

# Snow Cherries from France

Tori Amos

I knew a boy who would not share his bike  
Oh, but he let me go sailing  
I swore that I could survive any storm  
Oh, then he let me go "Can you launch rockets from here?"  
Boy, I've done it for years, right over my head  
And when I promised my hand  
He promised me back snow cherries from France All that summer we travelled the world  
Never leaving his own back garden  
Girls, I didn't know just what it could be  
Oh, but he let me go sailing  
You question me, "Can you ride anything?"  
Lord, do you mean like your mood swings?  
Invaders and traders with the best intentions  
May convince you to go "They look like pirates from here"  
Boy, I've been one for years, just keeping my head  
And when I promised my hand  
You promised me back snow cherries from France All that summer we travelled the world  
Never leaving his own back garden  
Girls, I didn't know just what it could be  
Oh, but he let me go sailing  
And then one day he said, "Girl, it's been nice  
Oh, but I have to go sailing"  
With cinnamon lips that did not match his eyes  
Oh, then he let me go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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