

## Apple Fiona

### "Get Gone"

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How many times do I have to say  
To get away-get gone  
Flip your shit past another lasses  
Humble dwelling  
You got your game, made your shot, and you got away  
With a lot, but Im not turned-on  
So put away that meat youre selling  
Cuz I do know whats good for me-  
And Ive done what I could for you  
But youre not benefiting, and yet Im sitting  
Singing again, sing, sing again  
How can I deal with this, if he wont get with this  
M'I gonna heal from this; he wont admit to it  
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
Its time the truth was out that he dont give a  
Shit about me  
How many times can it escalate  
Till it elevates to a place I cant breathe?  
And I must decide, if you must deride  
That Im much obliged to up and go  
Ill idealize, then realize that its no  
Sacrifice, because the price is paid, and  
Theres nothing left to grieve  
Fuckin go-  
Cuz I've done what I could for you, and I do know whats  
Good for me and Im not benefiting, instead  
Im sitting singing again, singing again, singing again,  
Sing, sing, sing again  
How can I deal with this, if he wont get with this  
M'I gonna heal from this; he wont admit to it  
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
Its time the truth was out that he dont give a  
Shit about me

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