

Fiona Apple, Tymps (The Sick In The Head Song)

Those boon times went bust
My feet of clay, they dried to dust
The red isn't the red we painted
Its just rust
And the signature thing
That used to bring a following
I have trouble now
Even remembering

So why did I kiss him so hard
Late last Friday night
And keep on letting him change all my plans
I'm either so sick in the head
I need to be bled dry, to quit
Or I just really used to love him
I sure hope thats it

I knew that to keep in touch
Would do me deep in dutch
Cuz it isn't the rush of remembering
Its just mush
And the signature thing
Is only growing harrowing
I should have no trouble now
To keep from following

So why did I kiss him so hard
Late last Friday night
And keep on letting him change all my plans
I'm either so sick in the head
I need to be bled dry, to quit
Or I just really used to love him
I sure hope thats it

Those boon times went bust
My feet of clay, they dried to dust
The red isn't the red we painted
Its just rust
And the signature thing
That used to bring a following
I have trouble now
Even remembering

So why did I kiss him so hard
Late last Friday night
And keep on letting him change all my plans
I'm either so sick in the head
I need to be bled dry, to quit
Or I just really used to love him
Or I just really used to love him
Or I just really used to love him
I sure hope that's it