

# Talk

Michael Sembello

Here we are at the end of trying  
Looking out at the rest of our lives  
We took the road to the end of romance  
to the place broken hearts go to die

So we Talk and Talk and Talk about it  
You don't ever hear me  
So we Talk and Talk and Talk about it  
It never came true for me

Cruz:  
The fire's gone, and my heart grows heavy  
No more words no more reasons for why  
Not a tear is there left for crying  
Let these arms hold us close one last time

I can feel all the desperation  
As it all slips away  
So far away

This is more than a separation  
Is it wrong, is it right?  
We've opened up the door

Cruz: But I'm afraid to fly  
Michael: So am I

Who do you blame when love has died?