

Tori Amos, Butterfly

Stinky soul get a little lost in my own
Hey General, need a little love in that hole of yours
So one ways now and Saturdays now and our kittens
all wrapped in cement
From cradle to gumdrops got me running girl as fast as I can
And is it right,
Butterfly,
they like you better framed and dried?
Daddy, dear, if I can kill one man why not two?
Well, nurses smile when you've got iron veins you can't stain
their pretty shoes.
And pompoms and cherry blondes
And the kittens still wrapped in cement
From God's saviours to gumdrops
got me running girl as fast as I can
And is it right,
Butterfly,
they like you better framed and dried?
Got a pretty pretty garden; pretty garden, yes.