Tori Amos, Pancake

i'm not sure who's fooling who here
as i'm watching your decay
we both know you could deflate
a 7 hurricane
seems like you and your tribe
decided you'd rewrite the law
segregate the mind
from body and soul

[CHORUS:]
you give me yours
i'll give you mine
cause i can look your god
right in the eye
you give me yours
i'll give you mine
you used to look my god
right in the eye

i believe in defending
in what we once
stood for
it seems in vogue
to be a closet
misogynist homophobe

a change of course in
our direction
a dash of truth
spread thinly
like a flag
on a popstar
on a benzodiazapene

[CHORUS]

oh zion please
remove your glove
and dispel every
trace
of his spoken word
that has lodged
in my vortex

i'm not sure who's fooling who here
as i'm watching your decay
we both know you could deflate
a 7 hurricane
you could have spared
her - oh but no
messiahs need
people dying in their
name
you say "i ordered you a
pancake"
you say "i ordered you a
pancake"