

# Limp

Fiona Apple

You wanna make me sick;  
You wanna lick my wounds,  
Don't you, baby?  
You want the badge of honour when you save my hide  
But you're the one in the way  
Of the day of doom, baby  
If you need my shame to reclaim your pride  
And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists  
I never did anything to you, man  
But no matter what I try  
You'll beat me with your bitter lies  
So call me crazy, hold me down  
Make me cry; get off now, baby-  
It won't be long till you'll be  
Lying limp in your own hand  
You feed the beast I have within me  
You wave the red flag, baby you make it run run run  
Standing on the sidelines, waving and grinning  
You fondle my trigger, then you blame my gun

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Lying limp in your own hand  
(instrumental)

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