

Ladies

Fiona Apple

Ladies, ladies, ladies, ladies
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Ruminations on the looming effect
And the parallax view, and the figure
And the form, and the revolving door that keeps
Turning out more and more
Good women like you
Yet another woman, to whom I won't get through

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Ladies, ladies, ladies, ladies
Take it easy, when he leaves me, please be my guest
To whatever I might've left
In his kitchen cupboards, in the back of his bathroom cabinets
And oh yes, oh yes, oh yes

There's a dress in the closet, don't get rid of it, you'd look good in it
I didn't fit in it, it was never mine
It belonged to the ex wife of another ex of mine
She left it behind, with a note
One line it said, "I don't know if I'm coming across, but I'm really trying"
She was very kind

Fruit bat
Cuter than a button, mutton-head maniac
Fruit bat, cuter than a button, mutton-head maniac

Nobody can replace anybody else
So, it would be a shame to make it a competition
And no love is like any other love
So, it would be insane to make a comparison with you

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