

Tori Amos

"In The Springtime Of His Voodoo"

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Standin' on the corner in Winslow, Arizona
And I'm quite sure I'm in the wrong song
Two girls, 65
Got a piece tied up in the back seat
"Honey we're recovering Christians"

In the springtime of his voodoo
He was going to show me spring
And right there for a minute
I knew you so well

Got an angry snatch
Girls you know what I mean
When swivelin' that hip doesn't do the trick
Me pureed sanitarily
Mr. Sulu warp speed, warp speed

In the springtime of his voodoo

Every road leads back to my door
Every road I will follow

Every road leads back to my door
Got all your crosses loaded

And I know she's not that foxy, boys
I said I know she's not that foxy, but
You gotta owe something sometimes
You gotta owe
When you're your mother's sunshine
You've got to give something sometimes
When you're the sweetest cherry
In an apple pie
I need some voodoo on these prunes

In the springtime of his voodoo
He was going to show me spring

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