## Tori Amos, Forever

Look I'm standing naked before you Don't you want more than my sex I can scream as loud as your last one But I can't claim innocence

Oh god, could it be the weather Oh god, why am I here If love isn't forever And it's not the weather Hand me my leather

I could just pretend that you love me The night would lose all sense of fear But why do I need you to love me When you can't hold what I hold dear

Oh god, could it be the weather Oh god, why am I here If love isn't forever And it's not the weather

## Hand me my leather

I almost ran over an angel He had a nice big fat cigar "In a sense," he said, "you're all alone here So if you jump, you best jump far"

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