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 rememberingSo 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 itto keep in touch would do me deep in dutch 'Cause it isn't the rush of remembering, it's just mush And that signature thing is only growing harrowing I should have no trouble now to keep from followingSo 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 itThose 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 rememberingSo 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

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