

# 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

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'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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