

# Tori Amos, Big Wheel

I've been on the other side  
Got my lips smacked now they're dry  
Then you call me call me in  
You think I am your possession  
You're messing with a southern girl  
But my recipe is on with your  
Stale bread, yeah it's hot  
But Baby I don't need your cash  
So Baby, maybe I let your

Big Wheel turn my fantasy  
Don't you throw your shade on me  
I've been drinkin' down your pain  
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain  
And wash it away  
Wash it away  
Wash it away boy  
Let's go

I've been on my knees  
But you're so hard, hard to please  
Did you take me, take me in  
So you are a superstar  
Get off the cross we need the wood

Somehow you will rise  
But without a tool  
I know honey you're a pro  
But Baby, I don't need your cash  
Mama got it all in hand now

Big Wheel turn my fantasy  
Don't you throw that shade on me  
I've been drinkin' down your pain  
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain  
And wash it away  
Wash it away  
Wash it away boy

Gimme 8  
Gimme 7  
Gimme 6  
Gimme 5  
Gimme 4  
Gimme 3

I-I-I am a M-I-L-F don't you forget  
M-I-L-F don't you forget  
M-I-L-F don't you forget  
Baby I don't need your cash  
So Baby maybe I let your

Big Wheel turn my fantasy  
Don't you throw that shade on me  
I've been drinkin' down your pain  
Gonna turn that whiskey into rain  
And let your  
Big Wheel turn my fantasy  
Don't you throw that shade on me  
I've been drinkin' down your pain  
Gonna turn that whiskey love into rain  
Gonna turn your whiskey boy into rain

And wash it away

Wash you away boy  
Wash you down  
Big Wheel