

Tori Amos

"Big Wheel"

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I've been on the other side
Got my lips smacked
Now they're dry
Then you
Call me
Call me in
You think I am your possession
You're messing with a Southern girl
But my recipe is on
With your stale bread
Yeah it's hot
But baby I don't need your cash
So baby maybe I'll let your
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw your shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
I'm gonna turn that whiskey into rain
Wash it away
Wash it away
Wash you away boy
Let's go
I've been on my knees
But you're so hard to please
Did you take me
Take me in
So you are a superstar
Get off the cross
We need the wood
Somehow you will rise
But with attitude
I know honey you're a pro
But baby I don't need your cash
Momma got it all in hand now
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain

You go turn that whiskey into rain
Wash it away
Wash it away boy
Wash you away now
Gimme-8

Gimme-7
Gimme-6
Gimme-5
Gimme-4
Gimme-3
I-I-I am a M-I-L-F
Don't you forget
M-I-L-F
Don't you forget
M-I-L-F
Don't you forget
Baby I don't need your cash
So baby maybe I'll let your
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
I'm gonna turn that whiskey into rain
Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw your shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
I'm gonna turn that whiskey into rain
I'm gonna turn your whiskey
Boy into rain
Wash you away
Wash you away boy
Wash you down
Big wheel

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