Tori Amos, Wednesday

nothing here to fear
i'm just sitting around being foolish
when there is work to be done
just a hang-up call
and the quiet breathing
of our persian
we call cajun on a wednesday

so we go from year to year
with secrets we've been keeping
though you say you're not a templar man

seems as if we're circling
for very different reasons
but one day the eagle has to land

out past the fountain a left by the station i start the day
in the usual way
then think -- well why not --
and stop for a coffee
then begin to recall things that
you say
no one's at the door
you suggest a ghost
perhaps a phantom
i agree with this in part
something is with us
i can't put my finger on
-- is thumbalina size 10 on a wednesday --
so we go you tell me
to cheer up
you suspect we're oddly even
even still
the eagle has to land
out past the fountain
pluck up the courage
and snap it's gone again
i start humming "when doves cry"
can someone help me
i think that i'm lost here
lost in a place called america