize

Loose lips sink ships, shake hips
Bad tips draw spies
I want you when I can get you
But you only want me on the rise
Well I thought I had your number
But your number's too loud
Now you're standing on the table
And we're drawing a crowd
Let's stop
Let's not
Talk shop
In front of all these spies