

# Rod Stewart, I Don't Want To Talk About It

(Danny Whitten)

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, 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 star 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, heart?  
I don't want to talk about it, how you broke this ol' heart.

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