

Tori Amos, Baker Baker

Baker Baker
Baking a cake
Make me a day
Make me whole again
And I wonder
What's in a day
What's in you cake this time

I guess you heard
He's gone to LA
He says that behind my eyes I'm hiding
And he tells me I pushed him away
That my hearts been hard to find

Here there must be something
Here there must be something here here

Baker Baker can you explain
If truly his heart
Was made of icing
And I wonder
How mine could taste
Maybe we could change his mind

I know you're late
For you next parade
You came to make sure
That I'm not running
Well I ran from him
In all kinds of ways
Guess it was his turn this time

Time thought I'd made friends with time
Thought we'd be flying
Maybe not this time

Baker Baker
Baking a cake
Make me a day
Make me whole again
And I wonder
If he's ok
If you see him say hi