

Tori Amos, Concertina

Clouds descending
I'm not policing what you think 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