

RUN MY MOUTH

ft. Danny McClain

Music by Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1

Vocals

[RAP]

1, 2, 3. 4.

Piano

ox.

no.

Dm11 5fr. C/E Fm9 76fr. G7sus4 G7

ox.

no.

CHORUS

C Maj7 C7sus4 C13 10fr. FMaj7 C/E G7sus4 G13 5fr. CMaj7 C7sus4 C13 10fr. FMaj7 C/E Dm11 G13(b9) 5fr. 3fr.

ox.

I know you know _____ I know you know _____

no.

Watsky

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RUN MY MOUTH

ft. Danny McClain

Verse 1

I tend to vent a lot
It's hard to end a thought
I get pent up and I guess I don't know when to stop
If I get a mental block, you can hear a pencil drop
But if not I'm all talk like a rent a cop
I don't wanna mock
Ever yet I let it slip
Said I gotta get a grip
Cause I know you're delicate
And I'm pretty adamant
I can learn some etiquette
Bet on it that I can talk a book and never edit it
Seldom elegant, guilty of embellishing
Yelling but I'm holding shit together like I'm gelatin
We're both jealous and selfish, I'm hella slim
But I gotta bigger mouth than a pelican
Check a fella sing, messing up the melody
I know my alphabet, A to L-M-N-O-P
I like you, it shouldn't be shocking
My heart's beating just as loud as I'm talking

Chorus

I know you know
I know you know
Sometimes I say things
I don't quite mean
Ca-a-a-an't I run my mouth?

Verse 2

I'm a fast talker, louder than a brass knocker
Cricket or a grasshopper. Not another. word
I don't want to ass kiss, sniffing like a mastiff
That'll be my last ditch effort to be. heard
Take me as a hostage. I'm feeling lost
With my neck out like an ostrich: totally absurd
I squawk like a bird cause my clumsy heart feels
like it's doing cartwheels
Put me in a dunce cap, treat me like a hunchback
Say my mind is one track every single. day
Call my mug a megaphone
I don't beg and moan if I get in bed alone
I don't want to say
You're forgiven briefly if I call you sweet pea
Then you say to eat me, and I don't know which
way
I've had a taste and I know you're gourmet
An argument's just the makeup foreplay

Bridge: Danny

Listen. Calm down. Hear me. Watch your mouth
Careful. That stung. Give me lip. Bite my tongue
I'd say. Stop that. But we both. Talk trash
How about we work it out?
Listen. Calm down. Hear me. Watch your mouth
Careful. That stung. Give me lip. Bite my tongue
I'd say. Stop that. But we both. Talk trash
How about we work it out?

Verse 3

Take the silent type, gimme the opposite
You look so damn sexy when you're talking shit
Every time I want to say to put a sock in it
I melt again and buy your ass a box of chocolate
I guess that's why they call me Georgie Porgie
puddin' pie
Before I kiss my girl I put her on a sugar high
And then we cry after a little old 'how are you?'
Turns into an argument I bet'll scar you
Is it hard to always have to complain
Taking something mundane and give yourself a
tongue sprain?
You talk about your day and go off for a year
And I could walk away or hold the phone off of
my ear
I don't love what I hear, but I've got to stay
Cause man, smart girls have a lot to say
I want to shout with someone that I'm down
with
There's no one I'd rather run my mouth with

Watsky

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