

Big Wheel

Tori Amos

I've been on the other side
Got my lips smacked now they're dry
Then you call me, call me in
You think I am your possession
You're messing with a southern girl
But my recipe is on with your
Stale bread, yeah, it's hot
But, baby, I don't need your cash
So, baby, maybe I let your Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw your shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
Going to turn that whiskey into rain
And wash it away
Wash it away
Wash it away, boy
Let's go
I've been on my knees
But you're so hard, hard to please
Did you take me, take me in
So you are a superstar
Get off the cross, we need the wood
Somehow you will rise
But without a tool
I know, honey, you're a pro
But, baby, I don't need your cash
Mama got it all in hand now Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
Going to turn that whiskey into rain
And wash it away
Wash it away
Wash it away, boy
Give me eight
Give me seven
Give me six
Give me five
Give me four
Give me three I, I, I am a M.I.L.F., don't you forget
M.I.L.F., don't you forget
M.I.L.F., don't you forget
Baby, I don't need your cash
So, baby, maybe I let your Big wheel turn my fantasy

Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
Going to turn that whiskey into rain
And let your Big wheel turn my fantasy
Don't you throw that shade on me
I've been drinking down your pain
Going to turn that whiskey love into rain
Going to turn your whiskey, boy, into rain
And wash it away
Wash you away, boy
Wash you down Big wheel

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