

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