

# Regret

Fiona Apple

'Member when we argued on 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 ya got me, that's how you got me, taught me to regret

'Member how I asked you why are you so mean?  
You didn't know how to yet to bein' seen  
I tried to be your friend, you made me seem so ?  
And there ya got me, that's how you got me, ya taught me to be mean

I ran out of white dove feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes through your mouth  
Every time you address me

Oh I ran out of white dove feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes through 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 ya got me, that's how you got free, you got rid of me

And now I ran out of white dove feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes through your mouth  
Every time you address me

Oh I ran out of white dove feathers  
To soak up the hot piss that comes through your mouth  
Every time you address me

Alone  
Leave me alone  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
Leave me alone, leave me alone  
Alone