

Fiona Apple, Carrion

Won't do no good
To hold no seance
What's gone is gone and
You can't bring it back around
Won't do no good
To hold no searchlight
You can't illuminate
What time has anchored down
Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone away)

Won't do no good
To sing no love song
No sound could simulate
The presence of a man
Won't do no good
Asking no questions
Your divination should
Acquaint you with the plan

Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone away)

My feel for you, boy
Is decaying in front of me
Like the carrion
Of a murdered pery
And all I want is
To save you, honey
You can't intimidate me
Back into your arms

Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone a)
Oh, honey
(I've gone away)

My feel for you, boy
Is decaying in front of me
Like the carrion
Of a murdered prey
And all I want is
To save you, honey
Or the strength
To walk away

My feel for you, boy
Is decaying in front of me
Like the carrion
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