

Details

Maisie Peters

One, two, three I don't wanna know the details
Don't wanna know where she's from
Or the New Year's that you met her
Just wanna know where you've gone
I don't wanna have to meet her
Pretend we get along
Yeah, I know that's selfish and sudden and wrong But I don't wanna talk about it
'Cause if I talk about it
Then you'll see I don't
I don't
Know what to do about it
What to do about this feeling that I don't want
But I'll keep it all to myself
If you spare me the details
I don't care about the mixtape
What kind of cigarettes she smokes
Don't wanna hear about the one time
You made up in that park we'd always go
So I'll ignore her and she'll be really nice to me
Yeah, I know I'm being bitter and jealous and mean But I don't wanna talk about it
'Cause if I talk about it
Then you'll see I don't, no I don't
Know what to do about it
What to do about this feeling that I don't want
But I'll keep it all to myself
If you spare me the details
So you'll pull me over on a Friday night
Both a little drunk and you're asking why
I've been so off since late December
Say I don't know, no I don't remember
Look, I don't think I want you to myself
But I know I don't want you with anybody else
Don't think you want to hear that either So let's not talk about it, let's not talk about it
'Cause then we won't, no we won't
Have to do something about it or just dance around it
Until we know
So I'll keep it all to myself
If you'll keep it all to yourself
And just spare me the details Details, details, details, details, details, details, details
Details, details, details, details, details

