

# Get Gone

Fiona Apple

How many times do I have to say  
To get away,  
Get gone? Flip your shit past another lass's  
Humble dwelling. You got your game, made your shot,  
And you got away with a lot,  
But I'm not  
Turned on. So put away that meat you're selling  
'Cause I do know what's good for me  
And I've done what I could for you  
But you're not benefiting,  
And yet I'm sitting:  
Singing again, sing, sing again How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this  
I'm gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it  
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
It's time the truth was out  
That he don't give a shit about me. 'Cause I do know what's good for me  
And I've done what I could for you!  
But you're not benefiting, and yet I'm sitting:  
Singing again, sing, sing again How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this  
I'm gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it  
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
It's time the truth was out  
That he don't give a shit about me. How many times can it escalate  
Till it elevates to a place I can't breathe?  
And I must decide, if you must deride  
That I'm much obliged to up and go I'll idealize, then realize that it's no  
Sacrifice, because the price is paid, and  
There's nothing left to grieve Fuckin go! 'Cause I've done what I could for you,  
And I do know what's  
Good for me  
And I'm not benefiting,  
Instead I'm sitting:  
Singing again, singing again, singing again,  
Sing, sing, sing again How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this  
Am I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it  
Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
It's time the truth was out  
That he don't give a shit about me How can I deal with this, if he won't get with this  
Am I gonna heal from this; he won't admit to it

Nothing to figure out; I gotta get him out  
It's time the truth was out  
That he don't give a  
Shit about me

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