

# Oh Well (Jon Brion Version)

[Fiona Apple](#)

What you did to me made me  
See myself something different  
Though I try to talk sense to myself  
But I just won't listen Won't you go away  
Turned yourself in  
You're no good at confession  
Before the image that you burned me in  
Tries to teach you a lesson What you did to me made me see myself somethin' awful  
A voice once stentorian is now again meek and muffled  
It took me such a long time to get back up the first time you did it  
I spent all I had to get it back, and now it seems I've been outbidded My peace and quiet was stolen from me  
When I was looking with calm affection  
You were searching out my imperfections What wasted unconditional love  
On somebody  
Who doesn't believe in this stuff You came up on me like a hypnic jerk  
When I was just about settled  
And when it counts you recoil  
With the cryptic word you even love belittling Oh what a cold and common old way to go  
I was feeding on the need for you to know me  
Devastated at the rate you feel below me What wasted unconditional love  
On somebody  
Who doesn't believe in this life Oh, well

Songwriters

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