

Tori Amos

"Toodles Mr. Jim"

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Toodles mr. jim
You cherry picker
Toodles I say, so long
Hear that your grave's a little warm you stickler
Sing 'em all your happy song
It's today, today someday
By your grave

I say toodles mr. jim
You cherry picker
Taught me so well
How to spell those red in
And
And
Hey
You know she deserved that nose
Splattered and swattered blood in my hands
Not a nice day for your little girl
But you came to my aid instead
But, now it's toodles mr. jim

You cherry picker
Build that ladder well
Teach me just where those boys can climb
When they've got a spell

Toodles mr. jim
You are my sweet favourite neighbor of them all
Let them girls go to their parties
I don't care cause I'm with you, still

"that was toodles mr. jim
Mr. jim died, two weeks ago
And he taught me how to pick cherries
And I punched his daughter in the nose
Because she was mean
Mr. jim was good"

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