

Fiona Apple "Used To Love Him"

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Those boon times went bust
My feet of clay, they've dried to dust
The red isn't the red we painted,
It's... just... rust
That signature thing that 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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