

I Don't Give a Damn

[Je Ne T'aime Pas - words by Maurice Magré]

No, don't hold my hand
I don't give a damn
I'm not what you think
I'm just as I am
You're making those eyes
As sweet as a lamb
But save it for her
I don't give a damn

I don't give a damn
I got over you
I shed a few tears
Mais que voulez-vous?
Of course it took time
The way these things do
But that's in the past
- Do you think I feel blue?

Don't listen to me
Come, order Chablis
Let's try to be gay
I'm prattling away
How boring I am
And if you're in love
Well, bully for you
She's gorgeous, I hear
You're lucky, my dear
I don't give a damn

Come tell me her name
And dish me the dirt
Does she play silly games,
The cruel little flirt?
Perhaps I should crow
You've got your deserts
But darling, I know -
Oh, God, how love hurts!

It's more than enough
To know you're a friend
We've been through the mill
Don't have to pretend
I've got nothing left
I need to defend
The civilised way
The way love should end.

No, don't brush my arm
You're such an old ham
No, don't say a word,
You're being absurd
I don't give a damn

No, don't make a scene
- I'm having such fun
Now look what you've done
My make-up has run
And I don't give a damn
Why settle a score?
I told you before
I don't give a damn