

Tori Amos, Josephine

Not tonight Josephine

In an army's strength
Therein lies the denouement
From here you've haunting me
By the Seine so beautiful
Only not to be of use
Impossible

So strange
Victory - 1,200 spires
The only sound
Moscow turning
Empty like the Tuileries
Like a dream
Vienna seems
Only not to be of use
Impossible

In the last extremity
To advance or not to advance
I hear you laughing

Even still you're calling me
"Not tonight, not tonight, not tonight"
Josephine