

Tori Amos "Alamo"

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Alamo
Heard all about your fandango
Banged on my knees
On your bay door
Only to wake you
To blues on the way
Blues on the way
Blues on the way

Embarcadere
Figures you'll see me as older
Twenty-three hours till the border
Don't think I'll be going
As fast as I came
Fast as I came
Fast as I came

Tears on my pillow
Of course they're not mine
Alter that altar
Make it a play
Somebody invent the telephone line
I'll take my chances

Alamo
Wish I could do what God does
Heard that the stars were in order
God you served out a hand
With two queen of spades
And blues on the way
Blues on the way

Tears on my pillow
Of course they're not mine
Alter that altar
Make it a play
Somebody just
Somebody invent the telephone line
I'll take my chances

