Tori Amos, Ode To The Banana King (Part I)

Turning back ten thousand years
it's all a blur where the taxis go
monster man a willing friend
Lucy serves the melon cold
violent and delicious souls
four red trucks dressed illegally
mother knows how the bugle blows
gonna get caught gonna get caught
gonna get caught in her rug
this is not a conclusion
no revolution
just a little confusion
on where your head has been
boats made out of paper float
dreams made up for the Banana King, darling
crumbs you have lapped freely of
devious we all have been
violent and delicious souls
violent and delicious souls
this is not a conclusion
no revolution
just a little confusion
on where your head has been