

The Choice

[Jonatha Brooke](#)

I don't know what you expected
I don't know what else you've heard
I guess you think you've 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 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
And 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

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