

# Tori Amos, Toodles Mr. Jim

Toodles Mr. Jim  
You cherry picker  
Toodles I say, so long  
Hear that your grave's a little warm you stickler  
Sing 'em all your happy song  
It's today, today someday  
By your grave  
I say toodles Mr. Jim  
You cherry picker  
Taught me so well  
How to spell those red in  
And  
And  
Hey  
You know she deserved that nose  
Splattered and swattered blood in my hands  
Not a nice day for your little girl  
But you came to my aid instead  
But, now it's toodles Mr. Jim  
You cherry picker  
Build that ladder well  
Teach me just where those boys can climb  
When they've got a spell  
Toodles Mr. Jim  
You are my sweet favourite neighbor of them all  
Let them girls go to their parties  
I don't care cause I'm with you, still  
"That was toodles Mr. Jim  
Mr. Jim died, two weeks ago  
And he taught me how to pick cherries  
And I punched his daughter in the nose  
Because she was mean  
Mr. Jim was good"