

Obsolete

Tame Impala

Talk is cheap, but the words cut deep
Promises get old, they get hard to keep
Tell me, please, 'cause I'm losing sleep
Do you want my love? Is it obsolete?

Always was so easy hanging out
But it sure doesn't feel like that now
I know that you have been feeling rough
Or are you falling out of love?

Talk is cheap, but the words cut deep
Promises get old, they get hard to keep

Tell it to me straight, don't tell me lies
Believe when I say I'll be alright
'Cause I'm already talking like it's done
Saying things like, "At least we had some fun"
And things like, "I guess we met too young"

But the words cut deep
Promises get old, they get hard to keep
Tell me, please, 'cause I'm losing sleep
Do you want my love? Is it obsolete?

Jealousy lurking underneath
It's a warning sign that you never see
Tell me, please, tell me honestly
Do you want my love? Is it obsolete?

Just tell me what is up
Tell me what is up
I've almost had enough
You're playing with my love
Just tell me what is up
Yes, really, what the fuck?
I may not be your man
But I would understand
I would understand
I may not be your man
But I would understand

Just tell it like it is to me, baby
Just say I'm right, I'll do the rest, baby