

Tori Amos, Ode To The Banana King

Turning back ten thousand years,
It's all a blur where the taxi's go
Monster man a willing friend,
Lucy serves the melon cold

Violent and delicious souls,
Four red trucks dressed illegally,
Mother knows how the bugle blows
Gonna get caught, gonna get caught,
Gonna get caught in her rug, babe

This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion

On where your head has been

Boat made out of paper float,
Dreams made up for the banana king, darling
Crumbs you have lapped freely of,
Devious we all have been

Violent and delicious souls
Violent and delicious souls
This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been