

# Tori Amos, Josephine

Not tonight Josephine

In an army's strength  
Therein lies the denouement  
From here you've haunting me  
By the Seine so beautiful  
Only not to be of use  
Impossible

So strange  
Victory - 1,200 spires  
The only sound  
Moscow turning  
Empty like the Tuileries  
Like a dream  
Vienna seems  
Only not to be of use  
Impossible

In the last extremity  
To advance or not to advance  
I hear you laughing

Even still you're calling me  
"Not tonight, not tonight, not tonight"  
Josephine