

# Tori Amos, Spring Haze

Well I know it's just a spring haze  
But I don't much like the look of it  
And if omens are a god send like men  
Breezing in  
Certain these clouds go somewhere  
Billowing out to somewhere  
In a single engine cessna  
You say we'll never make it there  
So all we do is circle it

Uh oh  
Let go  
Off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Uh oh  
Way to go  
So I get creamed  
Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Uh oh  
Way to go  
Waiting on Sunday Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh  
Way to go  
Waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on sunday to drown

So I know it's just a spring haze  
But I don't much like the look of it  
And all we do is circle it  
And I found out where my edge is  
And it bleeds into where you resist  
And my only way, way out is to go  
So far in  
Billowing out to somewhere  
Billowing out  
Luna riviera  
Billowing out to Somewhere

Uh oh  
Let go  
Off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Let go  
So if I really get creamed  
Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Waiting on Sunday to drown

Why does it always end up like this  
Why does it always end up like this  
Why does it always end up like this

Uh oh  
Off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Let go  
Way to go  
So I get creamed  
Waiting on Sunday to drown  
Uh oh  
Waiting on  
Waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh  
Waiting on

Waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to drown  
Waiting on Sunday to  
Waiting  
Waiting on Sunday Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh  
So if I really get creamed  
Waiting on Sunday to drown