

Tori Amos, Thoughts

Thoughts right now
I picked up a magazine
Ooh here we go
Fifteen hundred years
Fifteen hundred years right here
Burning witches
Burning books
Burning babies in their looks yes indeed
Burning everything that's sacred in my jeans
Yeah yeah
Thoughts right now
She's been everybody else's girl
Thoughts right now
Thoughts right now
Right
Right now am I here
Oh am I here
I'm never here
I'm never here
I'm never never a bird
Or a flower in the tree
Or the pain of the respect thereof yes indeed
Thoughts right now
What will become of me
Become of her
Become of we babe