

## **Tori Amos**

# **"Doughnut Song"**

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Hand me a trick and a kick and your message  
You'll never gain weight from a doughnut hole  
Then thought that I could decipher your message  
There's no one here to  
No one at all

And if I'm wastin' all your time, this time  
Maybe you never learned to take  
And if I'm hangin' on to your shade  
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale

And southern men can grow cold  
(You can tell me)  
Can grow pretty  
(Its over, its over)  
Blood can be pretty  
(You can tell me)  
Like a delicate man  
(Its over, its over)  
Copper to steel to a hinge that is faltered  
(You can tell me its over, for more time, rest of the  
world )  
That let's you in, let's you in, let's you in

And if I'm wastin' all your time, this time  
I guess you never learned to take  
And if I'm hangin' on to your shade  
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale

Someone was yours, someone was yours  
Keeping, bring you down  
You told me last night, you were a sun now  
With your very own devoted satellite  
Happy for you and I am sure that I hate you  
Two suns too many, too many able fires  
Hey, yes

(You can tell me, its over)  
You've been wasting my time, this time  
(You can tell me, its over, over)  
Said you never learned to take  
(You showed your time)

And if I'm hanging on to your shade  
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale

Hand me a trick and a kick and your message  
You'll never gain weight from a doughnut hole

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