If I don't show up on Monday morning
They'll say I must have had a bad weekend
And if I don't show my face by Thursday afternoon
They'll think that I got something going with a new friend

In a week they will replace me
In a month they'll write me off
In a year they will hardly remember my name
And it's all the same
What difference does it make
What difference does it all really make

If I don't call my friends from one week to another They'll say that's just his social style
And if I don't come around to the current hangout
They'll say he's sure to turn up after a while

In a week they'll talk about me
In a month a mystery
In a year they won't even remember my name
And it's all the same
What difference does it make
What difference does it all really make

I used to think I was a real person
Because you said you were in love with me
It never crossed my mind that you didn't mean it
Just goes to show you how wrong you can be

In a week you won't be lonely
In a month you'll find a friend
In a year you'll tell him
I was just a station on your way
But anyway what difference does it make
What difference does it all really make

What difference does it all make