

Fiona Apple, Parting Gift

I opened my eyes
While you were kissing me once more than once
And you looked as sincere as a dog
Just as sincere as a dog does,
When it's the food on your lips with which it's in love

I bet you could never tell
That I knew you didn't know me that well
It is my fault you see
You never learned that much from me

Oh you silly stupid pastime of mine
You were always good for a rhyme
And from the first, to the last time, the signs
Said 'Stop' - but we went on whole-hearted
It ended bad, but I love what we started
They said 'Stop' - but we went on whole-hearted
It ended bad, but I love what we started

I took off my glasses
While you were yelling at me once more than once
So as not to see you see me react
Should've put 'em, should've put 'em on again
So I could see you see me sincerely yelling back

I bet your fortified face
Belied your fort of lace
It is by the grace of me
You never learned what I could see

Oh you silly stupid pastime of mine
You were always good for a rhyme
And from the first to all the last times, all the signs
Said 'Stop' - but we went on whole-hearted
It ended bad, but I love what we started
They said 'Stop' - but we went on whole-hearted
It ended bad, but I love what we started