

Tori Amos **"Lady In Blue"**

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I said how could I write so great beautiful songs
Someone now thinks Caton wrote them all
Now I like to speak just about silly things I said
So today, the smurfs again
How can they be so blue, so short, so sweet
Smurf, you're like me we're three apples tall at least
But if you ask me why
I don't know I don't know I don't know

But maybe that's the new concept
Where the smurfs are like the bees in the garden now
They live in mushrooms, the new sin symbols
And where the smurfette's forced to sell her
But how
Said how

They forced you to submit your soul
Poor lady in blue she sings

Small shy, oh my oh my
Won't even try
To make something out of himself
And if you look, please smile
He'll run a mile
The poor little, silly shy smurf

The smurfette is the mary magdalene
Gargamel is the Bush America
And if you ask me why
I don't know I don't know I don't know

And so in my new concept
The smurfette is risen as feminine
The smurfs are the archetype
Of what societies could be
And I'd like to live in mushrooms
I'll come with you little silly smurfs
Smurfette don't be worried
Of being the only woman now

I'll be with you in these dark nights
When they'll try to submit you

Poor lady in blue
We'll be together

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