

# Fiona Apple, I Know

So be it, I'm your crowbar  
If that's what I am so far  
Until you get out of this mess  
And I will pretend  
That I don't know of your sins  
Until you are ready to confess  
But all the time, all the time  
I'll know, I'll know  
And you can use my skin  
To bury your secrets in  
And I will settle you down  
And at my own suggestion,  
I will ask no questions  
While I do my thing in the background  
But all the time, all the time  
I'll know, I'll know  
Baby-I can't help you out, while she's still around  
So for the time being, I'm being patient  
And amidst this bitterness  
If you'll consider this-even if it don't make sense  
All the time-give it time  
And when the crowd becomes your burden  
And you've early closed your curtains,  
I'll wait by the backstage door  
While you try to find the lines to speak your mind  
And pry it open, hoping for an encore  
And if it gets too late, for me to wait  
For you to find you love me, and tell me so  
It's ok, don't need to say it