

Tori Amos

"The Fool On The Hill"

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Ahum, ehy, ah-ah-ah. Does he know about the fool on
the hill,
Spinning round, spinning round.
I know that fool on the hill, she's my lucky, spinning
round,
And takes me down. Ahah... ehe... hey there... gorge
girl.
An take me to the way, take me to... wes.

I go me some horses to ride on, to ride on.
They say that your demons can't go there.
So I got me some horses to ride on, to ride on,
As long as your army keeps perfectly still.

Hey-da man the fool on the hill,
Know-ah, where, nun... spinning round, yea.

And maybe I'll find me a sailor, a tailor.
And maybe together we'll make mother well.
So I got me some horses to ride on, to ride on,
As long as your army keeps perfectly still.
Ah, hah, an you showed me the meadow, and
milkwood, and silkwood.
And you would if I would, but you never would.
So I chased down your posies, your pansies in my
hosies,
Then opened my hands and they were empty then.

An the fool on the hill, spinning round and round.
An the fool on the hill, she takes me to you, down-
down-down-down,
I said a-na-na-na, fool on the hill, hey...
Lucky girl, lucky girl...

And if there is a way to find you I will find you.
But will you find me if Neil makes me a tree.
An afro, a Pharaoh, I can't go you said so.
And but threads that are golden don't break easily.
So I got me... some horses...

And spinning round, and you've got me spinning

round,
I know, and you that fool, la-la-la-lucky girl, lucky girl...

Hey, as long as, yes. As long as your amy keeps
perfectly still,
Hm, perfectly, yes, perfectly still, still, still.

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