

It Doesn't Matter To Him

John Grant

If I think about it, I am successful, as it were.
I get to sing for lovely people all over this lovely world.
And I am nowhere near as awkward as I was when I was younger.
I guess I'm one of those guys who gets better looking as they age.
And even though I have felt beaten down by constant doubt,
Depression, and confusion brought about by people's actions, death,
and tax forms,
I keep getting up. And I am loved by all my friends and family;
Though, there have been lots of raised eyebrows
And concerned glances lately.

It doesn't matter to him.
I could be anything,
But I could never win his heart again.
It doesn't matter to him.
He took away my AAA pass.
I am invisible to him.

And now I feel the soft, pink flesh of my heart hardening
To the countless possibilities contained within each day.
Vulnerability feels like a cold, wet concrete room lit with fluorescent light,
Which, as you know, makes everything look bad.
I still keep trying to figure out how I became irrelevant,
How I got myself evicted from his heart from one day to the next.
And the worst part is that, even if I got an answer right now,
It would not change anything because we have become two strangers.

(2x):

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