

# Precious Things (2015 Remastered Version)

Tori Amos

So I ran faster  
But it caught me here  
Yes, my loyalties turned  
Like my ankle  
In the seventh grade  
Running after Billy  
Running after the rain These precious things  
Let them bleed, let them wash away  
These precious things  
Let them break their hold over me  
He said, you're really an ugly girl  
But I like the way you play  
And I died  
But I thanked him  
Can you believe that?  
Sick, sick  
Holding on to his picture  
Dressing up every day  
I want to smash the faces  
Of those beautiful boys  
Those Christian boys  
So you can make me come  
That doesn't make you Jesus These precious things  
Let them bleed, let them wash away  
These precious things  
Let them break their hold over me  
I remember, yes  
In my peach party dress  
No one dared  
No one cared to tell me  
Where the pretty girls are  
Those demigods  
With their nine inch nails  
And little fascist panties  
Tucked inside the heart of every nice girl These precious things  
Let them bleed, let them wash away  
These precious things  
Let them break, let them wash away These, these precious things  
Let them bleed now, let them wash away  
These, these precious things  
Let them break their hold over me  
Precious

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