

Tori Amos "Merman"

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Go to bed
The priests are dead
Now no one can call you back
Go to bed
The priests are dead
Finally you're pepperminted land

He's a merman
He doesn't need your voice
He's a merman

Go to bed
Dream instead
And you will find him
He's a merman eternally
Doesn't need something
You're not willing to give
He's a merman
Doesn't need your voice
To cross his land

Go to bed
The priests are dead
Now no one can call you back

Go to bed
The priests are dead
Finally you found it
And lalala
Who could ever say
You're not simply wonderful
Who could ever harm you
Sleep now
You're my little girl

Go to bed
The priests are dead
And go and sing it all again
Go to bed
Past the apple orchard
And you'll feel nice
Two can play

I said two can play

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