

# 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  
Anda 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