

# Tori Amos, Hey Jupiter

No one's picking up the phone  
Guess it's me and me  
And this little masochist  
She's ready to confess  
All the things that I never thought  
That she could feel and

Hey Jupiter  
Nothing's been the same  
So are you gay  
Are you blue  
Thought we both could use a friend  
To run to  
And I thought you'd see with me  
You wouldn't have to be something new

Sometimes I breathe you in  
And I know you know  
And sometimes you take a swim  
Found your writing on my wall  
If my heart's soaking wet  
Boy your boots can leave a mess

Hey Jupiter  
Nothing's been the same  
So are you gay  
Are you blue  
Thought we both could use a friend  
To run to  
And I thought I wouldn't have to keep  
With you  
Hiding

Thought I knew myself so well  
All the dolls I had  
Took my leather off the shelf  
Your apocalypse was fab  
For a girl who couldn't choose between  
The shower or the bath

And I thought I wouldn't have to be  
With you  
A magazine

No one's picking up the phone  
Guess it's clear he's gone  
And this little masochist  
Is lifting up her dress  
Guess I thought I could never feel  
The things I feel  
Hey Jupiter