

# 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