

Tori Amos, Apollo's Frock

put me back in the cold
I'm going to Antarctica ---
it feels like these days,
our old meeting place,
in an LA cafe
or on the Serengeti,
the hunt has not Begun.
cause I am tired of you taking from me
and I have let you eat from the fruits of my tree
I am not the one to turn into a Laurel wreath
for the last time you have crossed my line

you could never see
you could never see
Apollo's frock
was always as beautiful
always as beautiful as
the saddest rainstorm
Apollo your frock
was always as beautiful
always as beautiful
as your sister's
that your light shined on

how can you think you've won
when there can be no winners
the soul has been lost
of the bow and quiver
do you remember
well I remember
amid the clashing of swords
I'm losing you in my rear view
and I have called the Shekhina in
and the ninefold and a few other friends
you and your predators were warned
if the cubs were drawn in
for the last time you would officially
cross my line

you could never see
never see
Apollo's frock