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I Don't Want To Talk About It

Reference number PT0678

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, my 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 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 this old heart.

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