It's Not My Job

Ward Ricker

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It's not my job to de-ci-pher all your words un-clear.
It's not my fault you're so la-zy
all your words you smear.

When you are so rude that you just bab-ble and you squawk, it
You could show res-pect to those who lis-ten to you drone, and
You mum-ble and mut-ter, and with gib-ber-ish you blare. You
If you can't be both-ered your words to e-nun-ci - ate, then

shows that you don't care a-bout the ones with whom you talk.
make the ef - fort to ad-dress them in a nice clear tone.
jumb-ble and you sput-ter, and it's just gar - ble, I swear.
I guess what you have to say, it just is not so great.

Oh, how in - con - si - der - ate you
But in-stead you stam-mer, blab-ber.
If it's not im-port-ant that you
If you can't be both-ered to make

are to one and all who try to un-der-stand your bab-ble, as on-ward you drawl.
All your words you slur, while car-ing not how hard you make it for the lis - ten - er.
try to say it clear, your un-im-port-ant gar - ble I just do not want to hear.
clear the words you spout, then I just can't be both-ered to try to fig-ure them out.