

Used to Love Him

Fiona Apple

Those boon times went bust
My feet of clay, they've dried to dust
The red isn't the red we painted,
It's... just... rust
That 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 that's it
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