

# Get Gone

Fiona Apple

F# E F# E

F#

How many times do I have to say

E

To get away get gone

F#

Flip your shit past another

E

Humble dwelling

F#

You got your game, made your shot,

E

And you got away with a lot, but I'm not

F# E

Turned on

So put away that meat you're selling

Ebm

Cuz I do know

Ebm

What's good for me

G#

And I've done what I could for you

F

But you're not benefiting

Ebm

And yet I'm sitting

F

Singing again, sing, sing again

Cm

How can I deal with this

Gm

If he won't get with this

Cm

I'm gonna heal from this

F

He won't admit to it

Cm

Nothing to figure out

Gm

I gotta get him out

F

It's time the truth was out

That he don't give a shit

Cm F# F

About me

F# E x2

Cuz I do know what's good for me

And I've done what I could for you

But you're not benefiting

And yet I'm sitting

Singing again

Sing, sing again

How can I deal with this

If he won't get with this

I'm gonna heal from this

He won't admit to it

Nothing to figure out

I gotta get him out

It's time the truth was out

That he don't give a shit about me

How many times can it escalate

Till it elevates to a place

I can't breathe?

And I must decide

If you must deride

That I'm much obliged

To up and go

I'll idealize, then realize

That it's no sacrifice

Because the price is paid

And there's nothing left to grieve

Fuckin go

Cuz I've done what I could for you

And I do know what's Good for me

And I'm not benefiting

Instead I'm sitting

Singing again

Singing again

Singing again

Sing, sing, sing again

How can I deal with this

If he won't get with this

I'm gonna heal from this

He won't admit to it

Nothing to figure out

I gotta get him out

It's time the truth was out

That he don't give a shit about me