

KT Tunstall, Ashes

I am a pain in your ass
And I'm wondering how long it's gonna last
Be my mirror, be my friend
Be the workhouse of the energy
I twist your arm to spin

Every day, like a power station
You know it isn't good
I know you're burning too much wood
Oh, and when you burn out
The twisted irony is
Your ashes come home to me
Come home to me

So we take a walk to make some sense
And I'm wondering if you'll fancy my defense
But I have pushed you way too far
And you say, "Fuck you, little princess
Who the hell do you think you are"

Every day, like a power station
You know it isn't good
You know you're burning too much wood
But I said if you burn out
The twisted irony is
Your ashes come home to me
Come home to me
Come home to me

Yeah well your ashes come home to me
Come home to me
Come home to me

No other sucker's gonna have you on the fucking mantelpiece
The mantelpiece
The mantelpiece