

## Fiona Apple "Tymps"

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Those boom times went bust  
My feet of clay, they've dried to dust  
The red isn't the red we painted,  
It's... just... rust  
And the signature thing used to bring a following  
I have trouble now, even remembering

So why did I kiss him so hard late last Friday night  
And keep on letting him change all my plans  
I'm either so sick in the head  
I need to be bled dry to quit  
Or I just really used to love him  
I sure hope that's it

I knew that to keep in touch  
Would do me deep in dutch  
'Cause it isn't the rush of remembering,  
It's ... just ... mush  
And that signature thing is only growing harrowing  
I should have no trouble now to keep from following

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