

Tori Amos

"Cruel"

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So don't give me respect
Don't give me a piece of your preciousness
Flaunt all she's got in your old neighborhood
I'm sure she'll make a few friends

Even the rain bows down, let us pray
As you cock up, cock your mane
No cigarettes only peeled Havana's for you

I can be cruel
I don't know, why?
Why can't my balloon stay up
In a perfectly windy sky

I can be cruel
I don't know, why?
Don't know, why?

Dance with the Sufi's
Celebrate your top ten in the charts of pain
Lover, brother, bougainvillea
My vine twists around your need

Even the rain is sharp like today
As you shock me sane
No cigarettes only peeled Havana's for you

I can be cruel
I don't know, why?
Why can't my balloon stay up
In a perfectly windy sky?

I can be cruel
I don't know, why?
Don't know, why?

I can be cruel
I don't know, why?
Why can't my balloon stay up
In a perfectly windy sky?

I can be cruel

I don't know, why?
Don't know why, why?

Why, why?
Why, why?

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