

## Tori Amos

### "For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her"

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what a dream i had  
pressed in organdy  
clothed in crinoline of smoky burgundy  
softer than the rain  
i wandered empty streets down  
past the shop displays  
i heard cathedral bells  
tripping down the alley ways  
as i walked on

and when you ran to me  
your cheeks flushed with the night  
we walked on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight  
i held your hand

and when i awoke and felt you warm and near  
i kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears  
oh, i love you  
oh, i love you

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