

# Doesn't Really Matter

Platinum Blonde

Are you sitting comfortably?  
Then we'll begin

He's a fascist

It's been a hard day in the city  
Affects you in the most peculiar way  
A dull day don't seem pretty  
We've said all that there is to say  
And if you were to ask me questions  
You don't really want to know  
Your concern is just for show  
Just for show

Your name's a number, just press a button  
Your memories lost but they've not forgotten  
They try to break our, our lust for passion  
They try to tell us that it's not in fashion

And if you were to ask me questions  
What are we fighting-for?  
We're just breaking down the door

It doesn't really matter  
I've been through this all before  
It doesn't really matter

They fight in England and Northern Ireland  
The police they try to hold us still  
They can bleed us and they can feed us  
But you know they'll never control our will

And if you were to ask that question  
What are we fighting for?  
We're just breaking down the door

It doesn't really matter  
I've been through this all before  
It doesn't really matter to me

It doesn't really matter  
I've been through this all before  
It doesn't really matter to me  
It doesn't really matter  
Oh

It doesn't really matter  
It doesn't really matter  
It doesn't really matter  
No no  
It doesn't really matter  
At all  
It doesn't really matter  
At all  
It doesn't really matter  
It doesn't matter to me  
It doesn't really matter

No no no  
It doesn't really matter  
Oh oh oh oh  
It doesn't really matter  
No no no  
It doesn't really matter  
No no no no no  
It doesn't really matter  
No  
It doesn't really matter  
Matter, matter, matter  
Matter, matter, matter  
Matter, matter, matter  
Matter, matter, matter  
Matter, matter