

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.