

# Every Single Night

Fiona Apple

Every single night  
I endure the flight  
Of little wings of white flamed  
Butterflies in my brain  
These ideas of mine  
Percolate the mind  
Trickle down the spine  
Swarm the belly swelling to a blaze  
That's where the pain comes in  
Like a second skeleton  
Trying to fit beneath the skin  
I can't fit the feelings in  
Oh every single night's alight  
With my brain  
What'd I say to her?  
Why'd I say it to her?  
What does she think of me?  
That I'm not what I ought to be?  
And what I turn out to be has got to be somebody else's fault  
I can't get caught  
If what I am is what I am  
'Cause I does what I does  
Then brother, get back, 'cause my breast's gonna bust open  
The rib is the shell, and the heart is the yolk  
And I just made a meal for us both to choke on  
Every single night's a fight with my brain  
I just wanna feel everything  
I just wanna feel everything  
I just wanna feel everything  
So I'm gonna try to be still now  
Gonna renounce from the mill for a while  
And if we had a double king sized bed  
We could move in it and I'd soon forget  
That what I am is what I am 'cause I does what I does  
And maybe I'd relax, let my breast just bust open  
My heart's made of parts of all that's around me  
And that's why the devil just can't get around me  
Every single nights alright, and every single night's a fight  
And every single fight's alright, with my brain

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