

## The Choice

Jonatha Brooke

I don't know what you expected  
I don't know what else you've heard  
But I guess you think you got what's coming to you  
And I got what I deserve

I won't tell you a thing, you won't see me cry  
I'll know what to do, I will not lie  
I'll take the chance, I may be fine  
But I may never be the same

I didn't ask for your precious pity  
I didn't ask for your pain  
And I didn't ask for your opinion  
In the name of your saints

I won't tell you a thing, you won't see me cry  
I'll know what to do, I will not lie  
Either way I lose, either way we die,  
Either way I'm alone when it's time to decide

I don't know what you expected  
I don't know what else you've heard  
Maybe I'll take what's coming to me  
Cuz it might be what I deserve

I won't tell you a thing, you won't see me cry  
I'll know what to do, I will not lie  
I may be crazy, I may be blind  
But I might love you more than my life

My choice, my chance, roulette, romance  
I couldn't say no, now I still can't  
God curse this moment God bless this dance  
I will never be the same