

Tori Amos, 500 Miles

He walked 300 miles
Just to bring me bread
His body, like a sculpture
Almost decorated
And I wake him, as the dawn does
And were breaking on the bus
Saying this was made for us
In lovers communion
For 500 miles
And in 500 miles
Will he break me again?
(Chorus x2)
Step it up, grab your phone
Get your suitcase
Theres no time to waste
A big adventure awaits
Sad news:
France suffered a late snow
The blooms break through the ice
And San Francisco,
Her guitar man finally confessed
He loved an actress
Hearts touched by fraught
We fought in the land of a midnight sun
I lost myself
I lost myself
I walk 300 miles
Just to bring him bread
And love song gifts are simple
Of the Zion underrated NO IDEA
So I waken, as the dawn does
And well face what any lovers must!
Blue mist pales within a flames lust
In lovers communion
For 500 miles
And in 500 miles
Will he break me again?
(Chorus x2)
Will he break?
Even break?
Break?
Dont slide, dont weep
My even
Break.