

Tori Amos

"Growing Up"

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I stood stonelike at midnight suspended in my
masquerade,
I combed my hair till it was just right and commanded
the night brigade,
I was open to pain and crossed by the rain and I walked
on a crooked crutch,
I strode all alone through a fallout zone and came out
with my soul untouched,
I hid in the clouded wrath of the crowd but when they
said "sit down" I stood up,
Ooh... growin' up,

The flag of piracy flew from my mast, my sails were set
wing-to-wing,
I had a jukebox graduate for first mate, she couldn't
sail but she sure could sing,
I pushed B-52 and bombed 'em with the blues with my
gears set stubborn on standing,
We broke all the rules, I strafed my old high school,
And never once gave thought to landing,
I hid in the clouded warmth of the crowd but when they
said "come down" I threw up ,
Ooh... growin' up,

I took month-long vacations in the stratosphere,
And you know it's really hard to hold your breath,
I lost everything I ever loved or feared, I was the
cosmic kid in full costume dress,
Well my feet they finally took root in the earth,
But I got me a nice little place in the stars,
I swear I found the key to the universe in the engine of
an old parked car,
I hid in the mother breast of the crowd but when they
said "pull down" I pulled up,
Ooh... growin up,
Ooh... growin up.

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