

Shakespear's Sister, My 16th Apology

things were going pretty well 'till i died
on that summer afternoon
when you broke down before my eyes
well i got a streak of meanness
a clumsy way of speaking
and i don't know where i get it from
it must run in my family

do i have to go down on my knees?
this is my 16th apology to you
with friends like me who needs enemies

i got a river the size of my rage
which is really something else
when you think of my tender age
well i got a way about me
but it's hard for me to see it
and i don't know when i'm wrong
why am i so hard to please?

do i have to go down on my knees?
this is my 16th apology to you
with friends like me who needs enemies

the things i said about you
were all sand yesterday
i didn't mean to hurt you
maybe we could work it out someday

do i have to go down on my knees?
this is my 16th apology to you
with friends like me who needs enemies