

Tori Amos "Spring Haze"

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Well I know it's just a spring haze
But I don't much like the look of it
And if omens are a god send like men
Breezing in
Certain these clouds go somewhere
Billowing out to somewhere
In a single engine cessna
You say we'll never make it there
So all we do is circle it

Uh oh
Let go
Off on my way
Unseen this eternal wanting
Uh oh
Way to go
So I get creamed
Waiting for Sunday to drown
Uh oh
Way to go
Waiting on Sunday Waiting on Sunday to land
Uh oh
Way to go
Waiting on Sunday
Waiting on sunday to drown

So I know it's just a spring haze
But I don't much like the look of it
And all we do is circle it
And I found out where my edge is
And it bleeds into where you resist
And my only way, way out is to go
So far in
Billowing out to somewhere

Billowing out
Luna riviera
Billowing out to Somewhere

Uh oh
Let go
Off on my way

Unseen this eternal wanting
Let go
So if I really get creamed
Waiting for Sunday to drown
Waiting on Sunday to drown

Why does it always end up like this
Why does it always end up like this
Why does it always end up like this

Uh oh
Off on my way
Unseen this eternal wanting
Let go
Way to go
So I get creamed
Waiting on Sunday to drown
Uh oh
Waiting on
Waiting on Sunday
Waiting on Sunday to land
Uh oh
Waiting on
Waiting on Sunday
Waiting on Sunday to drown
Waiting on Sunday to
Waiting
Waiting on Sunday Waiting on Sunday to land
Uh oh
So if I really get creamed
Waiting on Sunday to drown

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