

# 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 kinda 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

And it's dangerous work  
Trying to get to you too  
And I think if I didn't have to  
Kill, 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  
And I wanna know 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

There's solace a bit for 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

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