

Amos Tori

"Thoughts"

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My thoughts right now
I picked up a magazine
Here, here they go
Fifteen hundred years,
Fifteen hundred years right here
Oh, burning witches, burning books
Burning babies and their looks

Yes, indeed
Burning everything that's sacred in my jeans

Thoughts right now
She'd been everybody else's girl
Thoughts right now
Now...
Thoughts right now
Aye, right now
In my head, in my head

Never here...
I'm never here
I'm never here
I'm never, never a bird
In the 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, babe? Yeah...

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