

# FAST AS YOU CAN

**By: Fiona Apple**

**LP: When the Pawn Hits...**

**Year: 1999**

I let the beast in too soon;  
I don't know how to live without my hand on his throat;  
I fight him always & still.

O darling, it's so sweet;  
you think you know how crazy how crazy I am.  
You say you don't spook easy;  
you won't go, but I know, and I pray that you will.

Fast as you can, baby, run, free yourself of me; fast as you can.

I may be soft in your palm  
but I'll soon grow hungry for a fight and I will not let you win.  
My pretty mouth will frame the phrases that will disprove your faith from man.  
So if you catch me trying to find my way into your heart from under your skin.

Fast as you can, baby, scratch me out; free yourself, fast as you can.  
Fast as you can, baby, scratch me out; free yourself, fast as you can.

Sometimes my mind don't shake and shift but most of the time, it does.  
And I get to the place where I'm begging for a lift.  
Or I'll drown in the wonders and the was.  
And I'll be your girl, if you say it's a gift.  
And you give me some more of your drugs.  
Yeah, I'll be your pet, if you just tell me it's a gift.  
Cuz I'm tired of whys, choking on whys, I just need a little because, because.

I let the beast in and then I even tried forgiving him.  
But it's too soon so I'll fight again, again, again, again.  
And for a little while more, I'll soar the uneven wind, complain and blame the sterile land.  
But if you're getting any bright ideas, quiet dear, I'm blooming within.

Fast as you can, baby, wait watch me, Ill be out.  
Fast as I can, maybe late but at least about.  
Fast as you can, leave me, let this thing run its route

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