

Fiona Apple, Not About Love

The early cars
Already are
Drawing deep breaths past my door
And last night's phrases
Sick with lack of basis
Are still writhing on my floor

And it doesn't seem fair
That your wicked words should work
In holding me down
No, it doesn't seem right
To take information
Given at close range
For the gag
And the bind
And the ammunition round

Conversation once colored by esteem
Became duologue as a diagram of a play for blood
Took a vacation, my palate got clean
Now I could taste your agenda
While you're spitting your cud

And it doesn't make sense
I should fall for the kingcraft of a meritless crown
No, it doesn't seem right
To take information
Given at close range
For the gag
And the bind
And the ammunition round

This is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact I can't stop falling out

This is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact I can't stop falling out
I miss that stupid ache

What is this posture
I have to stare at
That's what he said when I'm sittin' up straight
Change the name of the game 'cause he lost
And he knew he was wrong but he knew it too late
But I'm not being fair
'Cause I chose to listen to that filthy mouth
But I'd like to choose right
Take all the things that I've said that he stole
Put 'em in a sack
Swing 'em over my shoulder
Turn on my heels
Step out of this sight
Try to live in a lovelier light

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