

# Fiona Apple, Better Version Of Me

The nickel dropped  
When I was on  
My way beyond  
The Rubicon  
What did I do

And of the games that I can handle  
None are ones worth the candle  
What can I do

I'm a frightened, fickle person  
Fighting, cryin', kickin', cursin'  
What should I do

Oooh, after all the folderol,  
And hauling over coals stops  
What will I do

Can't take a good day without a bad one  
Don't feel just to smile until I've had one  
Where did I learn

I make a fuss about a little thing  
The rhyme is losing to the riddling  
Where's the turn

I don't want a home, I'd ruin that  
Home is where my habits have a habitat  
Why give it a turn

Oh, after all the folderol  
And hauling over coals stops  
What did I learn

I am likely to miss the main event  
If I stop to cry or complain again  
So I will keep a deliberate pace  
Let the damned breeze dry my face

Oh, mister, wait until you see  
What I'm gonna be

I've got a plan, a demand and it just began  
And if you're right, you'll agree

Here's coming a better version of me  
Here it comes a better version of me  
Here it comes a better version of me