

# Whatever

Imogen Heap

You, you come to me  
So perfectly yeah  
So perfectly made

And you're all that you are  
And you're all that you said  
You're so exquisitely bred  
Hmm yeah what more can I say

So yeah, yeah  
I guess it's alright  
Yeah, no, no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
Yeah no, no  
I guess its alright  
Yeah no  
I guess its alright whatever

And I, I hate ya for  
For letting me fall for you  
Just like a fool

And now I'm all psyching out  
Hmm 'cause all were about  
Is this ugly phone and it's all I have  
To look forward to, yeah.

So yeah, yeah  
I guess it's alright  
Yeah, no, no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
Yeah no, no  
I guess its alright  
Yeah no  
I guess its alright

Dreaming, of you lying in my bed  
Just like how we were just days before  
Oh just leave me just get out of my head  
'Cause I cant take this torture any more

You're so far away, yeah  
Why are you so far away  
From me?

So yeah, yeah  
I guess it's alright  
Yeah, no, no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
Yeah no, no  
I guess its alright  
Yeah So  
I guess its alright whatever

So yeah, yeah  
I guess it's alright  
Yeah, no, no

I guess it's alright whatever  
Yeah  
I guess its alright  
Yeah no  
I guess its alright whatever