

Tori Amos

"Apollo's Frock"

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Put me back in the cold
I'm going to Antarctica
It feels like these days
Our old meeting place
In an LA cafe
Off on the Serengeti
The hunt has now begun

Cause I am tired of you taking from me
And I have let you eat from the fruits of my tree
I am not the one to turn into a laurel wreath
For the last time you have crossed my
Crossed my line

You could never see, never see
Apollo's frock
Was always as beautiful
Always as beautiful as the saddest rainstorm
Apollo, your frock
Was always as beautiful
Always as beautiful as your sister's
That your light shined on

How can you think you've won
When there can be no winners
The soul has been lost
Of the bow and quiver
Do you remember
Well, I remember
Amid the clashing of swords
I'm losing you in my rear view

And I have called the Shekhina in
And the nine fold and a few other friends
You and your predators were warned
If the cubs were drawn in for the last time
You would officially cross my line

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