

# Miscommunication

Delta Goodrem

Oohh you rubbed me up the wrong way  
Oohh it was something that you didn't say  
Gotta get it back gotta get it back gotta get it back  
Or we might just regret it

We seem to have a knack for miscommunication  
It stabbed us in the back this time  
Is this the end of the line  
'cause that'd be a crime

Now I sit under an angry cloud  
What got hold of me  
There's a voice that sounds too loud  
It bangs on endlessly  
Wanna live in another world with no frustrations  
And miscommunication

Oohh why'd we have to try hard  
Oohh you got under my radar  
Wanna be detached wanna be detached wanna be detached  
So I can just forget it

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(When we are) Transatlantic  
(he knows it) drives me frantic  
(so I ask myself) what's the future  
(why getta) new pc

Oohh it was something that you didn't say?