

Tori Amos, Don't Make Me Come To Vegas

don't make me come to vegas
don't make me pull you out of his bed
i am vigilant that it will not be
you on the menu he's serving up for his friends
don't make me come to vegas
don't make me pull him out of your head
athena will attest
that it could be done
and it has been done
and i think that i am up to it
and the jacaranda tree
is telling me of the trouble you're in
just by the way
she bends remember dancing and wondering
as you were swaying
what kind of woman you'd be
"what will be will be" over my dead body
slip through your hand again and again
slip through your hand again and again
my old flame was a jester and a joker
and as healer of men, they called him the prince
prince of black jacks and of women
and of anything that's slipped into his hands
"and the ranches and the mustangs"
and the way you said "you can have all this, except for me--
you see lady luck is my mistress
and you'll have to play second to her wish"
and the jacaranda tree
is telling me it's not over yet,
just by the way
she bends "if you come breezin' through"
you said "i'll know that it's you by the taste on my lips,
bet on the deserts kiss"
i could slip through your net
"over my dead body" slip through your hand
don't make me come to vegas
hmmm