

# Sarah Brightman, Let Me Finish

Just what time of night do you call this?

No, I'm not all right. I've said this before but you haven't heard.

Let me finish, I said let me finish.

(How long did it take before you rung the doorbell?)

Hair's combed, and your tie's a little too perfect.

No more alibis, no more stupid lies, what a fool I've been!

Let me finish, I said let me finish.

Wait a minute you'll get your turn, it's not often I get the chance to talk.

It's getting harder to hide that I'm no spring chicken.

Forever's not as long as it used to be.

Never thought I would ever say, keep Manhattan, give me Muswell Hill.

Sick of looking at your fair-off sweaters and your constant sneezing when the pollens high.

(No I don't want a drink.) Not yet.

I've rehearsed these next lines for ages.

Why do I feel cold?

I suppose it's nerves. I don't need a drink.

It's not the end of the world if you lose me!

I've made up my mind, I think that I have.

I don't care if the neighbors hear!

You always say us British are too reserved.

I somehow hope that you would tell me

You've found somebody else, not now.

Let me finish.

You'll get your chance to call me a child.

I don't want to hurt you. Stop screaming.

It hurts when I hurt you.

Face facts, you and I are simply not suited.

I want kids. You won't even talk about them.

Please don't. I must not be talked into staying.