

Fiona Apple, Every Single Night

Every single night
I endure the flight
Of little wings of white-flamed
Butterflies in my brain
These ideas of mine
Percolate the mind
Trickle down the spine
Swarm the belly, swelling to a blaze
That's when the pain comes in
Like a second skeleton
Trying to fit beneath the skin
I can't fit the feelins in
Every single night's alright with my brain

What'd I say to her
What'd I say it to her
What does she think of me
That i'm not what I ought to be
That i'm what I try not to be
It's got to be somebody else's fault
I can't get caught
If what I am is what I am, cause I does what I does
Then brother, get back, cause my breast's gonna bust open
The rib is the shell and the heart is the yolk yoke and
I just made a meal for us both to choke on
Every single night's a fight with my brain

I just want to feel everything

So i'm gonna try to be still now
Gonna renounce the mill a little while and
If we had a double-king-sized bed
We could move in it and i'd soon forget
That what I am is what I am cause I does what I does
And maybe i'd relax, let my breast shot bust open
My heart's made of parts of all that surround me
And that's why the devil just can't get around me
Every single night's alright, every single night's a fight
And every single fight's alright with my brain

I just want to feel everything /4x