

Tori Amos "Thoughts"

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Thoughts right now
I picked up a magazine
Ohh here we go
Fifteen hundred years
Fifteen hundred years right here
Burning witches, burning books
Burning babies and their looks
Yes, indeed
Burning everything that's sacred in my genes

Thoughts right now
She'd been everybody else's girl
Thoughts right now
Now
Thoughts right now
Right now
Am I here
Am I here
Never here
I'm never here
I'm never here
I'm never here
Never a bird
In a flower, in the tree
In the pain of the respect thereof
Yes, indeed

Thoughts right now
What will become of me
Become of her
Become of we, baby
Yeah

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