

Miscommunication

Delta Goodrem

Ooh, you rubbed me up the wrong way
Ooh, it was something that you didn't say
Gotta get it back, gotta get it back, gotta get it back
Or we might just regret it We seem to have a knack for miscommunication
It stabbed us in the back this time
Is this the end of the line
'Cause that'd be a crime Now I sit under an angry cloud, what got hold of me
There's a voice that sounds too loud, it bangs on endlessly
Wanna live in another world with no frustrations
And miscommunication Ooh, why'd we have to try hard
Ooh, you got under my radar
Wanna be detached, wanna be detached, wanna be detached
So I can just forget it We seem to have a knack for miscommunication
It stabbed us in the back this time
Is this the end of the line
'Cause that'd be a crime Now I sit under an angry cloud, what got hold of me
There's a voice that sounds too loud, it bangs on endlessly
Wanna live in another world with no frustrations
And miscommunication When we are transatlantic
He knows it drives me frantic
So I ask myself what's the future
Why get a new computer Ooh, it was something that you didn't say?

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