Not About Love

Fiona Apple

Not about loveThe early cars
Already are
Drawing deep breaths past my door
And last night's phrases
Sick with lack of basis
Are still writhing on my floorAnd it doesn't seem fair
That your wicked words should work
In holding me down
No, it doesn't seem right
To take information
Given at close range
For the gag
And the bind
And the ammunition round
Conversation once colored by esteem
Became dialogue as a diagram of a play for blood
Took a vacation, my palate got clean
Now I could taste your agenda
While you're spitting your cudAnd it doesn't make sense
I should fall for the kingcraft of a meritless crown
No, it doesn't seem right
To take information
Given at close range
For the gag
And the bind
And the ammunition roundThis is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact I can't stop falling out
This is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact I can't stop falling out
I miss that stupid acheWhat is this posture
I have to stare at
That's what he said when I'm sittin' up straight
Change the name of the game 'cause he lost
And he knew he was wrong but he knew it too late
But I'm not being fair
'Cause I chose to listen to that filthy mouth
But I'd like to choose right
Take all the things that I've said that he stole
Put 'em in a sack
Swing 'em over my shoulder

Turn on my heels
Step out of this sight
Try to live in a lovelier lifeThis is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact I cant stop falling outThis is not about love
'Cause I am not in love
In fact i cant stop falling out
I miss that stupid ache
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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