

# Kirsty MacColl, How Insensitive

How insensitive I must have seemed  
When he told me that he loved me.  
How unmoved and cold I must have seemed  
When he told me so sincerely.

Why, he must have asked,  
Did I just turn and stare in icy silence?  
What was I to say?  
What can you say when a love affair is over?

Now he's gone away and I'm alone  
With the memory of his last look.  
Vague and drawn and sad, I see it still  
All his heartbreak in that last look.

Why, he must have asked,  
Would I just turn and stare in icy silence?  
What was I to do?  
What can one do when a love affair is over?  
Over, over