

Tori Amos, Precious Things

So I ran faster
But it caught me here
Yes my loyalties turned
Like my ankle
In the seventh grade
Running after Billy
Running after the rain
These precious things
Let them bleed
Let them wash away
These precious things let them break
Their hold over me

He said you're really an ugly girl
But I like the way you play
And I died
But I thanked him
Can you believe that
Sick holding on to his picture
Dressing up every day
I wanna smash the faces of those beautiful boys
Those christian boys
So you can made me cum
That doesn't make you Jesus
I remember
Yes in my peach party dress
No one dared
No one cared
To tell me where the pretty girls are
Those demigods
With their nine-inch nails
And little fascist panties
Tucked inside the heart
Of ever nice girl
These precious things
Let them bleed
Let them wash away
These precious things
Let them break
Let them wash away