My 16th Apology

Shakespear's Sister

Things were going pretty well 'till I died
On that summer afternoon
When you broke down before my eyesWell I got a streak of meanness
A clumsy way of speaking
And I don't know where I get it from
It must run in my familyDo I have to go down on my knees?
This is my 16th apology to you
With friends like me who needs enemiesI got a river the size of my rage
Which is really something else
When you think of my tender ageWell I got a way about me
But it's hard for me to see it
And I don't know when, I'm wrong
Why am I so hard to please?Do I have to go down on my knees?
This is my 16th apology to you
With friends like me who needs enemiesThe things I said about you
Were all sand yesterday
I didn't mean to hurt you
Maybe we could work it out somedayDo I have to go down on my knees?
This is my 16th apology to you
With friends like me who needs enemies

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