

Tori Amos "Garlands"

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The Winged Painter is on uptown, I said,
Will you meet me to go, to go, to go?
Washington Square I'm racing there to get you at Noon.
Oh the Nocturne noon.
Isabella on the way there stops me.
I can't stay today.
I'm off in flight towards another light.
Rest. Youth.
Washington Square, I meet you there and we go.

And he's on the run. He's on the run
From this walking Greeting Card and Chloe's kiss,
The Wolf Pit, the Wine Harvest, and Phileda's Lesson
We're not his possession
In winter, trampled flowers in winter, Lovers.
Circus, these Garlands, the Blue Pirouette,
The Marriage, the Mimosas, Black Sun Over Paris
These Garlands, the Little Swallow,
St. Paul from the window
The half open window.

Eve incurs God's displeasure, displeasure.
Passion.
Odysseus and Penelope.
Ulysses and Penelope, the Festival in Hell.

He's on the run. He's on the run
From this walking Greeting Card and Chloe's kiss,
The Wolf Pit, the Wine Harvest, and Phileda's Lesson
We're not your possession
In winter
Lovers. In winter, flowers, trampled flowers.
Lovers. Be of Angels. We lovers.

Circus, these Garlands, the Blue Pirouette,
The Marriage, the Mimosas, Black Sun Over Paris
These Garlands, the Little Swallow,
St. Paul from the window
The half open window

In winter, the Winged Painter,
The Winged Painter

The Winged Painter
Washington Square, let's go see a Day in May from
The Winged Painter.

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