

Amos Tori, Leather

Amos Tori
Little Earthquakes
Leather

Look I'm standing naked before you
Don't you want more than my sex
I can scream as loud as your last one
But I can't claim innocence

Oh god could it be the weather
Oh god why am I here
If love isn't forever
And its NOT THE WEATHER
Hand me my leather

I could just pretend that you love me
The night would lose all sense of fear
But why do I need you to love me
When you can't hold what I hold dear

Oh god could it be the weather
Oh god why am I here
If love isn't forever
And its NOT THE WEATHER
Hand me my leather

I almost ran over an angel
He had a nice big fat cigar
"IN A SENSE" he said "you're alone here
So if you jump you best jump far";

Oh god could it be the weather
Oh god why am I here
If love isn't forever
And its NOT THE WEATHER
Oh god could it be the weather
Oh god its all very clear
If love isn't forever
And its NOT THE WEATHER
Hand me my leather