

Tori Amos, Doughnut Song

Had me a trick and a kick and your message
Well you'll never gain weight from a doughnut hole
Then thought that I could decipher your message
There's no one here dear
No one at all

And if I'm wasting all your time
This time
Maybe you never learned to take
And if I'm hanging on to your shade
I guess I'm way beyond the pale

And souther men can grow gold
Can grow pretty
Blood can be perty
Like a delicate man
Copper to steel to a hinge that is faltered
That let's you in let's you in let's you in
Somethings's just keeping you numb

You told me last night
You were a sun now with your very own

Devoted satellite
Happy for you
And I am sure that I hate you
Two sons too many too many able fires

And if I'm wasting all you time
This time
I think you never learned to take
And if I'm haning on to your shade
I guess I'm way beyond the pale