

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

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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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