

Tori Amos, Girl

From in the shadow
She calls
And in the shadow
She finds a way
And in the shadow
She crawls
Clutching her faded photograph
My image under her thumb
Yes with a message for my heart
She's been everybody else's girl
Maybe one day she'll be her own
Everybody else's girl
Maybe one day she'll be her own

And in the doorway
They stay and laugh
As violins fill with water
Screams from the bluebells
Can't make them go away
We'll I'm not seventeen
But I've cuts on my knees
Falling down
As the winter takes one more cherry tree
Rushin' rivers thread so thin limitation
Dreams with the flying pigs turbid blue
And the drugstores too safe
In their coats
And in their do's
Yeah smother in our hearts
A pillow to my dots
One day maybe
One day
One day she'll be her own

And in the mist
There she rides
And castles are burning in my heart
And as I twist I hold tight
And I ride to work every morning
Wondering why
"Sit in the chair and be good now" And become all that they told you
The white coats enter her room
And I'm callin' my baby
Callin' my baby
Callin' my baby
Callin' everybody else's girl
Maybe one day she'll be her own