

You talk about life, you talk about death,
And everything in between,
Like it's nothing, and the words are easy.
You talk about me, and you talk about you,
And everything I do,
Like it's something, that needs repeating.
I don't need an alibi or for you to realize,
The things we left unsaid,
Are only taking space up in our head.
Make it my fault, win the game
Point the finger, place the blame
and cuss me up and down,
It doesn't matter now.

'Cause I don't care if I ever talk to you again.
This is not about emotion,
I don't need a reason not to care what you say,
Or what happened in the end.
This is my interpretation,
And it don't, don't make sense.

The first two weeks turn into ten,
I hold my breath and wonder when it'll happen,
Does it really matter?
If half of what you said is true,
And half of what I didn't do could be different,
Would it make it better?
If we forget the things we know.
Would we have somewhere to go?
The only way is down, I can see that now.

'Cause I don't care if I ever talk to you again.
This is not about emotion,
I don't need a reason not to care what you say,
Or what happened in the end.
This is my interpretation,
And it don't, don't make sense.

It's really not such a sacrifice

If I never talk to you again.
This is not about emotion,
I don't need a reason not to care what you say,
Or what happened in the end.
This is my interpretation,
And it don't, don't make sense.

And it don't have to make no sense to you at all,
'Cause this is my interpretation, yeah, yeah, yeah.