

Tori Amos, Bachelorette

Bachelorette
You climb on rooftops, oh, you
Bachelorette
You can turn dust into champagne
You even dream about his na-na-name
Bachelorette
The graves are painted pink
For bachelorettes
You tried to show him that he can
But you can never rush a man
You must remember
You're a car girl
You're a star, girl
You are at the door
The tide will turn
There's a window
There's a window
Yeah and
You climb on rooftops and you
hmmmm
You tried to show him that he can
But you can never rush a man
Yeah and I'll say
Bachelorette
The things you do girls to your
Bachelorettes
You thought that mmm
And tight it is
And that I lie-li-di-di-di
You must remember
You're a car girl
You're a star girl
You are at the door
The tide will turn
There's a window
There's a window
Bachelorette
You fly alone though
And you cry
Sometimes
There's nothing like it in the world
You'll go to Paris on your own
Oh, just
Bachelorette
You climb on rooftops
Bachelorette
You can turn dust into champagne
You even yi-di-di-di-di
ya-da-da-ai-ai-ai-ai-hi