

# Imogen Heap, Whatever

oh you, you come to me  
so perfectly yeah  
so perfectly made

and you're all that you are  
and you're all that you said  
you're so exquisitely bred  
oh baby what more can I say

so, yeah, yeah,  
I guess it's all right  
yeah, no no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright whatever

and I, I hate ya for  
for letting me fall for you  
just like a fool

and now I'm all psyching out  
mm 'cuz all we're about  
is this ugly phone and it's all I have  
to look forward to, yeah.

so, yeah, yeah,  
I guess it's all right  
yeah, no no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright whatever

dreaming, of you lying in my bed  
just like how we were just days before  
oh just leave me, just get out of my head  
I can't take this torture any more

you're so far away, yeah  
why are you so far away  
from me.

so, yeah, yeah,  
I guess it's all right  
yeah, no no  
I guess it's alright whatever  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright  
yeah no  
I guess it's alright whatever