

Delta Goodrem, Miscommunication

Oohh you rubbed me up the wrong way
Oohh it was something that you didn't say
Gotta get it back gotta get it back gotta get it back
Or we might just regret it

We seem to have a knack for miscommunication
It stabbed us in the back this time
Is this the end of the line
'cause that'd be a crime

Now I sit under an angry cloud
What got hold of me
There's a voice that sounds too loud
It bangs on endlessly
Wanna live in another world with no frustrations
And miscommunication

Oohh why'd we have to try hard
Oohh you got under my radar
Wanna be detached wanna be detached wanna be detached
So I can just forget it

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'cause that'd be a crime

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(When we are) Transatlantic
(he knows it) drives me frantic
(so I ask myself) what's the future
(why getta) new computer

Oohh it was something that you didn't say?