

# Red Red Red

Fiona Apple

I don't understand about complementary colors  
And what they say  
Side by side they both get bright together  
They both get gray

But he's been pretty much yellow  
And I've been kind of blue  
But all I can see is  
Red, red, red, red, red  
Now, what am I gonna do?

I don't understand about diamonds  
And why men buy them  
What's so impressive about a diamond  
Except the mining?

But it's dangerous work  
Trying to get to you, too  
And I think if I didn't have to kill  
Kill, kill, kill, kill myself doing it  
Maybe I wouldn't think so much of you

I've been watching all the time  
And I still can't find the tack  
But I wanna know is, is it okay?  
Is it just fine?  
Or is it my fault?  
Is it my lack?

I don't understand about  
The weather outside  
Or the harmony in a tune  
Or why somebody lied

But there's solace a bit in submitting  
To the fitfully, cryptically true  
What's happened, has happened  
What's coming is already on its way  
With a role for me to play

And I don't understand  
I never understand  
But I'll try to understand  
There's nothing else I can do