

Tori Amos "Putting The Damage On"

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Glue

Stuck to my shoes

Does anyone know why you play with an orange rind

You say you packed my things

And divided what was mine you're off to the mountain
top

I say her skinny legs could use sun

But now I'm wishing

For my best impression

Of my best angie dickinson

But now I've got to worry

Cause boy you still look pretty

When you're putting the damage on

Don't make me scratch on you door

I never left you

For a banjo

I only just turned around for a poodle

And a corvette

And my impression

Of my best angie dickinson

But now I've got to worry

Cause boy you still look pretty

When you're putting the damage on

I'm trying not to move

It's just your ghost

Passing through

I said

I'm trying not to move

It's just your ghost passing through

It's just your ghost

Passing through

And now

I'm quite sure

There's a light in your platoon

I never seen a light move

Like yours

Can do to me

So now I'm wishing

For my best impression

Of my best angie dickinson
But now I've got to worry
Cause boy you still look pretty
To me
But I've got a place to go
I've got a ticket to your late show
And I'm worrying cause even still
You sure are pretty
When you're putting the damage on
Yes
When you're putting the damage on
You're just so pretty
When you're putting the damage on

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