Whatever

Róisín Murphy

Whatever floats your boats, your lifestyle choices
You take a little coke, and ride white horses
But when I talk to you, I don't hear voices

I get a little life as if by proxy
I shouldn't be surprised you'd try and stop me
Forever it's real for you, not for me

I am a broken man, and I won't make up thoughts
I will be gone
Before you miss me
My love

In riding from the edge, you'll come respondent
He won't let you forget that he's despondent
But you're unavailable for any comment

Just livin' for the day of our next encounter
I never found a way to live without her
I'm sorry to say it, I know it's a downer

The provocation of desire's often mundane
Never complain
Never explain
My love

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