

# 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

