

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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