

I Know

Fiona Apple

So be it, I'm your crowbar
If that's what I am so far
Until you get out of this mess
And I will pretend
That I don't know of your sins
Until you are ready to confess
But all the time, all the time
I'll know, I'll know
And you can use my skin
To bury your secrets in
And I will settle you down
And at my own suggestion,
I will ask no questions
While I do my thing in the background
But all the time, all the time
I'll know, I'll know
Baby-I can't help you out, while she's still around
So for the time being, I'm being patient
And amidst this bitterness
If you'll consider this-even if it don't make sense
All the time-give it time
And when the crowd becomes your burden
And you've early closed your curtains,
I'll wait by the backstage door
While you try to find the lines to speak your mind
And pry it open, hoping for an encore
And if it gets too late, for me to wait
For you to find you love me, and tell me so
It's ok, don't need to say it