

Lip Service

Róisín Murphy

Word. Haven't you heard?
I told the world you're a perfect gentleman
It shows, and everyone knows,
but I suppose I could shout it out again
Can't stop bigging you up,
telling the world that you're my world, you are my king
Sure, I want you to know that I love you so,
cause it's like everyone knows but you
And no, it won't take too long 'fore I write a song,
I dedicate it to boo-boo
And I'll mention again that you're a swell,
hell of a guy, so strong and true

These lips are in your service
It's sooner than you deserve
I will spend a lifetime on it
Never find the word to say it

I hope I don't embarrass you
Sharing the special things you do
But if I don't, I'll burst with joy
Never be known to be coy
If I said it once, it's been a million times
You are the object of my lip service
My homage to you

How can I explain, what can I say,
and somehow not go all the way?
If you don't know by now
that you hold the power, then you will sometime today
Look, you don't seem to know,
I'm making a show of myself to make a point
Fine, it's all in that, when I get the talk
I write endless lines about you
Then I still understand, try to explain
all of the things I vaguely knew
I keep bigging you up, and I won't give up
until you understand it's true
I see everyone now, but my little boy is just a phowah

Glazing over
They heard it all before
My lips are in your service for now