

Sweet the Sting

Tori Amos

With a strut into the room
With his hat cocked sure defiantly
He said, "I, I have heard that you can play the way I like it to be played"
I said, "I can play anyway that you want, but first I want, I want to know" Baby, is it sweet,
sweet, sweet the sting?
Is it real this infusion? Can it heal where others before have failed?
If so then somebody shake, shake, shake me sane
'Cause I am inching ever closer to the tip of this scorpion's tail He said, "I laid my weapons down
With my pistol fully loaded
A hunted man to my root
Will it end or begin in your cinnabar juice?"
Is it sweet, sweet, sweet your sting?
Is it real your infusion? Can it heal where others before have failed?
If so then somebody shake, shake, shake me sane
'Cause I am inching ever closer to the tip of this scorpion's tail Love, let me breathe, breathe you
in
Melt the confusion
Until there is, there is you
Union
Baby, is it sweet, sweet, sweet your sting?
Is it real your infusion? Can it heal where others before have failed?
If so then somebody shake, shake, shake me sane
'Cause I am inching ever closer to the tip of this scorpion's tail Baby, is it sweet?
Baby, is it sweet?
Baby, is it sweet?

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