

Fiona Apple, Get Gone

How many times do I have to say
To get away-get gone
Flip your shit past another lasses
Humble dwelling
You got your game, made your shot, and you got away
With a lot, but I'm not turned-on
So put away that meat you're selling
Cuz I do know what's good for me-
And I've done what I could for you
But you're not benefiting, and yet I'm sitting
Singing again, sing, sing again
How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
M'I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out that he don't give a
Shit about me
How many times can it escalate
Till it elevates to a place I can't breathe?
And I must decide, if you must deride
That I'm much obliged to up and go
I'll idealize, then realize that it's no
Sacrifice, because the price is paid, and
There's nothing left to grieve
Fuckin go-
Cuz I've done what I could for you, and I do know what's
Good for me and I'm not benefiting, instead
I'm sitting singing again, singing again, singing again,
Sing, sing, sing again
How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
M'I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out that he don't give a
Shit about me