No Communication

Delta Goodrem

Oohh you rubbed me up
the wrong way
Oohh 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
Oohh why'd we have
to try hard?
Oohh 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 getta)
new computer
Oohh it was something that you didn't say

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