

# Fiona Apple, Werewolf

I could liken you to a werewolf the way you left me for dead  
But I admit that I provided a full moon  
And I could liken you to a shark the way you bit off my head  
But then again I was waving around a bleeding, open wound

But you were such a super guy 'til the second you get a whiff of me  
We are like a wishing well and a bolt of electricity  
But we can still support each other, all we gotta do's avoid each other  
Nothing wrong when a song ends in a minor key  
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The lava of the volcano shot up hot from under the sea  
One thing leads to another and you made an island of me  
And I could liken you to a chemical the way you made me compound a compound  
But I'm a chemical, too, inevitable you and me would mix  
And I could liken you to a lot of things but I always come around  
'Cause in the end I'm a sensible girl, I know the fiction of the fix

But you were such a super guy 'til the second you get a whiff of me  
We are like a wishing well and a bolt of electricity  
But we can still support each other, all we gotta do's avoid each other  
Nothing wrong when a song ends in a minor key /4x