

Let Me Finish

Marti Webb

Just what time of night do you call this?
No, Im not all right. Ive said this before
but you havent heard.

Let me finish, I said let me finish.

(How long did it take before you rung the doorbell?)

Hairs combed, and your ties a little too perfect.

No more alibis, no more stupid lies, what a fool Ive been!

Let me finish, I said let me finish.

Wait a minute youll get your turn,
its not often I get the chance to talk.

Its getting harder to hide that Im no spring chicken.

Forevers not as long as it used to be.

Never thought I would ever say,
keep Manhattan, give me Muswell Hill.

Sick of looking at your fair-off sweaters
and your constant sneezing when the pollens high.

(No I dont want a drink.) Not yet.

Ive rehearsed these next lines for ages.

Why do I feel cold?

I suppose its nerves. I dont need a drink.

Its not the end of the world if you lose me!

Ive made up my mind, I think that I have.

I dont care if the neighbors hear!

You always say us British are too reserve.

I somehow hope that you would tell me
youve found somebody else, not now.

Let me finish.

Youll get your chance to call me a child.

I dont want to hurt you. Stop screaming.

It hurts when I hurt you.

Face facts, you and I are simply not suited.

I want kids. You wont even talk about them.

Please dont. I must not be talked into staying.

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