

Tori Amos, Leather

Look I'm standing naked before you
Don't you want more then 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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Oh God
Why am I here
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I almost ran over an angel
He had a nice big fat cigar
"In a sense" he said "You're alone here
So if you jump you best jump far"

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