

Fiona Apple, Oh Well

What you did to me made me
See myself something different
Though I try to talk sense to myself
But I just won't listen

Won't you go away
Turned yourself in
You're no good at confession
Before the image that you burned me in
Tries to teach you a lesson

What you did to me made me see myself somethin' awful
A voice once stentorian is now again meek and muffled
It took me such a long time to get back up the first time you did it
I spent all I had to get it back, and now it seems I've been outbidded

My peace and quiet was stolen from me
When I was looking with calm affection
You were searching out my imperfections

What wasted unconditional love
On somebody
Who doesn't believe in the stuff

You came upon me like a hypnic jerk
When I was just about settled
And when it counts you recoil
With a cryptic word and leave a love belittled

Oh what a cold and common old way to go
I was feeding on the need for you to know me
Devastated at the rate you fell below me

What wasted unconditional love
On somebody
Who doesn't believe in the stuff

Oh, well