Regret

Fiona Apple

'Member when we argued o'er the concept of regret?
You were an expert even then but not me; not yet
Now, all you gotta do's remind me that we met
And there - you got me - that's how you got me - you taught me to regret
'Member how I asked you why are you so mean?
You didn't know how to react to being seen
I tried to be your friend, you made me shamed, so I'm getting e'en
And there - you got me - that's how you got me - you taught me to be mean
But I ran out of white doves' feathers
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth
Every time you address me
Oh, I ran out of white doves' feathers
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth
Every time you address me
'Member when I was so sick and you didn't believe me?

Then you got sick too and guess who took care of you?
You hated that, didn't you? Didn't you?
Now, when you look at me, you're condemned to see
The monster your mother made you to be
And there - you got me - that's how you got free - you got rid of me
But now I ran out of white doves' feathers
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth
Every time you address me
Oh, I ran out of white doves' feathers
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth
Every time you address me
Alone
Leave me alone
Leave me alone, leave me alone
Leave me alone, leave me alone
Alone

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