

# Tori Amos, Concertina

Clouds descending  
I'm not policing what you tink and dream  
I run into your thought from across the room  
Just another trick  
Can I weather this  
I've got a fever above my waist  
You got a squeeze box on your knee  
I know the truth is in between the 1st and 40th drink  
Concertina  
Concertina  
A chill that bends this  
I swear you're the fiercest calm I've been in  
Concertina  
Concertina  
Try infrared  
This I swear  
You're the fiercest calm I've been in the  
Soul-quake happened here  
In a glass word  
Particle by particle  
She slowly changes  
She likes hanging chinese paper cuts  
Just another fix  
Can I weather this  
I got my fuzz all tipped to play  
I got a dub on your landscape  
Then there's your policy of trancing  
The sauce without the blame  
Too far too far too far  
It could all get way too cheerful  
Concertina  
I know the truth lies in between the 1st and the 40th drink  
Clouds descending