

# Tori Amos, After All

please trip them gently, they don't like to fall, oh by jingo  
there's no room for anger, we're all very small, oh by jingo  
we're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts from the skies, from paradise  
but they think that we're holding a secretive ball  
won't someone invite them, they're just taller children  
that's all, after all

man is an obstacle, sad as the clown, oh by jingo  
so hold on to nothing, and he won't let you down, oh by jingo  
some people are marching together and some on their own  
quite alone  
others are running, the smaller ones crawl  
but some sit in silence, they're just older children  
that's all, after all

i sing with impertinence, shading impermanent chords,  
with my words  
i've borrowed your time and i'm sorry i called  
but the thought just occurred that we're nobody's children at all, after all

live your rebirth and do what you will, oh by jingo  
forget all i've said, please bear me no ill, oh by jingo  
after all, after all