

# 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 conceal But you don't know what I'm talking about I 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 regret But 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, I just don't exist  
But you don't know what I'm talking about  
Cos to you, well, I just don't exist But you don't know what I'm talking about

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