

Tori Amos

"Fast Horse"

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How can I be drunk?
You strike with dry poison
I am possessed
Still engaged in some kind of advanced shackling

Girl you got to find you the man who
can smoke this out, Bad Medicine
Girl you got to find you the man who
can smoke this out, Good Medicine would say -

You got you a fast horse darlin'
But all you do is complain it ain't a Maserati.
You had a soul that you left back in Memphis
but your mama ain't New York she is pure
Tennessee

On a desert High-way
I am struck by my own rage

Time-bomb in his palm a finger-apple
augments this advanced shackling

Girl you got to find you the man who
can smoke this out, Bad Medicine
Girl you got to find you the man who
can smoke this out, Good Medicine would say -

You got you a fast horse darlin'
but all you do is complain it ain't a Maserati.
You had a soul that you left back in Memphis
but your mama ain't New York she is pure
can't you see your mama ain't New York
she is pure Tennessee
Tennessee

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