

Whatever

Imogen Heap

You, you come to me
So perfectly yeah
So perfectly made

And you're all that you are
And you're all that you said
You're so exquisitely bred
Hmm yeah what more can I say

So yeah, yeah
I guess it's alright
Yeah, no, no
I guess it's alright whatever
Yeah no, no
I guess its alright
Yeah no
I guess its alright whatever

And I, I hate ya for
For letting me fall for you
Just like a fool

And now I'm all psyching out
Hmm 'cause all were about
Is this ugly phone and it's all I have
To look forward to, yeah.

So yeah, yeah
I guess it's alright
Yeah, no, no
I guess it's alright whatever
Yeah no, no
I guess its alright
Yeah no
I guess its alright

Dreaming, of you lying in my bed
Just like how we were just days before
Oh just leave me just get out of my head
'Cause I cant take this torture any more

You're so far away, yeah
Why are you so far away
From me?

So yeah, yeah
I guess it's alright
Yeah, no, no
I guess it's alright whatever
Yeah no, no
I guess its alright
Yeah So
I guess its alright whatever

So yeah, yeah
I guess it's alright
Yeah, no, no

I guess it's alright whatever
Yeah
I guess its alright
Yeah no
I guess its alright whatever