

Amos Tori, Cruel

Amos Tori

From The Choirgirl Hotel

Cruel

So don't give me respect

Don't give me a piece of your preciousness

flaunt all sh'es got in our old neighbourhood

I'm sure she'll make a few friends

Even the rain bows down

Let us pray as you cock-cock-cock your mane

No cigarettes only peeled Havanas for you

I can be cruel

I don't know why

Why can't my ba.ll.oo.n stay up in a perfectly windy sky

I can be cruel

I don't know why

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Dance with the Sufis

Celebrate your top ten in the charts of pain

Lover brother bogenvilla

My vine twists around your need

Even the rain is sharp

Like today as you sh-sh-shock me sane

No cigarettes only peeled havanas for you

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