

Stop Performing

The Roches

The very mention of your name
And we hear your voice
And when you danced, we came clapping, no choice
I, in my dress and my man in his pants
Yes, yes, yes

You have slurped up the moon with your mouth
And you've sent all the loons flying south
There's no more room in the spaces you went
Boom, boom, boom

Stop performing, won't you? Before I die laughing
Please, please sit still

Listen to the sound of space you won't fill
With your many talents
Gallantly streaming tears down my cheeks

Oh stop, please stop before I die
I'd love to see you stop performing
Before I die