

Red Red Red

Fiona Apple

I don't understand about complementary colors

And what they say

Side by side they both get bright

Together they both get gray

But he's been pretty much yellow

And I've been kinda blue

But all I can see is

Red, red, red, red, red now

What am I gonna do

I don't understand about

Diamonds and why men buy them

What's so impressive about a diamond

Except the mining

But it's dangerous work

Trying to get to you too

And I think if I didn't have to

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill myself doing it

Maybe I wouldn't

Think so much of you

I've been watching all the time

And I still can't find the tack

And I wanna know is it okay

Is it just fine

Or is it my fault

Is it my lack

I don't understand about

The weather outside

Or the harmony in a tune

Or why somebody lies

There's solace a bit for submitting

To the fitfully cryptically true

What's happened has happened

What's coming is already on its way

With a role for me to play

I don't understand

I'll never understand

But I'll try to understand

There's nothing else I can do

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