

Amos Tori

"Hey Jupiter"

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no one's picking up the phone
guess it's me and me
and this little masochist
she's ready to confess
all the things that I never thought
that she could feel and

hey Jupiter
nothings been the same
so are you gay
are you blue
thought we both could use a friend
to run to
and I thought you'd see with me
you wouldn't have to be something new

sometimes I breathe you in
and I know you know
and sometimes you take a swim
found your writing on my wall
if my hearts soaking wet
Boy your boots can leave a mess

hey Jupiter
nothings been the same
so are you gay
are you blue
thought we both could use a friend
to run to
and I thought I wouldn't have to keep
with you
hiding

thought I knew myself so well
all the dolls I had
took my leather off the shelf
your apocalypse was fab
for a girl who couldn't choose between
the shower or the bath

and I thought I wouldn't have to be

with you
a magazine

no one's picking up the phone
guess it's clear he's gone
and this little masochist
is lifting up her dress
guess I thought I could never feel the things I feel hey
Jupiter

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