

Tori Amos, Juarez

Dropped off the edge again down in Juarez
"Don't even bat an eye
If the eagle cries" the rasta man says
Just cause the desert likes your girls flesh
And no angel came.

I don't think you even know
What you tinbk you just said
So go on
Spill your seed
Shake your gun to the rasta man's head
And the desert
She must be blessed
And no angel came.

There's a time to keep it up
A time to keep it in
The Indian is told
The cowboy is his friend
You know that I can breathe
Even when I cheat
Should Should've been over for me
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.
No angel came.