

Tori Amos, Alamo

heard all about your fandango
begged on my knees on your back door
only to wake you to blues on the way
blues on the way
blues on the way
In Baquero, figures you'll see me as older
twenty-three hours til the border
Don't think I'll be going as fast as I came.
fast as I came
fast as I came
the tears on my pillow, of course they're not mine
alter that altar
make it a play
somebody invent the telephone line
I'll take my chances
Alamo
wish I could do what God does
heard that the stars were in order
got yourself dealt a hand
with two queen of spades
and blues on the way
blues on the way
tears on my pillow
of course they're not mine
alter that altar
make it a play
somebody just
somebody invent the telephone line
I'll take my chances