MY INTERPRETATION

Words and Music by MIKA, JODI MARR and RICHIE SUPA

Moderately

G5

Csus2

With pedal

Em7

Fsus2

You

G5

Dsus

first two weeks turn into ten; I hold my breath and wonder when it'll

talk about life, you talk about death and everything in between like it's

nothin', and the words are easy. You

You

happen. It doesn't really matter. If
talk about me, and talk about you and everything I do like it's some-

half of what you said is true and half of what I didn't do could be dif-

thin' that needs repeating.

t'orent.

I don't need an alibi, or for you to realize

If we forget the things we know, would we have somewhere to go?

the things we left unsaid are only taking space up in our heads.

The only way is down;
Make it my fault, win the game; point the finger, place the blame.

and cuss me up and down. It doesn't matter now. I can see that now. 'Cause I don't care if I ever talk to you again. This is not

about emotion; I don't need a reason not to
care what you say or what happened in the end. This is my
interpretation, and it don't, don't make sense.

The sense. Instrumental solo
It's really not such a sad day if I, if I never talk to you again. This is not
about emotion; I don't need a reason not to
care what you say or what happened in the end. This is my
interpretation, and it don't, don't make sense.
And it don't have to make no sense to you at all, 'cause this is my interpretation, yeah.