

Val Emmich, Detach

I don't have a hard time
Believing this
Cause I saw it coming
From a great distance
And I guess the saying is true
It was too good to be true
I was not in love with you

Well, ok
If it's over
Then it's got to end
Don't call me
We can't be friends
I don't want to smell
What I can no longer taste
I don't want you
In my face

Don't talk
Don't try to console me
Cuz I'd much rather
Try to convince myself
That you do not even exist
So I don't slash my wrists
With the thought of you taking off
Leaving me dead

If it's over
Then it's got to end
Don't call me
We can't be friends
I don't want to smell
What I can no longer taste
I don't want you
In my face

If it's over
Then it's got to end
Don't call me
We can never be friends
Never never be friends
Never never be friends
Never never be friends
No way, no way, no way

No hope, no hope, no hope, no hope, no hope, no hope, no hope
No more
It's over
We're over
No more
It's over
We're over