

# Tori Amos, Toast

I thought it was Easter time  
The way the light rose  
Rose that morning  
Lately you've been on my mind  
You showed me the rope  
Ropes to climb  
Over mountains  
And to pull myself  
Out of a landslide  
Of a landslide

I thought it was harvest time  
You always loved the smell of the wood burning  
She with her honey hair  
Dalhousie Castle  
She would meet you there  
In the winter  
Butter yellow  
The flames you stirred  
Yes, you could stir

I raise a glass  
Make a toast  
A toast in your honor  
I hear you laugh  
And beg me not to dance  
On your right standing by  
Is Mr. Bojangles  
With a toast he's telling me it's time  
To raise a glass  
Make a toast  
A toast in your honor  
I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance  
On your right standing is  
Mr. Bojangles  
With a toast he's telling me it's time  
To let you go  
Let you go

I thought I'd see you again  
You said you might do  
Maybe in a carving  
In a cathedral  
Somewhere in Barcelona