

# Hot Knife

[Fiona Apple](#)

If I'm butter, if I'm butter  
If I'm butter than he's a hot knife  
He makes my heart a cinema scope screen  
Showing the dancing bird of paradise  
He excites me  
Must be like the genesis of rhythm  
I get feisty  
Whenever I'm with him

I'm a hot knife, I'm a hot knife  
I'm a hot knife, he's a pat of butter  
If I get a chance I'm gonna show him  
That he's never gonna need another  
Never need another  
You can, you can, you can wild up around me  
Maybe you could teach me something  
Maybe I can teach you too

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