

# Tori Amos, Mother Revolution

Lucky me  
I guessed the kind of man  
That you would turn out to be  
Now I wish that I'd been wrong and then  
I could remember to breathe  
And all along the watchtower  
The night horses and the black mares  
Ready themselves for the outcome  
For the strange times upon us

But what you didn't count on  
Was another mother of  
A mother revolution  
But what you didn't count on  
Was another mother of  
A mother revolution  
You could've have me  
You could've have me  
You could've have me  
Right there beside you  
You could've have me boy  
You could've have me yeah  
You could've have me  
Right there beside you

A wife on loan in a cafe  
In old El Paso  
Next I go to  
Seven Gates and my sister's Bass Bonanza  
And all along her watchtower  
The night horses and the black mares  
Steady themselves for the outcome  
For the strange days upon us

What you didn't count on  
Was another mother of  
A mother revolution