

**David Fonseca****"I Don't Care What You Call Me"**

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I never made time,  
You never made much sense  
We never stood a chance,  
If we're honest.

You were not the first,  
And I won't be the last,  
But if it makes it better,  
Well you can call me what you will.

Get home late,  
No one's here.  
Pace around the house  
And sit in my chair.

And if you think of me,  
It doesn't mean a thing.  
So why don't you just tell me  
What you really think again?

I don't care what you call me  
Because it won't hurt any more.

I know I let you down,  
And Christ, you let me know  
Every time  
And time again.

Just another afternoon  
Get drunk and disappear  
So call me what you will

Rain it on down.  
What else can you throw at me  
I haven't heard before?

And tear me on down.  
I am unforgivable.  
So why don't you just tell me  
What you really think of me?

And scream me on down  
I am so forgettable  
Yes, I know.

And shoot me on down  
Don't you think this isn't killing me?  
But it's no more than I deserve.

I don't care what you call me.  
Because it won't hurt any more.

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