

Tori Amos, Suede

Suede
You always felt like suede
There are days I feel your twin
Peekaboo
Hiding underneath your skin
Jets are rewing
Yes rewing
From a central source
And this has power over me
Not becuase you feel something
Or don't feel something for me
But becuase
Mass so big it can swallow
Swallow her whole star intact
Call me 'evil' call me 'tide is on your side'
Anything that you want
Anybody knows you can conjure anything
By the dark of the moon
Boy and if you keep your silence
Silencer on you'll
Talk yourself right into a job
Out of a hole
Into my bayou
I'm sure that you've been briefed
My absorption lines
They are frayed
And I fear
My fear is greater than my faith
But I walk
The missionary way
You always felt like suede
There are days I am your twin
Peekaboo
Hinding underneath your skin
Juets are rewing
Yes rewing
From an ether twist
Call me 'evil' little sister
I guess i'd do the same
Little sister
You'll forgive me one day