

# Jimmy Buffett, Lip Service

Talk, talk, talk til your jowls turn blue  
But you never really tell me what you're gonna do  
You seem to keep it all locked up inside  
I can't help but start to thinkin'  
You've got something to hide  
Why the pain  
What's your game  
You're drivin' this boy insane  
Oooh what a voodoo nobody can do like you do

You bitchin' and your cryin' finally got to me  
So I thought I'd take you, baby, on a shopping spree  
You bought a space age watch and an antique hat  
Hell, now it's digital this and digital that  
What a pain  
Silly games  
Still drivin' your man insane  
Oooh what a voodoo nobody can do like you do

Oh darlin', oh darlin'  
All I ever get is lip service from you  
Oh darlin' oh darlin' (I'm through)  
'Cause all I ever get is lip service from you

[Instrumental]

So listen to me baby  
'gotta change your ways  
Or I'm off to Pascagoula in a few more days  
I'll leave you and your poodle and all the mess he makes  
Find some other fool to man your shovel and your take  
No more pain  
End of game