

# Let Me Finish

**Sarah Brightman**

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.  
Forever 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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