

# 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 meanBut I ran out of white doves' feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth  
Every time you address meOh, 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 meBut now I ran out of white doves' feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth  
Every time you address meOh, I ran out of white doves' feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes from your mouth  
Every time you address meAlone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
Alone

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