

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