

# 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