

# Tympy (The Sick in the Head Song)

Fiona Apple

Those boon times went bust  
My feet of clay, they dried to dust  
The red isn't the red we painted  
It's just rust  
And the signature thing  
That used to bring a following  
I have trouble now  
Even remembering

So why did I kiss him so hard  
Late last Friday night  
And keep on letting him change all my plans  
I'm either so sick in the head  
I need to be bled dry, to quit  
Or I just really used to love him  
I sure hope that's it

I knew that to keep in touch  
Would do me deep in dutch  
Cuz it isn't the rush of remembering  
It's just mush  
And the signature thing  
Is only growing harrowing  
I should have no trouble now  
To keep from following

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