

Tori Amos, Little Earthquakes

Yello birk flying
Get shot in the wing
good year for hunter
And Christmas parties
And I hate and I hate
And I hate and I hate
Elevator music
The way we fight
The way I'm left here silent

Oh these little earthquakes
Here we go again
These little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

We danced in graveyards
With vampire till dawn
We laughed in the faces of kings Never afraid to burn
And I hate and I hate
And I hate and i hate
Disintegration
Watching us wither
Black winged roses that safely changed their color

Oh these little earthquakes
Here we go again
These little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

I can't reach you
I can't reach you
Give me life Give me pain
Give me myself again

Oh these little earthquakes
Here we go again
These little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces