

Fiona Apple, Better Version Of Me

The nickel dropped
When I was on
My way beyond
The Rubicon
What did I do

And of the games that I can handle
None are ones worth the candle
What can I do

I'm a frightened, fickle person
Fighting, cryin', kickin', cursin'
What should I do

Oooh, after all the folderol,
And hauling over coals stops
What will I do

Can't take a good day without a bad one
Don't feel just to smile until I've had one
Where did I learn

I make a fuss about a little thing
The rhyme is losing to the riddling
Where's the turn

I don't want a home, I'd ruin that
Home is where my habits have a habitat
Why give it a turn

Oh, after all the folderol
And hauling over coals stops
What did I learn

I am likely to miss the main event
If I stop to cry or complain again
So I will keep a deliberate pace
Let the damned breeze dry my face

Oh, mister, wait until you see
What I'm gonna be

I've got a plan, a demand and it just began
And if you're right, you'll agree

Here's coming a better version of me
Here it comes a better version of me
Here it comes a better version of me