Fiona Apple, Limp

You wanna make me sick; You wanna lick my wounds, Don't you, baby? You want the badge of honor when you save my hide But you're the one in the way Of the day of doom, baby If you need my shame to reclaim your pride And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists I never did anything to you, man But no matter what I try You'll beat me with your bitter lies So call me crazy, hold me down Make me cry; got off now, baby-It wont be long till you'll be Lying limp in your own hand You feed the beast I have within me You wave the red flag, baby you make it run run run Standing on the sidelines, waving and grinning You fondle my trigger, then you blame my gun And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists I never did anything to you, man But no matter what I try You'll beat me with your bitter lies So call me crazy, hold me down Make me cry; get off now, baby-It wont be long till you'll be Lying limp in your own hand