

Precious Things

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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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