

I Don't Want To Talk About It

Rod Stewart
1971

I can tell by your eyes that you've probably
been cryin' forever,
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothin' to
you, they're a mirror.

I don't want to - talk about it,
how you broke my heart.

- If I stay here just a little bit longer,
- If I stay here, won't you listen
--- > to my heart, ... whoa, my heart?

If I stand all alone, will the shadow hide the
color of my heart?

Blue - for the tears

Black - for the night's fears.

The stars in the sky don't mean nothin' to you,
they're a mirror.

[C]< Lead >

[C] --- My heart, whoa, my heart.

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