

# 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