

# I Don't Care What You Call Me

David Ford

I never made time  
You never made much sense  
We never stood a chance  
If we're honest

You were not the first  
And I won't be the last  
But if it makes it better  
Well, you can call me what you will

So get home late  
No one's here  
Pace around the house  
And sit in my chair

And if you think of me  
It doesn't mean a thing  
Why don't you just tell me  
What you really think again?

I don't care what you call me, oh, I  
I don't care what you call me, no, I  
I don't care what you call me  
'Cause it won't hurt any more

I know I let you down  
And Christ, you let me know  
Every time and time again

Just another afternoon  
Get drunk and disappear  
So call me what you will

Rain it on down  
What else can you throw at me  
I haven't heard before?

And tear me on down  
Oh, I am unforgivable  
So why don't you just tell me  
What you really think again?

I don't care what you call me, oh, I  
I don't care what you call me, oh, I  
I don't care what you call me  
'Cause it won't hurt any more

Rain it on down  
What else can you throw at me  
I haven't heard before?

And tear me on down  
Oh, I am unforgivable  
Why don't you just tell me  
What you really think of me?

Scream me on down

I am so forgettable  
Well, yes I know, know

Well, shoot me on down  
Don't you think this isn't killing me?  
It's no more than I deserve

So I don't care what you call me, oh, I  
I don't care what you call me, oh, I  
I don't care what you call me  
'Cause it won't hurt any more