Little Earthquakes (2015 Remastered Version)

Tori Amos

Yellow bird flying gets shot in the wing
Good year for hunters and Christmas parties
And I hate, and I hate, and I hate elevator music
The way we fight, the way I'm left here silentOh these little earthquakes
Here we go again

Oh these little earthquakes

Doesn't take much to rip us into piecesWe danced in graveyards with vampires 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 colour

Oh these little earthquakes

Here we go again

Oh these little earthquakes

Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

Doesn't take much to rip us into piecesI can't reach you

I can't reach you

I can't reach you

I can't reach you

Can't reach you

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself again

Give me life, give me pain

Give me myself againOh these little earthquakes

Here we go again

Oh these little earthquakes

Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

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Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces

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

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