

Tori Amos, Hey Jupiter (The Dakota Version)

No one's picking up the phone.
Guess it's me and me and this little masochist.
She's ready to confess all the things
that I never thought that she could feel and,
hey, Jupiter, nothing's been the same.
So, are you gay? Are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run to.
Sometimes I breathe you in and I know you know.
And sometimes you take a swim.
Found you writing on my wall.
If my heart's soaking wet,
boy, your boots can leave a mess.
Hey, Jupiter, nothing's been the same.
So, are you gay? Are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run to.
And he isn't you.
No one's picking up the phone.
Guess it's clear he's gone.
And this little masochist is lifting up her dress.
Guess I thought I could never feel the things I feel and,
hey, Jupiter, nothing's been the same.
So, are you gay? Are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run to.
I thought I wouldn't have to keep, with you, hiding.
I go from time to time.
I know where the cupboards are.
I know where the car is parked.
I know he isn't you. Nothing is.
Hey, Jupiter.
Nothing.
Nothing's been the same.
Nothing, nothing, nothing's gonna save us.
Nothing.