Let Me Finish

Bernadette Peters

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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