

Rack of His

Fiona Apple

I gave you pictures and cards on non-holidays
And it wasn't because I was bored
I followed you from room to room with no attention
And it wasn't because I was bored

It was because I was loving you so much
It's the only reason I gave my time to you
And that's it, there's a kick and you've given up
'Cause you know you won't like it when there's nothing to do

Check out that rack of his! Look at that row of guitar necks
Lined up like eager fillies, outstretched like legs of Rockettes
They don't know what they are in for and they don't care, but I do
I thought you would wail on me like you wail on them, but it was just a coochie-coo-coo!

And meanwhile I'm loving you so much
It's the only reason I gave my time to you

And that's it, there's a kick and you've given up
'Cause you know you won't like it when there's nothing to do

Meanwhile I'm loving you so much
That's the only reason that I gave my time to you
And that's it, there's a kick and you've given up
'Cause you know you don't like it when there's nothing to do

And I've been used so many times
I've learned to use myself in kind
I try to drum, I try to write
I can't do either well but
Oh well, that's fine, I guess
'Cause I know how to spend my time

(I know how to spend my time)
(I know how to spend my time)
(I know how to spend my time)
(And meanwhile I'm loving you so much)
(And meanwhile I'm loving you so much)
(And meanwhile I'm loving you so much)