

Don't Talk to Me

Steve Forbert

One, two, three, four

You're so pretty, babe, and I'm so blue
So hard for me to keep my hands off you
I can see your bra beneath your armpit there
I can see the outline of your underwear
Stand back, baby
Honey, don't talk to me

Have another drink and, darling, wreck my life
I've got seven children and a mean, smart wife
She can hear me think and smell the things I dream
What I'm dreaming now could make a dead man cream
Stand back, baby
Honey, don't talk to me

You're so pretty, babe, and I'm so weak
It's a mid-life crisis on a bad luck streak
You could kiss me once and make a brand new man
All I want for Christmas is a one-night stand
Stand back, baby
Honey, don't talk to me

Alright

You're so pretty, babe, and I'm half dead
It's a ghost town city up inside of my head
Still there blooms a flower through the main street dirt
Every detail matters, but the best things hurt
Stand back, baby
Hon, honey, don't talk to me