

You Make It Rough

Chromeo

I don't know what games you're trying to play
You want to look the other way
Look the other way
I'm talking about the here, the now
Keep my feet on solid ground

Well, I hate to break it to you
But you just don't realize
Switching conversation topics
And you never compromise

I wanna express something to ya
Something you oughta know
But you got the frontal logic
And refuse to let it go

You make it rough, so rough
For me to get through to ya
So rough, to get my point across
I've had enough, enough
Of trying to get through to ya
So rough, and getting no response

You make it rough

I'm feeling slightly ill at ease
About your sensibilities, sensibilities
And I've been getting nervous ticks
Wondering if one where to stick

You don't respond well to the pressure
That's something I've been warned about
And I think of you as something lesser
When we can't sit and talk it out

Well, I hate to break it to you
But you just don't realize
Switching conversation topics
And you never compromise

I wanna express something to ya
Something you oughta know
But you got the frontal logic
And refuse to let it go

You make it rough, so rough
For me to get through to ya
So rough, to get my point across
I've had enough, enough
To get through to ya
So rough, and getting no response

The situation worsens
The words turn into curses
For certain you got me all tied up like a circus

I can't make an assertion

Without you thinking it's hurtin'
I guess it's really time to pull the curtains
You make it rough
You make it rough

So rough, for me to get through to ya
So rough, to get my point across
Enough, of trying to get through to ya
So rough, and getting no response

So rough, for me to get through to ya
So rough, to get my point across
I've had enough, enough
Of trying to get through to ya
So rough, and getting no response

Do ya do ya do ya do ya