

My Interpretation

Mika

You talk about life you talk about death
and everything inbetween
like its nothing
and the words are easy
you talk about me and talk about you
and everything I do
like it something
that needs repeated

I dont need an alibi or for you to realise
the things we left unsaid
are only taking space up in our head
make it my fault win the game
point the finger place the blame
it does me up and down
it doesnt matter now

Coz I dont care if I ever talk to you again
this is not about emotion
I dont need a reason not to care what you say
or what happened in the end
this is my interpretaion
and it dont dont make sense

The first to wish to count to ten
I hold my breath and wonder when itl happen
does it really matter
if half of what you said is true
and half of what I didnt do
could be different would it make it better
if we forget the things we know
would we have somewhere to go
the only way is down I can see that now

Coz I dont care if I ever talk to you again...