

Fiona Apple "Get Gone"

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How many times do I have to say
To get away,
Get gone?

Flip your shit past another lass's
Humble dwelling.

You got your game, made your shot,
And you got away with a lot,
But I'm not
Turned on.

So put away that meat you're selling
'Cause I do know what's good for me
And I've done what I could for you
But you're not benefiting,
And yet I'm sitting:
Singing again, sing, sing again

How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
I'm gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out
That he don't give a shit about me.

'Cause I do know what's good for me
And I've done what I could for you!
But you're not benefiting, and yet I'm sitting:
Singing again, sing, sing again

How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
I'm gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out
That he don't give a shit about me.

How many times can it escalate
Till it elevates to a place I can't breathe?
And I must decide, if you must deride
That I'm much obliged to up and go

I'll idealize, then realize that it's no

Sacrifice, because the price is paid, and
There's nothing left to grieve

Fuckin go!

'Cause I've done what I could for you,
And I do know what's
Good for me
And I'm not benefiting,
Instead I'm sitting:
Singing again, singing again, singing again,
Sing, sing, sing again

How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
Am I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out
That he don't give a shit about me

How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this
Am I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out
It's time the truth was out
That he don't give a
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