

Tori Amos, Do It Again

In the morning you go gunning
For the man who stole your water
And you fire 'til he is done in
But they catch you at the border
And the mourners are all sighing
As they drag you by your feet
But the hangman isn't hanging
And they put you on the street
Let's go
Well you know she's no high climber
Then you find you find your only friend
In a room with your two-timer
And you're sure you're at the end
Then you love a little wild one
But she brings you only sorrow
All the time you know she's smiling
You'll be on your knees tomorrow
Yeah you go back jack
You go back yeah
Do it again
Wheel turning 'round
And around
Yeah you go back jack
Do it again
Now you swear again back in Vegas
That you're not a gambling man
Then you find you're back in Vegas
With a handle in your hand
Your black cards were making money
So you hide them when you're able
In the land of milk and honey
But you must put them on the table
You go back jack
Do it again
Wheel turning 'round
You go back jack
Do it again
Come home to me
Let's go
Wheel turning 'round
You know
Wheel turning 'round
Beautifully
Wheel turning 'round
Mmm-hmmmm