

# You Make It Rough

Chromeo

I don't know what games you're trying to play  
You want to look the other way  
Look the other way  
I'm talking about the here, the now  
Keep my feet on solid ground

Well, I hate to break it to you  
But you just don't realize  
Switching conversation topics  
And you never compromise

I wanna express something to ya  
Something you oughta know  
But you got the frontal logic  
And refuse to let it go

You make it rough, so rough  
For me to get through to ya  
So rough, to get my point across  
I've had enough, enough  
Of trying to get through to ya  
So rough, and getting no response

You make it rough

I'm feeling slightly ill at ease  
About your sensibilities, sensibilities  
And I've been getting nervous ticks  
Wondering if one where to stick

You don't respond well to the pressure  
That's something I've been warned about  
And I think of you as something lesser  
When we can't sit and talk it out

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But you just don't realize  
Switching conversation topics  
And you never compromise

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The situation worsens  
The words turn into curses  
For certain you got me all tied up like a circus

I can't make an assertion

Without you thinking it's hurtin'  
I guess it's really time to pull the curtains  
You make it rough  
You make it rough

So rough, for me to get through to ya  
So rough, to get my point across  
Enough, of trying to get through to ya  
So rough, and getting no response

So rough, for me to get through to ya  
So rough, to get my point across  
I've had enough, enough  
Of trying to get through to ya  
So rough, and getting no response

Do ya do ya do ya do ya