

Fiona Apple, Window

I was staring out the window
The whole time he was talking to me
It was a filthy pane of glass
I couldn't get a clear view

As he went on and on
It wasn't the outside world I could see
Just the filthy pane that I was looking through

So I had to break the window
It just had to be
Better that I break the window
Than him or her or me

I was never focused on just one thing
My eyes got fixed when my mind got soft
It may looked like I'm concentrated on a very clear view

But I'm as good as asleep
I bet you didn't know
It takes a lot of it away if you do

So I had to break the window
It just had to be
Better that I break the window
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Because the fact in fact
Whatever's in front of me is covering my view
So I can't see what I'm seeing in fact
I only see what I'm looking through

I had to break the window
It just had to be it was in my way
Better that I break the window
Then forget what I had to say

So again I've done the right thing
I was never worried about that
The answer's always been in clear view
But even when the window's clean
I still can't see for the fact
That when it's clean it's so clear
I can't tell what I'm looking through

So I had to break the window
It just had to be
Better that I break the window
Than him or her or me

I had to break the window
It just had to be it was in my way
Better that I break the window
Then forget what I had to say

I had to break the window
It was in my way
Better that I break a window
Then forget what I had to say

Or miss what I should see
Or breaking him or her or me