

Julie Reeves, Whatever

(Chris Lindsey/Aimee Mayo)

You don't call for two whole weeks
Then you think I'm gonna fall at your feet
When you walk thru that door
Like a cloud of dust you just disappear
You've gotta lotta nerve to show up here
At a quarter to four
You think candy and roses are gonna make it better
Whatever

You say you needed time to sort things out
You've been up all night drivin' around and doing some thinkin'
Your shirts untucked and your hairs a mess
I smell whiskey on your breath
But you aint been drinkin'
Now you're telling me that you and I were meant to be together
Whatever

Whatever you say whatever you do
Nothing's gonna change the fact that we're through
You can't take a hint you ain't got a clue
To think that I ever thought that you hung the moon

With your puppy dog eyes your petting my cat
You're just hanging around tryin' to look sad
Oh you're so alone
You wanna watch the sun rise and cook me breakfast
What's it gonna take for you to get the message
You need to go home

You wanna make tonight the first night of forever
You say we can make it through this stormy weather
Do I have to spell it out in ten foot letters
Whatever