

Rod Stewart, I Don't Want To Talk About It

(Danny Whitten)

I can tell by your eyes that you've prob'bly been cryin' forever,
and the stars in the sky don't mean nothin' to you, they're a mirror.
I don't want to talk about it, how you broke my heart.
If I stay here just a little bit longer,
If I stay here, won't you listen to my heart, whoa, heart?

If I stand all alone, will the shadow hide the color of my heart;
blue for the tears, black for the night's fears.
The star in the sky don't mean nothin' to you, they're a mirror.
I don't want to talk about it, how you broke my heart.
If I stay here just a little bit longer,
if I stay here, won't you listen to my heart, whoa, heart?
I don't want to talk about it, how you broke this ol' heart.

If I stay here just a little bit longer,
if I stay here, won't you listen to my heart, whoa, heart?
My heart, whoa, heart.