

Fiona Apple, Hot Knife

If I'm butter - if I'm butter
If I'm butter, then he's a hot knife,
He makes my heart a cinemascope,
He's showing the dancing bird of paradise.

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He's showing the dancing bird of paradise.

He excites me
Must be like a genesis of rhythm
I get feisty
Whenever I'm with him

If I'm butter - if I'm butter
If I'm butter, then he's a hot knife,
He makes my heart a cinemascope,
He's showing the dancing bird of paradise

I'm a hot knife- if I'm a hot knife
I'm a hot knife if he's a pad of butter.
If I get a chance, I'm gonna show him that
He's never gonna need- never need another.

I'm a hot knife- if I'm a hot knife
I'm a hot knife if he's a pad of butter
If I get a chance, I'm gonna show him that
He's never gonna need- never need another.

(And you can, and you can, and you can wild up around me)

(If I'm butter - if I'm butter
If I'm butter, then he's a hot knife,
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He's showing the dancing bird of paradise)

(And you can, and you can, and you can wild up around me)

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