

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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