

Tori Amos

"For Emily, Wherever I May Find Her"

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What I 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, girl. Oh, I love you.

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