

Tori Amos

"Boys In The Trees (Accuracy Unknown)"

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I'm home again in my old narrow bed,
Where I grew tall and my feet hung over the end,
The low beam room with the window looking out,
On the soft summer garden,
Where the boys grew in the trees,

Here I grew guilty,
And no one was at fault,
Frightened by the power in every innocent thought,
And the silent understanding passing down,
From daughter to daughter,
Let the boys grow in the trees,
Do you go to them or do you let them come to you,
Do you stand in back afraid that you'll intrude,
Deny yourself and hope someone will see,
And live like a flower,
While the boys grew in the trees,
Last night I slept in sheets the colour of fire,
Tonight I lie alone again and curse my own desires,
Sentenced first to burn and then to freeze,
And watch by the window,
Where the boys grew in the trees.

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