

## Tori Amos

### "Danny Boy"

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Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying.  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying.  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.  
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying.  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

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