

Tori Amos

"After All"

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please trip them gently, they don't like to fall, oh by
jingo
there's no room for anger, we're all very small, oh by
jingo
we're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts from
the skies, from paradise
but they think that we're holding a secretive ball
won't someone invite them, they're just taller children
that's all, after all
man is an obstacle, sad as the clown, oh by jingo
so hold on to nothing, and he won't let you down, oh by
jingo
some people are marching together and some on their
own
quite alone
others are running, the smaller ones crawl
but some sit in silence, they're just older children
that's all, after all
i sing with impertinence, shading impermanent chords,
with my words
i've borrowed your time and i'm sorry i called
but the thought just occurred that we're nobody's
children at all, after all
live your rebirth and do what you will, oh by jingo
forget all i've said, please bear me no ill, oh by jingo
after all, after all

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