

# Limp

## Fiona Apple

you wanna make me sick  
you wanna lick my wounds  
don't you baby?

you want the badge of honor when you save my hide?

but you're the one of the way of the day of doom  
baby  
if you need my shame to reclaim your pride

and when i think of it my fingers turn to fists, i never did anything to you man  
no matter what i try you beat me with your bitter lies  
so call me crazy  
hold me down  
make me cry  
get off now baby

it wont be long till you'll be lying limp in your own hands

you feed the beast i have within me  
you wave the red flag  
baby you make it run, run, run  
standin on the side lines  
waving and grinning

you fondle my trigger then you blame my gun

and when i think of it  
my fingers turn to fists  
i never did anything to you man  
no matter what i try you beat me with your bitter lies  
so call me crazy  
hold me down  
make me sick  
get off now baby

it wont be long till you'll be lying limp in your own hands.

---

Lyrics submitted by Nicole.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>