I Don't Exist

Buzzcocks

I wonder if you'll notice
Exactly how I feel
Maybe if we could spend more time together
Then you'd discover what I try hard to concealBut you don't know what I'm talking aboutI kinda get so excited
And I break into a sweat
I wish that I could stage the perfect encounter
That I just hope to god I won't live to regretBut you don't know what I'm talking about
Cos to you, I just don't existBut you don't know what I'm talking about
Cos to you, I just don't exist
But you don't know what I'm talking about
Cos to you, well, I just don't existBut you don't know what I'm talking about

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