

Fiona Apple, Sullen Girl

Days like this
I don't know what
To do with myself
All day and all night
I wander the halls
Along the walls and
Under my breath
I say to myself
I need fuel
To take flight
And there's too
Much going on
But it's calm under
The waves
In the blue of my oblivion
Under the waves in
The blue of my oblivion

Is that why they call me
A sullen girl, sullen girl
They don't know
I used to sail the
Deep and tranquil sea
But he washed me shore
And he took my pearl
And left an empty
Shell of me

And there's too
Much going on
But it's calm under the waves
In the blue of my oblivion
Under the waves
In the blue of my oblivion
Under the waves
In the blue of my oblivion
It's calm under the waves
In the blue of my oblivion

crbt2('Fiona Apple','Sullen Girl')

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Artist Info