

Tori Amos, Snow Cherries From France

i knew a boy who would
not share his bike
oh, but he let me go sailing
i swore that i
could survive any storm
oh then he let me go

"can you launch rockets from here?"
boy, i've done it for years
right over my head
and when i promised my hand
he promised me back
snow cherries from france
all that summer
we traveled the world
never leaving his own back garden
girls, i didn't know
just what it could be
oh, but he let me go sailing

you question me,
"can you ride anything?"
lord, do you mean like your mood swings
invaders and traders with
the best intentions
may convince you to go
"they look like pirates from here"
boy, i've been one for years
just keeping my head
and when i promised my hand
you promised me back
snow cherries from france

and then one day he said
"girl it's been nice,
oh, but i have to go sailing"
with cinnamon lips
that did not match his eyes
oh then he let me go