

# Tori Amos, Tombigbee

To you it's another day  
To me it's a grim reaping  
Just another shooting star  
Strung out on your wire

Prick my finger  
On his virgin silver  
He told me raw ginger  
Caramelize me

Tombigbee Tombigbee  
Help me hang these bones  
Gotta hang these bones out to dry  
He loves me  
He loved me  
Ravishingly low  
Gotta hang these bones out to dry

Got a blackberry stain  
And they're not even in season  
If you're not yet a woman  
You got no business playing this

chorus

So you get done  
Then you get some  
Sure enough it won't hold you for long  
Then you say ride  
This is all mine  
But hasn't your donor card expired?

From Blueridge to Cattail  
On the prairie  
From fly over country back to Mississippi  
I said, "go, man you go"

But you raise me twenty  
I'm raising you five-  
hundred treaties signed by your fathers' lies  
Go, man, you go  
'Cuz I'm trailing her tears  
The ones you won't hold  
You roll me a carpet  
Roll me a carpet, boy  
Roll me a carpet  
From here to Oklahoma

chorus