

Tori Amos

"Pancake"

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Here
Here

I'm not sure who's fooling who here
As I'm watching your decay
We both know you could deflate
A 7 hurricane

Seems like you and your tribe
Decided you'd rewrite the law
Segregate the mind
From body, from soul

You give me yours
I'll give you mine
'Cause I can look your God
Right in the eye

You give me yours
I'll give you mine
You used to look my God
Right in the eye

I believe in defending
In what we once stood for
It seems in vogue to be a closet
Misogynist homophone

A change of course in our direction
A dash of truth spread thinly

Like a flag on a pop star
On a benzodiazepine

You give me yours
I'll give you mine
'Cause I can look your God
Right in the eye

You give me yours
I'll give you mine
You used to look my God

Right in the eye

Oh, Zion please
Remove your glove
And dispel every trace
Of his spoken word
That has lodged in my vortex

I'm not sure who's fooling who here
As I'm watching our decay
We both know you could deflate
A 7 hurricane

You could have spared her
Oh, but no
Messiahs need people dying
In their name

You could have spared her
Oh, but no
Messiahs need people dying
In their name

You say, I ordered you a pancake
You say, I ordered you a pancake

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