

Emiliana Torrini, White Rabbit

One pill makes you larger
And one pill makes you small
And the ones that mother gives you
Don't do anything at all

Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall

And if you go chasing rabbits
And you know you're going to fall
Tell him a hookah-smokin' caterpillar
Has given you the call

And call Alice when she was just small

When the men on the chessboard
Get up and tell you where to go
And you have just have some kind of mushroom
And your mind is movin' low

Go ask Alice, I think she'll know

When logic and proportion
Have fallen sloppy dead
And the white knight is talking backwards
And the red queen's off with her head

Remember
What the doormouse said
Feed your head
Feed your head